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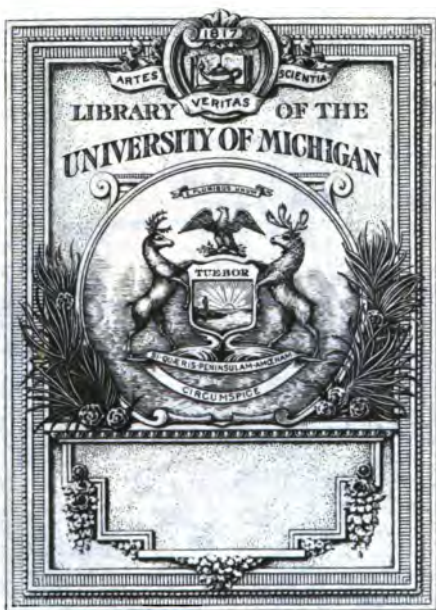
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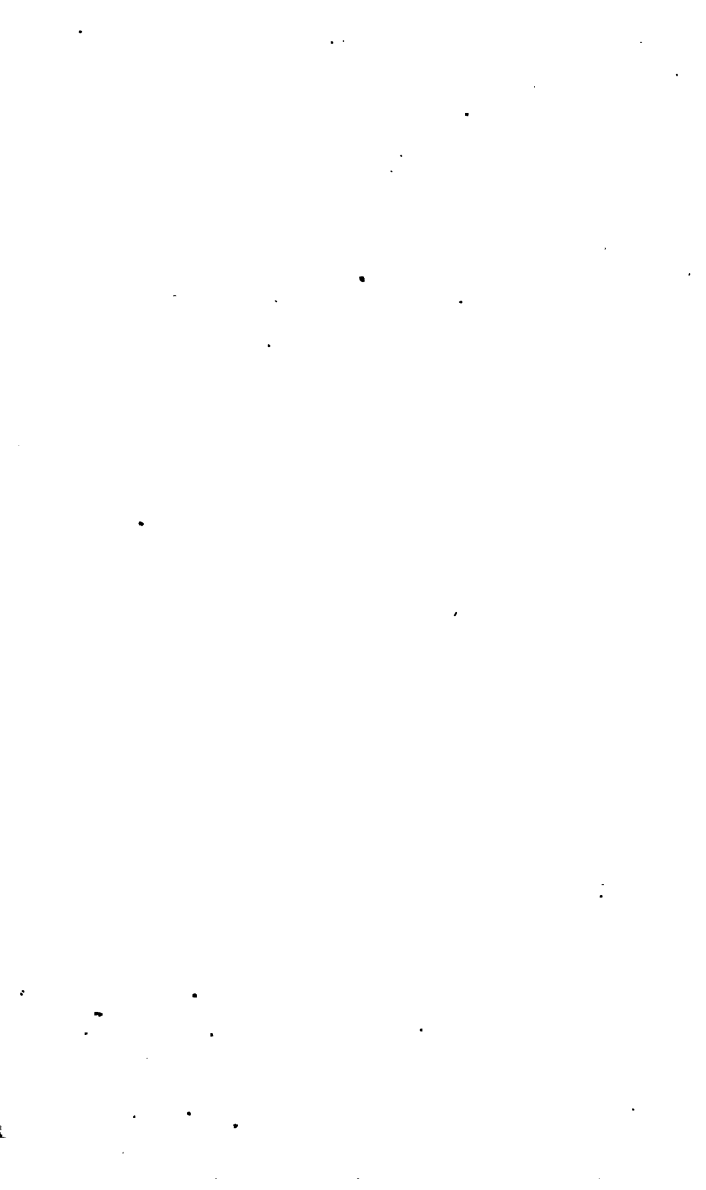
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Bequest of
W. Bishop











THE
DRAMATIC WORKS
OF
William Shakspeare.

WITH
SIXTY ENGRAVINGS ON WOOD,
BY JOHN THOMPSON;
FROM
DRAWINGS BY STOTHARD, CORBOULD, HARVEY, ETC.

IN TEN VOLUMES.
VOL. VII.

KING RICHARD III. KING HENRY VIII.
TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

CHISWICK :

PRINTED BY C. AND C. WHITTINGHAM.

THE
DRAMATIC WORKS

OF
WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

WITH
NOTES,
ORIGINAL AND SELECTED,
BY SAMUEL WELLER SINGER, F.S.A.

AND
A LIFE OF THE POET,
BY CHARLES SYMMONS, D.D.

VOL. VII.



King Henry VIII. Act iv. Sc. 2.

CHISWICK:
CHARLES WHITTINGHAM, COLLEGE HOUSE.
1826.

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1926

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v. 7

KING RICHARD III.

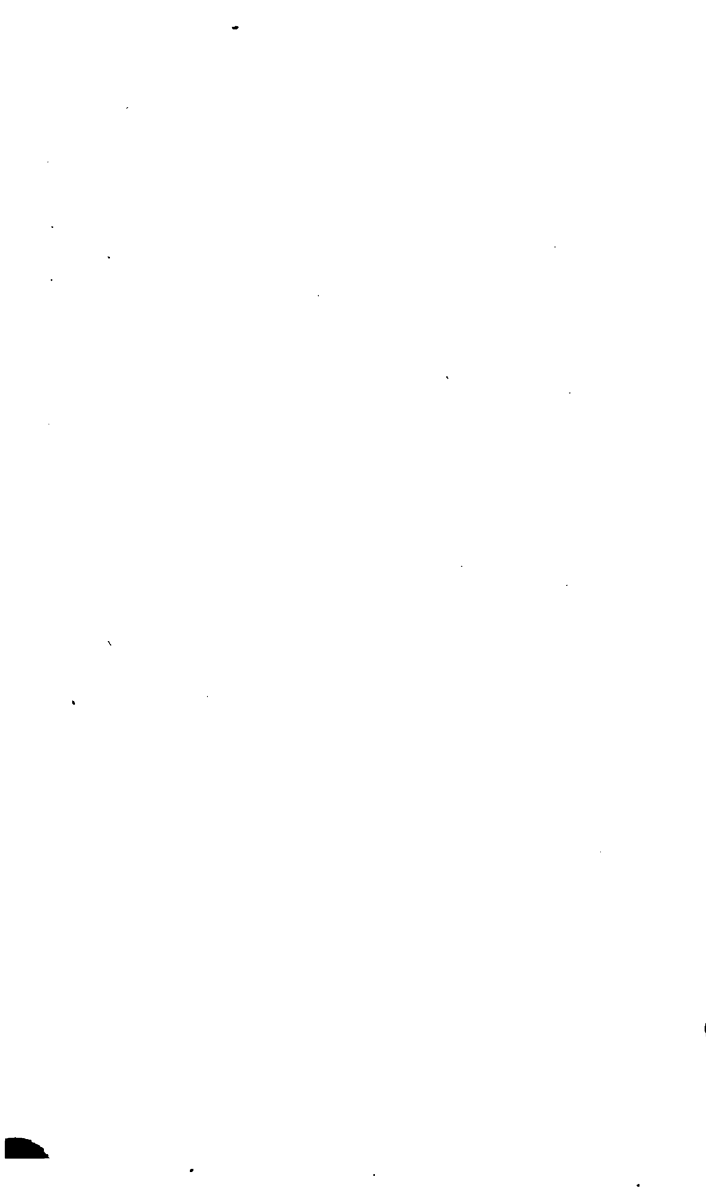


Q. Eliz. Hid'st thou that forehead with a golden crown,
Where should be branded, if that right were right,
The slaughter of the prince that ow'd that crown.

ACT IV. SC. 4.

FROM THE CHISWICK PRESS.

1826.



LIFE AND DEATH OF

King Richard the Third.

PRELIMINARY REMARKS.

THIS Tragedy, though called in the original edition 'The Life and Death of King Richard the Third,' comprises only fourteen years. The second scene commences with the funeral of King Henry VI. who is said to have been murdered on the 21st of May, 1471. The imprisonment of Clarence, which is represented previously in the first scene, did not in fact take place till 1477-8.

Several dramas on the present story had been written before Shakspeare attempted it. There was a Latin play on the subject, by Dr. Legge, which had been acted at St. John's College, Oxford, some time before the year 1588. And a childish imitation of it, by one Henry Lacey, exists in MS. in the British Museum (MSS. Harl. No. 6926); it is dated 1586. In the books of the Stationers' Company are the following entries:— 'Aug. 15, 1586, A Tragical Report of King Richard the Third: a ballad.' June 19, 1594, Thomas Creede made the following entry: 'An enterlude, intituled the Tragedie of Richard the Third, wherein is shown the Deathe of Edward the Fourthe, with the Smotheringe of the Two Princes in the Tower, with the lamentable Ende of Shore's Wife, and the Contention of the Two Houses of Lancaster and Yorke.' A single copy of this ancient Inter-

lude, which Mr. Boswell thinks was written by the author of *Lochrine*, unfortunately wanting the title-page, and a few lines at the beginning, was in the collection of Mr. Rhodes of Lyon's Inn, who liberally allowed Mr. Boswell to print it in the last *Variorum* edition of Shakspeare*. It appears evidently to have been read and used by Shakspeare. In this, as in other instances, the bookseller was probably induced to publish the old play in consequence of the success of the new one in performance, and before it had yet got into print.

Shakspeare's play was first entered at Stationers' Hall, Oct. 20, 1597, by Andrew Wise; and was then published with the following title:—'The Tragedy of King Richard the Third: Containing his treacherous Plots against his Brother Clarence; the pitiful Murther of his innocent Nephewes; his tyrannical Usurpation: with the whole course of his detested Life, and most deserved Death. As it hath been lately acted by the Right Honourable the Lord Chamberlaine his servants. Printed by Valentine Sims, for William Wise, 1597. It was again reprinted, in 4to., in 1598, 1602, 1612 or 1613, 1622, and twice in 1629.

This play was probably written in the year 1593 or 1594. One of Shakspeare's Richards, and most probably this, is alluded to

* A complete copy of Creed's edition of this curious Interlude (which upon comparison proved to be a different impression from that in Mr. Rhodes's collection), was sold by auction by Mr. Evans very lately. The title was as follows:—'The true Tragedie of Richard the Third, wherein is showne the death of Edward the Fourth, with the smothering of the two yong Princes in the Tower: With a lamentable end of Shore's wife, an example for all wicked women; and lastly, the conjunction of the two noble Houses Lancaster and Yorke, as it was playd by the Queenes Maiesties players. London, printed by Thomas Creede; and are to be sold by William Barley at his shop in Newgate Market, neare Christ Church door, 1594; 4to.' It is a circumstance sufficiently remarkable that but a single copy of each of the two editions of this piece should be known to exist.

in the Epigrams of John Weever*, published in 1599; but which must have been written in 1595.

AD GULIELMUM SHAKESPEARE.

Honie-tong'd Shakespeare, when I saw thine issue,
 I swore Apollo got them, and none other;
 Their rosie-tainted features clothed in tissue,
 Some heaven-born goddesse said to be their mother.
 Rose cheek't Adonis with his amber tresses,
 Faire fire-hot Venus charming him to love her,
 Chaste Lucretia, virgine-like her dresses,
 Proud lust-stung Tarquine seeking still to prove her,
 Romeo, RICHARD, more whose names I know not,
 Their sugred tongues and power attractive beauty,
 Say they are saints, although that saints they shew not,
 For thousand vowes to them subjective dutie,
 They burn in love thy children Shakspeare let them,
 Go wo thy muse more nymphish brood beget them.

27th Epig. 4th Weeke.

The character of Richard had been in part developed in the last parts of King Henry VI. where, Schlegel observes, 'his first

* This very curious little volume, which is supposed to be unique, is in the possession of Mr. Comb, of Henley. The title is as follows:—'Epigrammes in the oldest Cut and newest Fashion. A twise seven Houres (in so many Weekes) Studie. No longer (like the Fashion) not unlike to continue. The first seven, John Weever. *Sit voluisse sit valuisse.* At London: printed by V. S. for Thomas Bushele; and are to be sold at his shop, at the great north doore of Paules. 1599. 12^o.' There is a portrait of the author, engraved by Cecill, prefixed. According to the date upon this print Weever was then twenty-three years old; but he tells us in some introductory stanzas that when he wrote the Epigrams, which compose the volume, he was not twenty years old; that he was one

'That twenty twelvemonths yet did never know.'

Consequently these Epigrams must have been written in 1595.

speeches lead us already to form the most unfavourable prognostications respecting him: he lowers obliquely like a thunder-cloud on the horizon, which gradually approaches nearer and nearer, and first pours out the elements of devastation with which it is charged when it hangs over the heads of mortals.' 'The other characters of the drama are of too secondary a nature to excite a powerful sympathy; but in the back ground the widowed Queen Margaret appears as the fury of the past, who calls forth the curse on the future: every calamity which her enemies draw down on each other is a cordial to her revengeful heart. Other female voices join from time to time in the lamentations and imprecations. But Richard is the soul, or rather the demon, of the whole tragedy, and fulfils the promise which he formerly made to

"—— set the murderous Machiavel to school."

'Besides the uniform aversion with which he inspires us, he occupies us in the greatest variety of ways by his profound skill in dissimulation, his wit, his prudence, his presence of mind, his quick activity, and his valour. He fights at last against Richmond like a desperado, and dies the honourable death of the hero on the field of battle.'—But Shakspeare has satisfied our moral feelings:—'He shows us Richard in his last moments already branded with the stamp of reprobation. We see Richard and Richmond on the night before battle sleeping in their tents; the spirits of those murdered by the tyrant ascend in succession and pour out their curses against him, and their blessings on his adversary. These apparitions are properly merely the dreams of the two generals made visible. It is no doubt contrary to sensible probability that their tents should only be separated by so small a space; but Shakspeare could reckon on poetical spectators, who were ready to take the breadth of the stage for the distance between the two camps, if by such a favour they were to be recompensed by beauties of so sublime a nature as this series of spectres, and the soliloquy of Richard on his awaking *.'

* Schlegel's *Lectures on Dramatic Literature*, vol. ii. p. 246.

Steevens in part of a note, which I have thought it best to omit, observed that the favour with which the tragedy has been received on the stage in modern times ' must in some measure be imputed to Cibber's reformation of it.' The original play was certainly too long for representation, and there were parts which might with advantage have been omitted in representation as ' dramatic encumbrances;' but such a piece of clumsy patch-work as the performance of Cibber was surely any thing but ' judicious;' and it is only surprising that the taste which has led to other reformations in the performance of our great dramatic poet's works, has not given to the stage a judicious abridgment of this tragedy in his own words, unencumbered with the superfluous transpositions and gratuitous additions which have been so long inflicted upon us.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

KING EDWARD THE FOURTH.

EDWARD, Prince of Wales, *afterwards*

King Edward V.

RICHARD, Duke of York,

GEORGE, Duke of Clarence,

RICHARD, Duke of Gloster, *afterwards*

King Richard III.

} *Sons to the King.*

} *Brothers to the King.*

A young Son of Clarence.

HENRY, Earl of Richmond, *afterwards* King Henry VII.

CARDINAL BOUCHIER, Archbishop of Canterbury.

THOMAS ROTHERAM, Archbishop of York.

JOHN MORTON, Bishop of Ely.

DUKE of BUCKINGHAM.

DUKE of NORFOLK : EARL of SURREY, *his Son.*

EARL RIVERS, *Brother to King Edward's Queen.*

MARQUIS of DORSET, and LORD GREY, *her Sons.*

EARL of OXFORD. LORD HASTINGS. LORD STANLEY.

LORD LOVEL.

SIR THOMAS VAUGHAN. SIR RICHARD RATCLIFF.

SIR WILLIAM CATESBY. SIR JAMES TYRREL.

SIR JAMES BLOUNT. SIR WALTER HERBERT.

SIR ROBERT BRAKENBURY, *Lieutenant of the Tower.*

CHRISTOPHER URSWICK, *a Priest.* *Another Priest.*

Lord Mayor of London. Sheriff of Wiltshire.

ELIZABETH, *Queen of King Edward IV.*

MARGARET, *Widow of King Henry VI.*

DUCHESS of YORK, *Mother to King Edward IV. Clarence, and Gloster.*

LADY ANNE, *Widow of Edward, Prince of Wales, Son to King Henry VI.; afterwards married to the Duke of Gloster.*

A young Daughter of Clarence.

Lords, and other Attendants, two Gentlemen, a Pursuivant, Scrivener, Citizens, Murderers, Messengers, Ghosts, Soldiers, &c.

SCENE—England.

LIFE AND DEATH OF
KING RICHARD III

ACT I.

SCENE I. London. *A Street.*

Enter GLOSTER.

Gloster.

Now is the winter of our discontent
Made glorious summer by this sun¹ of York;
And all the clouds, that lour'd upon our house,
In the deep bosom of the ocean buried.
Now are our brows bound with victorious wreaths;
Our bruised arms hung up for monuments²;
Our stern alarums chang'd to merry meetings,
Our dreadful marches to delightful measures³.
Grim-visag'd war hath smooth'd his wrinkled front;
And now,—instead of mounting barbed⁴ steeds,
To fright the souls of fearful adversaries,—

¹ The cognizance of Edward IV. was *a sun*, in memory of the three suns which are said to have appeared at the battle which he gained over the Lancastrians at Mortimer's Cross. Vide the Third Part of King Henry VI. Act ii. Sc. 1.

² 'Made glorious by his manly chivalry,
With bruised arms and wreaths of victory.'

Rape of Lucrece.

³ Dances.

⁴ i. e. steeds caparisoned or clothed in the trappings of war. The word is properly *barded*, from equus *bardatus*, Latin of the middle ages.

He capers nimbly in a lady's chamber,
 To the lascivious pleasing of a lute⁵.
 But I,—that am not shap'd for sportive tricks,
 Nor made to court an amorous looking-glass;
 I, that am rudely stamp'd, and want love's majesty,
 To strut before a wanton ambling nymph;
 I, that am curtail'd of this fair proportion,
 Cheated of feature by dissembling nature⁶,
 Deform'd, unfinish'd, sent before my time
 Into this breathing world, scarce half made up,
 And that so lamely and unfashionable,
 That dogs bark at me, as I halt by them;—
 Why I, in this weak piping time of peace,
 Have no delight to pass away the time;
 Unless to spy my shadow in the sun,
 And descant on mine own deformity;
 And therefore,—since I cannot prove a lover,
 To entertain these fair well spoken days,—
 I am determin'd to prove a villain,
 And hate the idle pleasures of these days.
 Plots have I laid, inductions⁷ dangerous,
 By drunken prophecies, libels, and dreams,
 To set my brother Clarence, and the king,
 In deadly hate the one against the other:
 And, if King Edward be as true and just,

⁵ 'Is the warlike sound of drum and trump turned to the soft noise of lyre and lute? The neighing of barbed steeds, whose loudness filled the air with terror, and whose breaths dimmed the sun with smoke, converted to delicate tunes and amorous glances.'—*Lyly's Alexander and Campaspe*, 1584. There is a passage in the *Legend of the Death of King Richard III.* in the *Mirror for Magistrates* evidently imitated from Shakspeare.

⁶ *Feature* is proportion, or beauty, in general. Vide *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, Act ii. Sc. 4, p. 127. By *dissembling* is not meant *hypocritical* nature, that pretends one thing and does another; but nature, that puts together things of a dissimilar kind, as a brave soul and a deformed body.

⁷ Preparations for mischief.

As I am subtle, false, and treacherous;
This day should Clarence closely be mew'd up;
About a prophecy, which says—that G
Of Edward's heirs the murderer shall be⁸.
Dive, thoughts, down to my soul! here Clarence
comes.

Enter CLARENCE, guarded, and BRAKENBURY.

Brother, good day: What means this armed guard,
That waits upon your grace?

Clar. His majesty,
Tendering my person's safety, hath appointed
This conduct to convey me to the Tower.

Glo. Upon what cause?

Clar. Because my name is—George.

Glo. Alack, my lord, that fault is none of yours;
He should, for that, commit your godfathers:—
O, belike, his majesty hath some intent,
That you shall be new christen'd in the Tower.
But what's the matter, Clarence? may I know?

Clar. Yea, Richard, when I know; for, I protest,
As yet I do not: But, as I can learn,
He hearkens after prophecies, and dreams;
And from the cross-row plucks the letter G,
And says—a wizard told him, that by G
His issue disinherited should be;
And, for my name of George begins with G,
It follows in his thought, that I am he:
These, as I learn, and such like toys⁹ as these,
Have mov'd his highness to commit me now.

⁸ This is from Holinshed. Philip de Comines says that the English at that time were never unfurnished with some prophecy or other, by which they accounted for every event.

⁹ i.e. fancies, freaks of imagination: Thus in Hamlet, Act i. Sc. 4:—

'The very place put toys of desperation,
Without more motive, into every brain.'

Glo. Why, this it is, when men are rul'd by women:—

'Tis not the king, that sends you to the Tower;
My Lady Grey, his wife, Clarence, 'tis she,
That tempers¹⁰ him to this extremity.
Was it not she, and that good man of worship,
Antony Woodeville, her brother there,
That made him send Lord Hastings to the Tower;
From whence this present day he is deliver'd?
We are not safe, Clarence, we are not safe.

Clar. By heaven, I think, there is no man secure,
But the queen's kindred, and night-walking heralds
That trudge betwixt the king and Mistress Shore.
Heard you not, what an humble suppliant
Lord Hastings was to her for his delivery?

Glo. Humbly complaining to her deity
Got my lord chamberlain his liberty.
I'll tell you what,—I think, it is our way,
If we will keep in favour with the king,
To be her men, and wear her livery:
The jealous o'er-worn widow, and herself¹¹,
Since that our brother dubb'd them gentlewomen,
Are mighty gossips in this monarchy.

Brak. I beseech your graces both to pardon me;
His majesty hath straitly given in charge,
That no man shall have private conference,
Of what degree soever, with his brother.

Glo. Even so? an please your worship, Brakenbury,

¹⁰ i.e. *frames his temper*, moulds it to this extremity. This word is often used in the same figurative sense by Spenser and other cotemporaries of Shakspeare.

'Now will I to that old Andronicus;
And temper him with all the art I have,
To pluck proud Lucius from the warlike Goths.'

Titus Andronicus.

¹¹ The Queen and Shore.

You may partake of any thing we say :
 We speak no treason, man ;—We say, the king
 Is wise and virtuous ; and his noble queen
 Well struck in years¹² ; fair, and not jealous :
 We say, that Shore's wife hath a pretty foot,
 A cherry lip,
 A bonny eye, a passing pleasing tongue ;
 And that the queen's kindred are made gentlefolks :
 How say you, sir ? can you deny all this ?

Brak. With this, my lord, myself have naught
 to do.

Glo. Naught to do with mistress Shore ? I tell
 thee, fellow,

He that doth naught with her, excepting one,
 Were best to do it secretly, alone.

Brak. What one, my lord ?

Glo. Her husband, knave :—Would'st thou be-
 tray me ?

Brak. I beseech your grace to pardon me ; and,
 withal,

Forbear your conference with the noble duke.

Clar. We know thy charge, Brakenbury, and
 will obey¹³.

Glo. We are the queen's abjects¹⁴, and must obey.

¹² This odd expression was preceded by others equally singular, expressing what we now call 'an *advanced* age.' Thus in Arthur Hall's translation of the first book of Homer's *Iliad*, 1581 :—

'In Grea's forme, the good handmaid, nowe wel *ystept*
 in yeares.'

And in Spenser's *Faerie Queene*, book v. can. 6 :—

'Well *shot* in years he seem'd.'

Warton has justly observed that, 'by an imperceptible progression from one kindred sense to another, words at length obtain a meaning entirely foreign to their etymology.'

¹³ This and the three preceding speeches were probably all designed for prose. It is at any rate impossible that this line could have been intended for metre.

¹⁴ i. e. the lowest of her subjects. This substantive is found in Psalm xxxv. 15 :—'Yea the very *abjects* came together against

Brother, farewell: I will unto the king;
 And whatsoever you will employ me in,—
 Were it, to call King Edward's widow—sister,—
 I will perform it to enfranchise you.
 Mean time, this deep disgrace in brotherhood,
 Touches me deeper than you can imagine.

Clar. I know it pleaseth neither of us well.

Glo. Well, your imprisonment shall not be long;
 I will deliver you, or else lie for you¹⁵:
 Mean time, have patience.

Clar. I must perforce; farewell.

[*Exeunt* CLARENCE, BRAKENBURY, and
Guard.

Glo. Go, tread the path that thou shalt ne'er re-
 turn,
 Simple, plain Clarence!—I do love thee so,
 That I will shortly send thy soul to heaven,
 If heaven will take the present at our hands.
 But who comes here? the new-deliver'd Hastings?

Enter HASTINGS.

Hast. Good time of day unto my gracious lord!

Glo. As much unto my good lord chamberlain!
 Well are you welcome to this open air.
 How hath your lordship brook'd imprisonment?

Hast. With patience, noble lord, as prisoners must:
 But I shall live, my lord, to give them thanks,
 That were the cause of my imprisonment.

me unawares, making mouths at me, and ceased not.' Again, in
 Chapman's translation of Homer's *Odyssey*, 21st book:—

'Whither? rogue! *object!* wilt thou bear from us
 That bow propos'd?'

Again in the same author's version of Homer's *Hymn to Venus*:—

'That thou wilt never let me live to be
 An *object*, after so divine degree
 Taken in fortune.'

¹⁵ He means, 'or else be imprisoned in your stead.' To *lie*
 signified anciently to *reside*, or remain in a place, as appears by
 many instances in these volumes.

Glo. No doubt, no doubt; and so shall Clarence too;

For they, that were your enemies, are his,
And have prevail'd as much on him, as you.

Hast. More pity that the eagle should be mew'd¹⁶,
While kites and buzzards prey at liberty.

Glo. What news abroad?

Hast. No news so bad abroad as this at home;—
The king is sickly, weak, and melancholy,
And his physicians fear him mightily.

Glo. Now, by Saint Paul, this news is bad indeed.
O, he hath kept an evil diet long,
And over-much consum'd his royal person;
'Tis very grievous to be thought upon.
What, is he in his bed?

Hast. He is.

Glo. Go you before, and I will follow you.

[*Exit* HASTINGS.]

He cannot live, I hope; and must not die,
Till George be pack'd with posthorse up to heaven.
I'll in, to urge his hatred more to Clarence,
With lies well steel'd with weighty arguments;
And, if I fail not in my deep intent,
Clarence hath not another day to live:
Which done, God take King Edward to his mercy,
And leave the world for me to bustle in!
For then I'll marry Warwick's youngest daughter¹⁷:
What though I kill'd her husband, and her father?

¹⁶ A *mew* was a place in which falcons were kept; and being confined therein, while moulting, was metaphorically used for any close place or places of confinement. The verb to *mew* was formed from the substantive. Thus in *Albumazar*:—

'Stand forth, transform'd Antonio, fully *mew'd*.
From brown soar feathers of dull yeomanry
To the glorious bloom of gentry.'

¹⁷ Lady Anne, the betrothed widow of Edward prince of Wales. See King Henry VI. Part III.

Lo, in these windows, that let forth thy life,
 I pour the helpless balm of my poor eyes:—
 O, cursed be the hand that made these holes!
 Cursed the heart, that had the heart to do it!
 Cursed the blood, that let this blood from hence!
 More direful hap betide that hated wretch,
 That makes us wretched by the death of thee,
 Than I can wish to adders, spiders, toads,
 Or any creeping venom'd thing that lives!
 If ever he have child, abortive be it,
 Prodigious, and untimely brought to light,
 Whose ugly and unnatural aspect
 May fright the hopeful mother at the view;
 And that be heir to his unhappiness³!
 If ever he have wife, let her be made
 More miserable by the death of him,
 Than I am made by my young lord, and thee!—
 Come, now, toward Chertsey with your holy load,
 Taken from Paul's to be interred there;
 And, still as you are weary of the weight,
 Rest you, whiles I lament King Henry's corse.

[The Bearers take up the Corpse, and advance.]

Enter GLOSTER.

Glo. Stay you, that bear the corse, and set it down.

Anne. What black magician conjures up this fiend,
 To stop devoted charitable deeds?

Glo. Villains, set down the corse; or, by Saint Paul,

I'll make a corse of him that disobeys⁴.

¹ *Gent.* My lord, stand back, and let the coffin pass.

Glo. Unmanner'd dog! stand thou when I command:

³ i. e. disposition to mischief. Thus in *Much Ado About Nothing*:—'Dreamed of *unhappiness* and waked herself with laughing.'

⁴ 'I'll make a ghost of him that lets me.' *Hamlet*.

Advance thy halberd higher than my breast,
Or, by Saint Paul, I'll strike thee to my foot,
And spurn upon thee, beggar, for thy boldness.

[*The Bearers set down the coffin.*]

Anne. What, do you tremble? are you all afraid?
Alas, I blame you not; for you are mortal,
And mortal eyes cannot endure the devil.—
Avaunt, thou dreadful minister of hell!
Thou hadst but power over his mortal body,
His soul thou canst not have; therefore, be gone.

Glo. Sweet saint, for charity, be not so curst.

Anne. Foul devil, for God's sake, hence, and
trouble us not;

For thou hast made the happy earth thy hell,
Fill'd it with cursing cries, and deep exclams.
If thou delight to view thy heinous deeds,
Behold this pattern⁵ of thy butcheries;—
O, gentlemen, see, see! dead Henry's wounds
Open their congeal'd mouths, and bleed afresh⁶!—
Blush, blush; thou lump of foul deformity;
For 'tis thy presence that exhales this blood
From cold and empty veins, where no blood dwells;
Thy deed, inhuman and unnatural,
Provokes this deluge most unnatural.—
O God, which this blood mad'st, revenge his death!
O earth, which this blood drink'st, revenge his death!
Either, heaven, with lightning strike the murderer
dead,
Or, earth, gape open wide, and eat him quick;

⁵ Example.

⁶ This is from Holinshed. It is a tradition very generally received, that the murdered body bleeds on the touch of the murderer. This was so much believed by Sir Kenelm Digby, that he has endeavoured to explain the reason. The opinion seems to be derived from the ancient Swedes, or northern nations, from whom we descended; for they practised this method of trial in dubious cases. See *Pitt's Atlas*; *Sweden*, p. 20.

As thou dost swallow up this good king's blood,
Which his hell-govern'd arm hath butchered!

Glo. Lady, you know no rules of charity,
Which renders good for bad, blessings for curses.

Anne. Villain, thou know'st no law of God nor man;
No beast so fierce, but knows some touch of pity.

Glo. But I know none, and therefore am no beast.

Anne. O wonderful, when devils tell the truth!

Glo. More wonderful, when angels are so angry.—
Vouchsafe, divine perfection of a woman,
Of these supposed evils, to give me leave,
By circumstance, but to acquit myself.

Anne. Vouchsafe, diffus'd⁷ infection of a man,
For these known evils, but to give me leave,
By circumstance, to curse thy cursed self.

Glo. Fairer than tongue can name thee, let me have
Some patient leisure to excuse myself.

Anne. Fouler than heart can think thee, thou canst
make
No excuse current, but to hang thyself.

Glo. By such despair, I should accuse myself.

Anne. And, by despairing, shalt thou stand ex-
cus'd;

For doing worthy vengeance on thyself,
Thou didst unworthy slaughter upon others.

Glo. Say, that I slew them not?

Anne. Why then, they are not dead:
But dead they are, and, devilish slave, by thee.

Glo. I did not kill your husband.

Anne. Why, then he is alive.

Glo. Nay, he is dead; and slain by Edward's hand.

Anne. In thy foul throat thou liest; Queen Mar-
garet saw

⁷ *Diffus'd* anciently signified *dark, obscure, strange, uncouth, or confused*. See notes on King Henry V. Act v. Sc. 2, p. 518; and Merry Wives of Windsor, Act iv. Sc. 4, p. 269.

Thy murderous falchion smoking in his blood ;
The which thou once didst bend against her breast,
But that thy brothers beat aside the point.

Glo. I was provoked by her sland'rous tongue,
That laid their guilt⁸ upon my guiltless shoulders.

Anne. Thou wast provoked by thy bloody mind,
That never dreamt on aught but butcheries :
Didst thou not kill this king ?

Glo. I grant ye.

Anne. Dost grant me, hedgehog ? then, God grant
me too,

Thou may'st be damned for that wicked deed !
O, he was gentle, mild, and virtuous.

Glo. The fitter for the King of heaven that hath him.

Anne. He is in heaven, where thou shalt never
come.

Glo. Let him thank me, that help to send him
thither ;

For he was fitter for that place, than earth.

Anne. And thou unfit for any place but hell.

Glo. Yes, one place else, if you will hear me
name it.

Anne. Some dungeon.

Glo. Your bed-chamber.

Anne. Ill rest betide the chamber where thou liest !

Glo. So will it, madam, till I lie with you.

Anne. I hope so.

Glo. I know so.—But, gentle Lady Anne,—
To leave this keen encounter of our wits,
And fall somewhat into a slower method ;—
Is not the causer of the timeless deaths
Of these Plantagenets, Henry, and Edward,
As blameful as the executioner ?

Anne. Thou wast the cause, and most accurs'd
effect.

⁸ i. e. the crime of my brothers. He has just charged the murder of Lady Anne's husband on Edward.

Glo. Your beauty was the cause of that effect;
Your beauty, which did haunt me in my sleep,
To undertake the death of all the world,
So I might live one hour in your sweet bosom.

Anne. If I thought that, I tell thee, homicide,
These nails should rend that beauty from my cheeks.

Glo. These eyes could not endure that beauty's
wreck,

You should not blemish it, if I stood by:
As all the world is cheered by the sun,
So I by that; it is my day, my life.

Anne. Black night o'ershade thy day, and death
thy life!

Glo. Curse not thyself, fair creature; thou art
both.

Anne. I would I were, to be reveng'd on thee.

Glo. It is a quarrel most unnatural,
To be reveng'd on him that loveth thee.

Anne. It is a quarrel just and reasonable,
To be reveng'd on him that kill'd my husband.

Glo. He that bereft thee, lady, of thy husband,
Did it to help thee to a better husband.

Anne. His better doth not breathe upon the earth.

Glo. He lives, that loves you better than he could.

Anne. Name him.

Glo. Plantagenet.

Anne. Why, that was he.

Glo. The self-same name, but one of better nature.

Anne. Where is he?

Glo. Here: [*She spits at him.*]

Why dost thou spit at me?

Anne. 'Would it were mortal poison, for thy sake!

Glo. Never came poison from so sweet a place.

Anne. Never hung poison on a fouler toad.

Out of my sight! thou dost infect mine eyes.

Glo. Thine eyes, sweet lady, have infected mine.

Anne. 'Would they were basilisks, to strike thee dead⁹!

Glo. I would they were, that I might die at once;
For now they kill me with a living death¹⁰.
Those eyes of thine from mine have drawn salt tears,
Sham'd their aspects with store of childish drops:
These eyes, which never shed remorseful¹¹ tear,—
No,—when my father York and Edward wept,
To hear the piteous moan that Rutland made,
When black-fac'd Clifford shook his sword at him:
Nor when thy warlike father, like a child,
Told the sad story of my father's death;
And twenty times made pause, to sob, and weep,
That all the standers-by had wet their cheeks,
Like trees bedash'd with rain:—in that sad time,
My manly eyes did scorn an humble tear¹²;
And what these sorrows could not thence exhale,
Thy beauty hath, and made them blind with weeping.
I never su'd to friend, nor enemy;
My tongue could never learn sweet soothing word;
But now thy beauty is propos'd my fee,
My proud heart sues, and prompts my tongue to
speak. [She looks scornfully at him.

⁹ See notes on King Henry V. Act v. Sc. 2, p. 517; and King Henry VI. Part II. Act iii. Sc. 2, p. 198.

¹⁰ We have the same expression in Venus and Adonis applied to love:—

'For I have heard it is a *life in death* .
That laughs and weeps, and all but with a breath.'

Pope adopts it:—

'—— a *living death* I bear,
Says Dapperwit, and sunk beside his chair.'

And in Watson's Sonnets, printed about 1580:—

'Love is a *sowre* delight, a sugred grieve,
A *living death*, and ever-dying life.'

¹¹ Pitiful.

¹² Here is an apparent reference to King Henry VI. Part III. Act ii. Sc. 1.

Teach not thy lip such scorn ; for it was made
For kissing, lady, not for such contempt.
If thy revengeful heart cannot forgive,
Lo ! here I lend thee this sharp-pointed sword ;
Which if thou please to hide in this true breast,
And let the soul forth that adoreth thee,
I lay it naked to the deadly stroke,
And humbly beg the death upon my knee.

[He lays his breast open ; she offers at it with his sword.]

Nay, do not pause ; for I did kill King Henry ;—
But 'twas thy beauty that provoked me¹³.
Nay, now despatch ; 'twas I that stabb'd young Ed-
ward ;— *[She again offers at his breast.]*
But 'twas thy heavenly face that set me on.

[She lets fall the sword.]

Take up the sword again, or take up me.

Anne. Arise, dissembler : though I wish thy death,
I will not be thy executioner.

Glo. Then bid me kill myself, and I will do it.

Anne. I have already.

Glo. That was in thy rage :

Speak it again, and, even with the word,
This hand, which, for thy love, did kill thy love,
Shall, for thy love, kill a far truer love ;
To both their deaths shalt thou be accessary.

Anne. I would, I knew thy heart.

Glo. 'Tis figur'd in my tongue.

Anne. I fear me, both are false.

Glo. Then never man was true.

Anne. Well, well, put up your sword.

Glo. Say then, my peace is made.

Anne. That shall you know hereafter.

¹³ Shakspeare countenances the observation that no woman can ever be offended with the mention of her beauty.

Glo. But shall I live in hope?

Anne. All men, I hope, live so.

Glo. Vouchsafe to wear this ring.

Anne. To take, is not to give.

[She puts on the ring.]

Glo. Look, how this ring encompasseth thy finger,
Even so thy breast encloseth my poor heart;

Wear both of them, for both of them are thine.

And if thy poor devoted servant may
But beg one favour at thy gracious hand,
Thou dost confirm his happiness for ever.

Anne. What is it?

Glo. That it may please you leave these sad
designs

To him that hath more cause to be a mourner,

And presently repair to Crosby-place¹⁴:

Where—after I have solemnly interr'd,

At Chertsey monast'ry this noble king,

And wet his grave with my repentant tears,—

I will with all expedient¹⁵ duty see you:

For divers unknown reasons, I beseech you,

Grant me this boon.

Anne. With all my heart; and much it joys me too,
To see you are become so penitent.—

Tressel, and Berkley, go along with me.

Glo. Bid me farewell.

Anne. 'Tis more than you deserve:

¹⁴ Crosby Place is now Crosby Square, in Bishopsgate Street. This magnificent house was built in 1466, by Sir John Crosby, grocer and woolman. He died in 1475. The ancient hall of this fabric is still remaining, though divided by an additional floor, and encumbered with modern galleries, having been converted into a place of worship for Antinomians, &c. The upper part of it was lately the warehouse of an eminent packer. Sir J. Crosby's tomb is in the neighbouring church of St. Helen the Great.

¹⁵ i. e. expeditious.

But, since you teach me how to flatter you,
Imagine I have said farewell already¹⁶.

[*Exeunt* LADY ANNE, TRESSEL, and
BERKLEY.

Glo. Sirs, take up the corse.

Gent. Towards Chertsey, noble lord?

Glo. No, to White Friars; there attend my coming.

[*Exeunt the rest, with the Corse.*

Was ever woman in this humour woo'd?

Was ever woman in this humour won?

I'll have her,—but I will not keep her long.

What! I, that kill'd her husband, and his father,

To take her in her heart's extremest hate;

With curses in her mouth, tears in her eyes,

The bleeding witness of her hatred by;

With God, her conscience, and these bars against me,

And I no friends to back my suit withal,

But the plain devil, and dissembling looks,

And yet to win her,—all the world to nothing!

Ha!

Hath she forgot already that brave prince,

Edward, her lord, whom I some three months since,

Stabb'd in my angry mood at Tewksbury¹⁷?

¹⁶ Cibber, who altered King Richard III. for the stage, was so thoroughly convinced of the improbability of this scene, that he thought it necessary to make Tressel say:—

'When future chronicles shall speak of this,
They will be thought romance, not history.'

The embassy under Lord Macartney to China witnessed the representation of a play in a theatre at Tien-sing with a similar incongruous plot.

¹⁷ This fixes the exact time of the scene to August, 1471. King Edward, however, is introduced in the second act dying. That king died in April, 1483; consequently there is an interval between this and the next act of almost twelve years. Clarence, who is represented in the preceding scene as committed to the Tower before the burial of King Henry VI. was in fact not confined nor put to death till March, 1477-8, seven years afterwards.

A sweeter and a lovelier gentleman,—
 Fram'd in the prodigality of nature,
 Young, valiant, wise, and, no doubt, right royal,—
 The spacious world cannot again afford:
 And will she yet abase her eyes on me,
 That cropp'd the golden prime of this sweet prince,
 And made her widow to a woful bed?
 On me, whose all not equals Edward's moiety?
 On me, that halt, and am misshapen thus?
 My dukedom to a beggarly denier¹⁸,
 I do mistake my person all this while:
 Upon my life, she finds, although I cannot,
 Myself to be a marvellous proper man¹⁹.
 I'll be at charges for a looking-glass;
 And entertain a score or two of tailors,
 To study fashions to adorn my body:
 Since I am crept in favour with myself,
 I will maintain it with some little cost.
 But, first, I'll turn yon fellow in²⁰ his grave;
 And then return lamenting to my love.—
 Shine out, fair sun, till I have bought a glass,
 That I may see my shadow as I pass. [Exit.

SCENE III.

The same. A Room in the Palace.

Enter QUEEN ELIZABETH, LORD RIVERS, and
 LORD GREY.

Riv. Have patience, madam; there's no doubt,
 his majesty
 Will soon recover his accustom'd health.

Grey. In that you brook it ill, it makes him worse:

¹⁸ A small coin, the twelfth part of a French *sous*.

¹⁹ Marvellous is here used adverbially. A *proper man*, in old language, was a *well proportioned one*.

²⁰ *In* for *into*.

Therefore, for God's sake, entertain good comfort,
And cheer his grace with quick and merry words.

Q. Eliz. If he were dead, what would betide of me?

Grey. No other harm, but loss of such a lord.

Q. Eliz. The loss of such a lord includes all harms.

Grey. The heavens have bless'd you with a goodly
son,

To be your comforter when he is gone.

Q. Eliz. Ah, he is young; and his minority
Is put unto the trust of Richard Gloster,
A man that loves not me, nor none of you.

Riv. Is it concluded, he shall be protector?

Q. Eliz. It is determin'd, not concluded yet¹:
But so it must be, if the king miscarry.

- *Enter* BUCKINGHAM and STANLEY².

Grey. Here come the lords of Buckingham and
Stanley.

Buck. Good time of day unto your royal grace!

Stan. God make your majesty joyful as you have
been!

Q. Eliz. The Countess Richmond³, good my lord
of Stanley,

To your good prayer will scarcely say—amen.

¹ *Determin'd* signifies the final conclusion of the will: *concluded*, what cannot be altered by reason of some act, consequent on the final judgment. See note on King Henry VI. Part I. Act iv. Sc. 6, p. 90.

² By inadvertence in the old copies *Derby* is put for *Stanley*. The person meant was Thomas Lord Stanley, lord steward of King Edward the Fourth's household. But he was not created earl of Derby till after the accession of King Henry VII. In the fourth and fifth acts of this play he is every where called Lord Stanley.

³ Margaret, daughter to John Beaufort, first duke of Somerset. After the death of her first husband, Edmund Tudor, earl of Richmond, half brother to King Henry VI. by whom she had only one son, afterwards King Henry VII. She married Sir Henry Stafford, uncle to Humphry duke of Buckingham.

Yet, Stanley, notwithstanding she's your wife,
And loves not me, be you, good lord, assur'd,
I hate not you for her proud arrogance.

Stan. I do beseech you, either not believe
The envious slanders of her false accusers;
Or, if she be accus'd on true report,
Bear with her weakness, which, I think, proceeds
From wayward sickness, and no grounded malice.

Q. Eliz. Saw you the king to-day; my lord of
Stanley?

Stan. But now, the duke of Buckingham, and I,
Are come from visiting his majesty.

Q. Eliz. What likelihood of his amendment, lords?

Buck. Madam, good hope; his grace speaks cheer-
fully.

Q. Eliz. God grant him health! Did you confer
with him?

Buck. Ay, madam: he desires to make atone-
ment

Between the duke of Gloster and your brothers,
And between them and my lord chamberlain;
And sent to warn⁴ them to his royal presence.

Q. Eliz. 'Would all were well!—But that will
never be;—

I fear, our happiness is at the height.

Enter GLOSTER, HASTINGS, and DORSET.

Glo. They do me wrong, and I will not endure
it:—

Who are they, that complain unto the king,
That I, forsooth, am stern, and love them not?
By holy Paul, they love his grace but lightly,
That fill his ears with such dissentious rumours.
Because I cannot flatter, and speak fair,

⁴ i. e. summon. Thus in Julius Cæsar:—

'They mean to warn us at Philippi here.'

The word is still used in that sense in Scotland.

Smile in men's faces, smooth, deceive, and cog,
 Duck with French nods and apish courtesy,
 I must be held a rancorous enemy.

Cannot a plain man live, and think no harm,
 But thus his simple truth must be abus'd

By silken, sly, insinuating Jacks?

Grey. To whom in all this presence speaks your grace?

Glo. To thee, that hast nor honesty, nor grace.
 When have I injur'd thee? when done thee wrong?—
 Or thee?—or thee?—or any of your faction?

A plague upon you all! His royal grace,—
 Whom God preserve better than you would wish!—
 Cannot be quiet scarce a breathing while,
 But you must trouble him with lewd⁵ complaints.

Q. Eliz. Brother of Gloster, you mistake the matter:

The king, of his own royal disposition,
 And not provok'd by any suitor else;
 Aiming, belike, at your interior hatred,
 That in your outward action shows itself,
 Against my children, brothers, and myself,
 Makes him to send: that thereby he may gather
 The ground of your ill will, and so remove it.

Glo. I cannot tell⁶;—The world is grown so bad,
 That wrens may prey where eagles dare not perch:
 Since every Jack⁷ became a gentleman,
 There's many a gentle person made a Jack.

⁵ *Lewd* here signifies *idle, ungracious*; and not *rude, ignorant*, as Steevens asserts. 'I make as though I saw not thy *leude pajantis* (i. e. thy *idle devices*) tuis ineptiis.' *Horman's Vulgaria*, 1519.

⁶ i. e. I cannot tell what to say or think of it. See note on King Henry IV. Part II. Act i. Sc. 2, p. 269; and Mr. Gifford's Ben Jonson, vol. i. p. 125.

⁷ This proverbial expression at once demonstrates the origin of the term *Jack*, so often used by Shakspeare. It means one of the very lowest class of people, among whom this name is most common and familiar.

Q. Eliz. Come, come, we know your meaning,
brother Gloster ;

You envy my advancement, and my friends ;
God grant, we never may have need of you !

Glo. Meantime, God grants that we have need
of you :

Our brother is imprison'd by your means,
Myself disgrac'd, and the nobility
Held in contempt ; while great promotions
Are daily given, to ennoble those
That scarce, some two days since, were worth a noble.

Q. Eliz. By Him, that rais'd me to this careful
height

From that contented hap which I enjoy'd,
I never did incense his majesty
Against the duke of Clarence, but have been
An earnest advocate to plead for him.
My lord, you do me shameful injury,
Falsely to draw me in these vile suspects.

Glo. You may deny that you were not the cause
Of my Lord Hastings' late imprisonment.

Riv. She may, my lord ; for——

Glo. She may, Lord Rivers ?—why, who knows
not so ?

She may do more, sir, than denying that :
She may help you to many fair preferments ;
And then deny her aiding hand therein,
And lay those honours on your high desert.
What may she not ? She may,—ay, marry may she,—

Riv. What, marry, may she ?

Glo. What, marry, may she ? marry with a king,
A bachelor, a handsome stripling too :
I wis^s, your grandam had a worsen match.

Q. Eliz. My lord of Gloster, I have too long borne
Your blunt upbraidings, and your bitter scoffs :
By heaven, I will acquaint his majesty,

^s i. e. I think.

Of those gross taunts I often have endur'd.
I had rather be a country servant maid,
Than a great queen, with this condition—
To be so baited, scorn'd, and stormed at:
Small joy have I in being England's queen.

Enter QUEEN MARGARET, *behind*.

Q. Mar. And lessen'd be that small, God, I beseech thee!

Thy honour, state, and seat, is due to me.

Glo. What? threat you me with telling of the king?

Tell him, and spare not: look, what I have said

I will avouch, in presence of the king:

I dare adventure to be sent to the Tower.

'Tis time to speak, my pains⁹ are quite forgot.

Q. Mar. Out, devil! I remember them too well:

Thou kill'dst my husband Henry in the Tower,

And Edward, my poor son, at Tewksbury.

Glo. Ere you were queen, ay, or your husband king,

I was a packhorse in his great affairs;

A weeder-out of his proud adversaries,

A liberal rewarder of his friends;

To royalize his blood, I spilt mine own.

Q. Mar. Ay, and much better blood than his, or thine.

Glo. In all which time, you, and your husband Grey,

Were factious for the house of Lancaster;—

And, Rivers, so were you:—Was not your husband

In Margaret's battle at Saint Albans slain¹⁰?

Let me put in your minds, if you forget,

What you have been ere now, and what you are;

Withal, what I have been, and what I am.

⁹ Labours.

¹⁰ See note on King Henry VI. Part III. Act iii. Sc. 2, p. 323. Margaret's battle is Margaret's army.

Q. Mar. A murd'rous villain, and so still thou art.

Glo. Poor Clarence did forsake his father Warwick,

Ay, and forswore himself,—Which Jesu pardon!—

Q. Mar. Which God revenge!

Glo. To fight on Edward's party, for the crown:
And, for his meed¹¹, poor lord, he is mew'd up:

I would to God, my heart were flint like Edward's,
Or Edward's soft and pitiful, like mine;

I am too childish-foolish for this world.

Q. Mar. Hie thee to hell for shame, and leave
this world,

Thou cacodæmon! there thy kingdom is.

Riv. My lord of Gloster, in those busy days,
Which here you urge, to prove us enemies,
We follow'd then our lord, our lawful king;
So should we you, if you should be our king.

Glo. If I should be?—I had rather be a pedlar:
Far be it from my heart, the thought thereof!

Q. Eliz. As little joy, my lord, as you suppose
You should enjoy, were you this country's king;
As little joy you may suppose in me,
That I enjoy, being the queen thereof.

Q. Mar. A little joy enjoys the queen thereof;
For I am she, and altogether joyless.
I can no longer hold me patient.— [*Advancing.*
Hear me, you wrangling pirates, that fall out
In sharing that which you have pill'd¹² from me:
Which of you trembles not, that looks on me?
If not, that, I being queen, you bow like subjects;
Yet that, by you depos'd, you quake like rebels?—
Ah, gentle¹³ villain, do not turn away!

¹¹ Reward.

¹² To pill is to pillage. It is often used with to poll or strip.
'Kildare did use to pill and poll his friendes, tenants, and re-
teyners.' *Holinshed.*

¹³ Gentle is here used ironically.

Glo. Foul wrinkled witch, what mak'st¹⁴ thou in my sight?

Q. Mar. But repetition of what thou hast marr'd; That will I make, before I let thee go.

Glo. Wert thou not banished on pain of death¹⁵?

Q. Mar. I was; but I do find more pain in banishment,

Than death can yield me here by my abode.

A husband, and a son, thou ow'st to me,—

And thou a kingdom;—all of you, allegiance:

This sorrow that I have, by right is yours;

And all the pleasures you usurp are mine.

Glo. The curse my noble father laid on thee,—

When thou didst crown his warlike brows with paper,

And with thy scorns drew'st rivers from his eyes;

And then, to dry them, gav'st the duke a clout,

Steep'd in the faultless blood of pretty Rutland;—

His curses, then from bitterness of soul

Denounc'd against thee, are all fall'n upon thee;

And God, not we, hath plagu'd¹⁶ thy bloody deed.

¹⁴ 'What dost thou in my sight.' This phrase has been already explained in the notes to *Love's Labour's Lost*, Act iv. Sc. 3. In *As You Like It*, Act i. Sc. 1, Shakspeare again plays upon the word *make*, as in this instance:—

'Now, sir, what *make* you here?

Nothing: I am not taught to *make* anything.'

¹⁵ Margaret fled into France after the battle of Hexham, in 1464, and Edward issued a proclamation prohibiting any of his subjects from aiding her return, or harbouring her, should she attempt to revisit England. She remained abroad till April, 1471, when she landed at Weymouth. After the battle of Tewksbury, in May, 1471, she was confined in the Tower, where she continued a prisoner till 1475, when she was ransomed by her father Regnier, and removed to France, where she died in 1482. So that her introduction in the present scene is a mere poetical fiction.

¹⁶ To *plague* in ancient language is to punish. Hence the scriptural term of the *plagues* of Egypt. Thus also in King John:—

'That he's not only *plagued* for her sin.'

Q. Eliz. So just is God, to right the innocent.

Hast. O, 'twas the foulest deed to slay that babe,
And the most merciless that e'er was heard of.

Riv. Tyrants themselves wept when it was reported.

Dors. No man but prophesied revenge for it.

Buck. Northumberland, then present, wept to see it¹⁷.

Q. Mar. What! were you snarling all, before I came,

Ready to catch each other by the throat,
And turn you all your hatred now on me?
Did York's dread curse prevail so much with heaven,
That Henry's death, my lovely Edward's death,
Their kingdom's loss, my woful banishment,
Could all but¹⁸ answer for that peevish brat?
Can curses pierce the clouds, and enter heaven?—
Why, then give way, dull clouds, to my quick
curses!—

Though not by war, by surfeit die your king¹⁹,
As ours by murder, to make him a king!
Edward, thy son, that now is prince of Wales,
For Edward, my son, that was prince of Wales,
Die in his youth, by like untimely violence!
Thyself a queen, for me that was a queen,
Outlive thy glory, like my wretched self!
Long may'st thou live, to wail thy children's loss;
And see another, as I see thee now,
Deck'd in thy rights, as thou art stall'd in mine!
Long die thy happy days before thy death;
And, after many lengthen'd hours of grief,

¹⁷ See King Henry VI. Part III. Act 1, Sc. 2:—

'What, weeping-ripe, my Lord Northumberland.'

¹⁸ *But* is here used in its exceptive sense: could all this only, or nothing *but* (i. e. *be out or except*) this answer for the death of that brat. Vide note on *The Tempest*, vol. i. p. 19.

¹⁹ Alluding to his 'luxurious life.

Die neither mother, wife, nor England's queen!—
 Rivers,—and Dorset,—you were standers by,—
 And so wast thou, Lord Hastings,—when my son
 Was stabb'd with bloody daggers: God, I pray him,
 That none of you may live your natural age,
 But by some unlook'd accident cut off!

Glo. Have done thy charm, thou hateful wither'd hag.

Q. Mar. And leave out thee? stay, dog, for thou
 shalt hear me.

If heaven have any grievous plague in store,
 Exceeding those that I can wish upon thee,
 O, let them keep it, till thy sins be ripe,
 And then hurl down their indignation
 On thee, the troubler of the poor world's peace!
 The worm of conscience still be-gnaw thy soul!
 Thy friends suspect for traitors while thou liv'st,
 And take deep traitors for thy dearest friends!
 No sleep close up that deadly eye of thine,
 Unless it be while some tormenting dream
 Affrights thee with a hell of ugly devils!
 Thou elvish-mark'd, abortive, rooting hog²⁰!

²⁰ 'Thou elvish *mark'd*, abortive, rooting hog.' It was an old prejudice which is not yet quite extinct, that those who are defective or deformed are *marked* by nature as prone to mischief. She calls him *hog*, in allusion to his cognizance, which was a boar. 'The expression (says Warburton) is fine, remembering her youngest son, she alludes to the ravage which hogs make with the finest flowers in gardens; and intimating that Elizabeth was to expect no other treatment for her sons.' The rhyme for which Collingborne was executed, as given by Heywood in his *Metrical History of King Edward IV.* will illustrate this:—

'The cat, the rat, and Lovell our dog,
 Doe rule all England under a *hog*.
 The crooke backt boore the way hath found
 To root our roses from our ground,
 Both flower and bud will he confound,
 Till king of beasts the swine be crown'd:
 And then the dog, the cat, and rat
 Shall in his trough feed and be fat.'

The persons aimed at in this rhyme were the king, Catesby, Ratcliff, and Lovell.

Thou that wast seal'd in thy nativity
The slave of nature, and the son of hell!
Thou slander of thy mother's heavy womb!
Thou loathed issue of thy father's loins!
Thou rag of honour! thou detested——

Glo. Margaret.

Q. Mar. Richard!

Glo. Ha?

Q. Mar. I call thee not.

Glo. I cry thee mercy then; for I did think,
That thou hadst call'd me all these bitter names.

Q. Mar. Why, so I did: but look'd for no reply.
O, let me make the period to my curse.

Glo. 'Tis done by me; and ends in—Margaret.

Q. Eliz. Thus have you breath'd your curse against
yourself.

Q. Mar. Poor painted queen, vain flourish of my
fortune!

Why strew'st thou sugar on that bottled spider²¹,
Whose deadly web ensnareth thee about?

Fool, fool! thou whet'st a knife to kill thyself.
The day will come, that thou shalt wish for me
To help thee curse this pois'nous bunch-back'd toad.

Hast. False-boding woman, end thy frantick curse;
Lest, to thy harm, thou move our patience.

Q. Mar. Foul shame upon you! you have all
mov'd mine.

Riv. Were you well serv'd, you would be taught
your duty.

Q. Mar. To serve me well, you all should do me
duty,

Teach me to be your queen, and you my subjects:
O, serve me well, and teach yourselves that duty.

Dors. Dispute not with her, she is lunatick.

²¹ Alluding to Gloster's form and venom. A *bottled spider* is a large, bloated, glossy spider: supposed to contain venom proportionate to its size.

Q. Mar. Peace, master marquis, you are malapert:
Your fire-new stamp of honour is scarce current ²²:
O, that your young nobility could judge,
What 'twere to lose it, and be miserable!
They that stand high, have many blasts to shake them:
And, if they fall, they dash themselves to pieces.

Glo. Good counsel, marry;—learn it, learn it,
marquis.

Dors. It touches you, my lord, as much as me.

Glo. Ay, and much more: But I was born so high,
Our aiery ²³ buildeth in the cedar's top,
And dallies with the wind, and scorns the sun.

Q. Mar. And turns the sun to shade!—alas! alas!—
Witness my son, now in the shade of death;
Whose bright outshining beams thy cloudy wrath
Hath in eternal darkness folded up.
Your aiery buildeth in our aiery's nest:—
O God, that seest it, do not suffer it;
As it was won with blood, lost be it so!

Buck. Peace, peace, for shame, if not for charity.

Q. Mar. Urge neither charity nor shame to me;
Uncharitably with me have you dealt,
And shamefully by you my hopes are butcher'd.
My charity is outrage, life my shame,—
And in my shame still live my sorrow's rage!

Buck. Have done, have done.

Q. Mar. O princely Buckingham, I kiss thy hand,
In sign of league and amity with thee:

²² He was created marquis of Dorset in 1476. The scene is laid in 1477-8.

²³ *Aiery* for *brood*. This word properly signified a brood of eagles, or hawks; though in later times often used for the nest of those birds of prey. Its etymology is from *eyren*, eggs; and we accordingly sometimes find it spelled *eyry*. The commentators explained it *nest* in this passage, according to which explanation the meaning a few lines lower would be, 'your nest buildeth in our nest's nest!'

Now fair befall thee, and thy noble house !
Thy garments are not spotted with our blood,
Nor thou within the compass of my curse.

Buck. Nor no one here ; for curses never pass
The lips of those that breathe them in the air.

Q. Mar. I'll not believe but they ascend the sky,
And there awake God's gentle-sleeping peace.
O Buckingham, beware of yonder dog ;
Look, when he fawns, he bites ; and, when he bites,
His venom tooth will rankle to the death :
Have not to do with him, beware of him ;
Sin, death, and hell have set their marks on him ;
And all their ministers attend on him.

Glo. What doth she say, my lord of Buckingham ?

Buck. Nothing that I respect, my gracious lord.

Q. Mar. What, dost thou scorn me for my gentle
counsel ?

And sooth the devil that I warn thee from ?
O, but remember this another day,
When he shall split thy very heart with sorrow ;
And say, poor Margaret was a prophetess.—
Live each of you the subjects to his hate,
And he to yours, and all of you to God's²⁴ ? [*Exit.*

Hast. My hair doth stand on end to hear her curses.

Riv. And so doth mine ; I muse, why she's at
liberty.

Glo. I cannot blame her, by God's holy mother ;
She hath had too much wrong, and I repent
My part thereof, that I have done to her.

Q. Eliz. I never did her any, to my knowledge.

²⁴ It is evident, from the conduct of Shakspeare, that the house of Tudor retained all their Lancastrian prejudices, even in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. He seems to deduce the woes of the house of York from the curses which Queen Margaret had ranted against them ; and he could not give that weight to her curses, without supposing a right in her to utter them. WAL-POLE.

Glo. Yet you have all the vantage of her wrong.
I was too hot to do somebody good,
That is too cold in thinking of it now.
Marry, as for Clarence, he is well repaid :
He is frank'd²⁵ up to fatting for his pains ;—
God pardon them that are the cause thereof !

Riv. A virtuous and a christianlike conclusion,
To pray for them that have done scath²⁶ to us.

Glo. So do I ever, being well advis'd ;—
For had I curs'd now, I had curs'd myself. [*Aside.*

Enter CATESBY.

Cates. Madam, his majesty doth call for you,—
And for your grace,—and you, my noble lords.

Q. Eliz. Catesby, I come :—Lords, will you go
with me ?

Riv. Madam, we will attend your grace.

[*Exeunt all but GLOSTER.*

Glo. I do the wrong, and first begin to brawl.
The secret mischiefs that I set abroad,
I lay unto the grievous charge of others.
Clarence,—whom I, indeed, have laid in darkness,
I do beweepe to many simple gulls ;
Namely, to Stanley, Hastings, Buckingham ;
And tell them—'tis the queen and her allies,
That stir the king against the duke my brother.
Now they believe it ; and withal whet me
To be reveng'd on Rivers, Vaughan, Grey :
But then I sigh, and with a piece of scripture,
Tell them—that God bids us do good for evil :
And thus I clothe my naked villany
With old odd ends, stol'n forth of holy writ :
And seem a saint, when most I play the devil.

²⁵ A *frank* is a pen or coop in which hogs and other animals were confined while fatting. To be *franked up* was to be closely confined. To *franch*, or *frank*, was to stuff, to cram, to fatten.

²⁶ Harm, mischief.

Enter Two Murderers.

But soft, here come my executioners.
How now, my hardy, stout resolved mates?
Are you now going to despatch this thing?

1 *Murd.* We are, my lord; and come to have the
warrant,
That we may be admitted where he is.

Glo. Well thought upon, I have it here about me:
[*Gives the Warrant.*

When you have done, repair to Crosby-place.
But, sirs, be sudden in the execution,
Withal obdurate, do not hear him plead;
For Clarence is well spoken, and, perhaps,
May move your hearts to pity, if you mark him.

1 *Murd.* Tut, tut, my lord, we will not stand to
prate,
Talkers are no good doers; be assur'd,
We go to use our hands, and not our tongues.

Glo. Your eyes drop millstones, when fools' eyes
drop tears²⁷:

I like you, lads:—about your business straight;
Go, go, despatch.

1 *Murd.* We will, my noble lord.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. London. *A Room in the Tower.*

Enter CLARENCE and BRAKENBURY.

Brak. Why looks your grace so heavily to day?

Clar. O, I have pass'd a miserable night,
So full of fearful dreams, of ugly sights,
That, as I am a christian faithful man,

²⁷ This appears to have been a proverbial saying. It occurs again in the tragedy of *Cæsar and Pompey*, 1607:—

'Men's eyes must millstones drop, when fools shed tears.'

I would not spend another such a night,
Though 'twere to buy a world of happy days;
So full of dismal terror was the time.

Brak. What was your dream, my lord? I pray
you, tell me.

Clar. Methought, that I had broken from the
Tower,

And was embark'd to cross to Burgundy¹;
And, in my company, my brother Gloster:
Who from my cabin tempted me to walk
Upon the hatches; thence we look'd toward Eng-
land,

And cited up a thousand heavy times,
During the wars of York and Lancaster
That had befall'n us. As we pac'd along
Upon the giddy footing of the hatches,
Methought, that Gloster stumbled; and, in falling,
Struck me, that thought to stay him, overboard,
Into the tumbling billows of the main.

O Lord! methought, what pain it was to drown!
What dreadful noise of water in mine ears²:
What sights of ugly death within mine eyes!
Methought, I saw a thousand fearful wrecks;
A thousand men, that fishes gnaw'd upon;

¹ Clarence was desirous to assist his sister Margaret against the French king, who invaded her jointure lands after the death of her husband, Charles duke of Burgundy, who was killed at Nancy, in January, 1476-7. Isabel, the wife of Clarence, being then dead (poisoned by the duke of Gloucester, as it has been conjectured), he wished to have married Mary, the daughter and heir of the duke of Burgundy; but the match was opposed by Edward, who hoped to have obtained her for his brother-in-law, Lord Rivers, and this circumstance has been suggested as the principal cause of the breach between Edward and Clarence. Mary of Burgundy however chose a husband for herself, having married, in 1477, Maximilian, son of the Emperor Frederic.

² See a note on Milton's *Lycidas*, v. 157. Milton's *Minor Poems*, by T. Warton, ed. 1791.

Wedges of gold, great anchors, heaps of pearl,
 Inestimable stones, unvalued³ jewels,
 All scatter'd in the bottom of the sea,
 Some lay in dead men's skulls; and, in those holes
 Where eyes did once inhabit, there were crept
 (As 'twere in scorn of eyes) reflecting gems,
 That woo'd the slimy bottom of the deep,
 And mock'd the dead bones that lay scatter'd by.

Brak. Had you such leisure in the time of death,
 To gaze upon these secrets of the deep?

Clar. Methought, I had; and often did I strive
 To yield the ghost: but still the envious flood
 Kept in my soul, and would not let it forth
 To seek the empty, vast⁴, and wand'ring air;
 But smother'd it within my panting bulk⁵,
 Which almost burst to belch it in the sea.

Brak. Awak'd you not with this sore agony?

Clar. O, no, my dream was lengthen'd after life;
 O, then began the tempest to my soul!
 I pass'd, methought, the melancholy flood,
 With that grim ferryman which poets write of,
 Unto the kingdom of perpetual night.
 The first that there did greet my stranger soul,
 Was my great father-in-law, renowned Warwick,
 Who cry'd aloud,—*What scourge for perjury*
Can this dark monarchy afford false Clarence?
 And so he vanish'd: Then came wand'ring by

³ *Unvalued* for *invaluable*, not to be valued, inestimable. Thus Spenser, sonnet lxxvii.:—

‘Two golden apples of *unvalued* price.’

And Milton, speaking of Shakspeare:—

‘————— each heart

Hath from the leaves of thy *unvalued* book

Those Delphick lines with deep impression took.’

⁴ *Vast* is *waste*, *desolate*. *Vastum* per *inane*.

⁵ *Bulk*, i. e. *breast*. See note on Hamlet, Act ii. Sc. 1.

A shadow like an angel, with bright hair
 Dabbled in blood⁶, and he shriek'd out aloud, —
Clarence is come,—false, fleeting⁷, perjur'd Clarence,
That stabb'd me in the field by Tewksbury;—
Seize on him, furies, take him to your torments!
 With that, methought, a legion of foul fiends
 Environ'd me, and howled in mine ears
 Such hideous cries, that, with the very noise,
 I trembling wak'd, and, for a season after,
 Could not believe but that I was in hell;
 Such terrible impression made my dream.

Brak. No marvel, lord, though it affrighted you!
 I am afraid, methinks, to hear you tell it.

Clar. O, Brakenbury, I have done these things—
 That now give evidence against my soul,—
 For Edward's sake; and, see, how he requites me!—
 O God! if my deep prayers cannot appease thee,
 But thou wilt be aveng'd on my misdeeds,
 Yet execute thy wrath on me alone:
 O, spare my guiltless wife⁸, and my poor children!—
 I pray thee, gentle keeper, stay by me;
 My soul is heavy, and I fain would sleep.

Brak. I will, my lord; God give your grace
 good rest!—

[CLARENCE *reposes himself on a Chair*,
 Sorrow breaks seasons, and reposing hours,
 Makes the night morning, and the noontide night.

⁶ Lee has transplanted this image into his *Mithridates*, Act iv. Sc. 1.

⁷ *Fleeting* or *fitting*, in old language, was used for *uncertain*, *inconstant*, *fluctuating*. Thus in *Antony and Cleopatra*:—

' — now the *fleeting* moon
 No planet is of mine.'

Clarence broke his oath with the earl of Warwick, and joined the army of his brother Edward. See *King Henry VI. Part III. Act v. Sc. 1.*

⁸ The wife of Clarence died before he was apprehended and confined in the Tower. See note on p. 39.

Princes have but their titles for their glories⁹,
An outward honour for an inward toil;
And, for unfelt imaginations,
They often feel a world of restless cares¹⁰:
So that, between their titles, and low name,
There's nothing differs but the outward fame.

Enter the Two Murderers.

1 *Murd.* Ho! who's here?

Brak. What would'st thou, fellow? and how
cam'st thou hither?

1 *Murd.* I would speak with Clarence, and I
came hither on my legs.

Brak. What, so brief?

2 *Murd.* O, sir, 'tis better to be brief than te-
dious:—

Let him see our commission; talk no more.

[*A Paper is delivered to BRAKENBURY, who
reads it.*

Brak. I am, in this, commanded to deliver
The noble duke of Clarence to your hands:—
I will not reason what is meant hereby,
Because I will be guiltless of the meaning..
Here are the keys;—there sits the duke asleep:
I'll to the king; and signify to him,
That thus I have resign'd to you my charge.

1 *Murd.* You may, sir; 'tis a point of wisdom:
Fare you well. [*Exit BRAKENBURY.*

2 *Murd.* What, shall we stab him as he sleeps?

⁹ This line may be thus understood, 'The glories of princes are nothing more than empty titles:' but it would impress the purpose of the speaker, and correspond better with the following lines, if it were read:—

'Princes have but their titles for their troubles.'

JOHNSON.

¹⁰ They often suffer real miseries for imaginary and unreal gratifications.

1 *Murd.* No; he'll say, 'twas done cowardly, when he wakes.

2 *Murd.* When he wakes! why, fool, he shall never wake until the great judgment day.

1 *Murd.* Why, then he'll say, we stabb'd him sleeping.

2 *Murd.* The urging of that word, judgment, hath bred a kind of remorse in me.

1 *Murd.* What? art thou afraid?

2 *Murd.* Not to kill him, having a warrant for it; but to be damn'd for killing him, from the which no warrant can defend me.

1 *Murd.* I thought, thou had'st been resolute.

2 *Murd.* So I am, to let him live.

1 *Murd.* I'll back to the duke of Gloster, and tell him so.

2 *Murd.* Nay, I pr'ythee, stay a little: I hope, this holy humour of mine will change; it was wont to hold me but while one would tell twenty.

1 *Murd.* How dost thou feel thyself now?

2 *Murd.* 'Faith, some certain dregs of conscience are yet within me.

1 *Murd.* Remember our reward, when the deed's done.

2 *Murd.* Come, he dies; I had forgot the reward.

1 *Murd.* Where's thy conscience now?

2 *Murd.* In the duke of Gloster's purse.

1 *Murd.* So, when he opens his purse to give us our reward, thy conscience flies out.

2 *Murd.* 'Tis no matter; let it go; there's few, or none, will entertain it.

1 *Murd.* What, if it come to thee again?

2 *Murd.* I'll not meddle with it, it is a dangerous thing, it makes a man a coward; a man cannot steal, but it accuseth him; a man cannot swear, but it checks him; a man cannot lie with his neighbour's

wife, but it detects him: 'Tis a blushing shame-faced spirit, that mutinies in a man's bosom; it fills one full of obstacles: it made me once restore a purse of gold, that by chance I found: it beggars any man that keeps it: it is turned out of all towns and cities for a dangerous thing; and every man that means to live well, endeavours to trust to himself, and live without it.

1 *Murd.* 'Zounds, it is even now at my elbow, persuading me not to kill the duke.

2 *Murd.* Take the devil in thy mind, and believe him not: he would insinuate with thee, but to make thee sigh¹¹.

1 *Murd.* I am strong-fram'd, he cannot prevail with me.

2 *Murd.* Spoke like a tall¹² fellow, that respects his reputation. Come, shall we fall to work?

1 *Murd.* Take him over the costard¹³ with the hilts of thy sword, and then throw him into the malmsey butt, in the next room.

2 *Murd.* O excellent device! and make a sop of him.

1 *Murd.* Soft! he wakes.

2 *Murd.* Strike.

1 *Murd.* No, we'll reason¹⁴ with him.

Clar. Where art thou, keeper? give me a cup of wine.

¹¹ One villain says, Conscience is at his elbow, persuading him not to kill the duke. The other says, take the devil *into thy mind*, who will be a match for thy conscience, and believe it not. Perhaps conscience is here personified, as in Launcelot's dialogue in the Merchant of Venice; but however that may be, Shakspeare would have used *him* for it without scruple.

¹² i. e. a *bold courageous fellow*. Vide note on The Merry Wives of Windsor, Act i. Sc. 5, p. 202.

¹³ *Head*. See Love's Labour's Lost, Act iii. Sc. 1, note 10.

¹⁴ i. e. *talk* with him. Thus in The Merchant of Venice:—

'I reason'd with a Frenchman yesterday.'

1 *Murd.* You shall have wine enough, my lord,
anon.

Clar. In God's name, what art thou?

1 *Murd.* A man, as you are.

Clar. But not, as I am, royal.

1 *Murd.* Nor you, as we are, loyal.

Clar. Thy voice is thunder, but thy looks are
humble.

1 *Murd.* My voice is now the king's, my looks
mine own.

Clar. How darkly, and how deadly dost thou
speak!

Your eyes do menace me: Why look you pale?

Who sent you hither? Wherefore do you come?

Both Murd. To, to, to,——

Clar. To murder me?

Both Murd. Ay, ay.

Clar. You scarcely have the hearts to tell me so,
And therefore cannot have the hearts to do it.

Wherein, my friends, have I offended you?

1 *Murd.* Offended us you have not, but the king.

Clar. I shall be reconcil'd to him again.

2 *Murd.* Never, my lord; therefore prepare to die.

Clar. Are you call'd forth from out a world of men,
To slay the innocent? What is my offence?

Where is the evidence that doth accuse me?

What lawful quest¹⁵ have given their verdict up

¹⁵ *Quest* was the term for a *jury*. 'A *quest* of twelve men, Duodecim viratus.' *Baret*. In *Hamlet* we have 'crowners *quest* law.'

Shakspeare has followed the current tale of his own time. But the truth is, that Clarence was tried and found guilty by his peers, and a bill of attainder was afterwards passed against him. According to Sir Thomas More, his death was *commanded* by Edward; but he does not assert that the duke of Gloster was the instrument. Polydore Virgil says, though he talked with several persons who lived at the time, he never could get any certain account of the motives that induced Edward to put his brother to death.

Unto the frowning judge? or who pronounc'd
The bitter sentence of poor Clarence' death?
Before I be convict by course of law,
To threaten me with death is most unlawful.
I charge you, as you hope to have redemption ¹⁶
By Christ's dear blood shed for our grievous sins,
That you depart, and lay no hands on me;
The deed you undertake is damnable.

1 *Murd.* What we will do, we do upon command.

2 *Murd.* And he, that hath commanded, is our
king.

Clar. Erroneous vassal! the great King of kings
Hath in the table of his law commanded,
That thou shalt do no murder; Wilt thou then
Spurn at his edict, and fulfil a man's?
Take heed; for he holds vengeance in his hand,
To hurl upon their heads that break his law.

2 *Murd.* And that same vengeance doth he hurl
on thee,

For false forswearing, and for murder too:
Thou didst receive the sacrament, to fight
In quarrel of the house of Lancaster.

1 *Murd.* And, like a traitor to the name of God,
Didst break that vow; and, with thy treacherous
blade,
Unrip'dst the bowels of thy sovereign's son.

2 *Murd.* Whom thou wast sworn to cherish and
defend.

1 *Murd.* How canst thou urge God's dreadful
law to us,

When thou hast broke it in such dear ¹⁷ degree?

Clar. Alas! for whose sake did I that ill deed?
For Edward, for my brother, for his sake:

¹⁶ This line was altered, and the subsequent line omitted, by the editors of the folio, to avoid the penalty of the statute,
3 Jac. I. c. 21.

¹⁷ See note on Twelfth Night, Act v. Sc. 1.

He sends you not to murder me for this ;
For in that sin he is as deep as I.
If God will be avenged for the deed,
O, know you, that he doth it publickly ;
Take not the quarrel from his powerful arm ;
He needs no indirect nor lawless course,
To cut off those that have offended him.

1 *Murd.* Who made thee then a bloody minister,
When gallant springing, brave Plantagenet¹⁸,
That princely novice¹⁹, was struck dead by thee ?

Clar. My brother's love, the devil, and my rage.

1 *Murd.* Thy brother's love, our duty, and thy
fault,

Provoke us hither now to slaughter thee.

Clar. If you do love my brother, hate not me ;
I am his brother, and I love him well.

If you are hired for meed²⁰, go back again,
And I will send you to my brother Gloster ;
Who shall reward you better for my life,
Than Edward will for tidings of my death.

2 *Murd.* You are deceiv'd, your brother Gloster
hates you²¹.

¹⁸ *Blooming* Plantagenet, a prince in the *spring* of life.

¹⁹ *Youth*, one yet new to the world.

²⁰ Reward.

²¹ Walpole rightly suggested, from the Chronicle of Croyland, that the true cause of Gloster's hatred to Clarence was, that Clarence was unwilling to share with his brother that moiety of the estate of the great earl of Warwick, to which Gloster became entitled on his marriage with the younger sister of the duchess of Clarence, Lady Anne Neville, who had been betrothed to Edward prince of Wales. This is fully confirmed by a letter from Sir John Paston to his brother, dated Feb. 14, 1471-2 :—' Yesterday the king, the queen, my lords of Clarence and Gloucester went to Shene to pardon ; men say, not all in charity. The king entreateth my lord of Clarence for my lord of Gloucester ; and, as it is said, he answereth, that he may well have my lady his sister-in-law, but *they shall part no livelihood*, as he saith ; so, what will fall, can I not say.' *Paston Letters*, vol. ii. p. 91.

Clar. O, no; he loves me, and he holds me dear :
Go you to him from me.

Both Murd. Ay, so we will.

Clar. Tell him, when that our princely father York
Bless'd his three sons with his victorious arm,
And charg'd us from his soul to love each other,
He little thought of this divided friendship :
Bid Gloster think on this, and he will weep.

1 *Murd.* Ay, millstones; as he lesson'd us to weep.

Clar. O, do not slander him, for he is kind.

1 *Murd.* Right, as snow in harvest.—Come, you
deceive yourself;

'Tis he that sends us to destroy you here.

Clar. It cannot be; for he bewept my fortune,
And hugg'd me in his arms, and swore, with sobs,
That he would labour my delivery.

1 *Murd.* Why, so he doth, when he delivers you
From this earth's thralldom to the joys of heaven.

2 *Murd.* Make peace with God, for you must die,
my lord.

Clar. Hast thou that holy feeling in thy soul,
To counsel me to make my peace with God,
And art thou yet to thy own soul so blind,
That thou wilt war with God, by murd'ring me?—
Ah, sirs, consider, he, that set you on
To do this deed, will hate you for the deed.

2 *Murd.* What shall we do?

Clar. Relent, and save your souls.

1 *Murd.* Relent! 'tis cowardly, and womanish.

Clar. Not to relent, is beastly, savage, devilish.—
Which of you, if you were a prince's son,
Being pent from liberty, as I am now,
If two such murderers as yourselves came to you,—
Would not entreat for life?—

My friend, I spy some pity in thy looks;
O, if thine eye be not a flatterer,

Come thou on my side, and entreat for me,
As you would beg, were you in my distress.
A begging prince what beggar pities not?

2 *Murd.* Look behind you, my lord.

1 *Murd.* Take that, and that; if all this will not
do, [Stabs him.
I'll drown you in the malmsey butt within.
[Exit, with the body.

2 *Murd.* A bloody deed, and desperately despatch'd!
How fain, like Pilate, would I wash my hands
Of this most grievous guilty murder done!

Re-enter first Murderer.

1 *Murd.* How now? what mean'st thou, that
thou help'st me not?

By heaven, the duke shall know how slack you have
been.

2 *Murd.* I would he knew, that I had sav'd his
brother!

Take thou the fee, and tell him what I say;
For I repent me that the duke is slain. [Exit.

1 *Murd.* So do not I; go, coward, as thou art.—
Well, I'll go hide the body in some hole,
Till that the duke give order for his burial:
And when I have my meed, I will away;
For this will out, and then I must not stay. [Exit.

ACT II.

SCENE I. London. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter KING EDWARD (*led in sick*), QUEEN ELIZABETH, DORSET, RIVERS, HASTINGS, BUCKINGHAM, GREY, and Others.

K. Edw. Why, so:—now have I done a good day's work;—

You peers, continue this united league:

I every day expect an embassy

From my Redeemer to redeem me hence;

And now in peace my soul shall part to heaven,

Since I have made my friends at peace on earth.

Rivers, and Hastings, take each other's hand;

Dissemble not your hatred¹, swear your love.

Riv. By heaven, my soul is purg'd from grudging hate;

And with my hand I seal my true heart's love.

Hast. So thrive I, as I truly swear the like!

K. Edw. Take heed, you dally not before your king;

Lest he, that is the supreme King of kings,

Confound your hidden falsehood, and award

Either of you to be the other's end.

Hast. So prosper I, as I swear perfect love!

Riv. And I, as I love Hastings with my heart!

K. Edw. Madam, yourself are not exempt in this,—
Nor your son Dorset,—Buckingham, nor you;—
You have been factious one against the other.

¹ i. e. do not merely *cloke* and *conceal* your ill will to each other, but eradicate it altogether from your bosoms, and swear to love each other.

Wife, love Lord Hastings, let him kiss your hand;
And what you do, do it unfeignedly.

Q. Eliz. There, Hastings;—I will never more
remember

Our former hatred, so thrive I, and mine!

K. Edw. Dorset, embrace him,—Hastings, love
lord marquis.

Dor. This interchange of love, I here protest,
Upon my part shall be inviolable.

Hast. And so swear I. [*Embraces DORSET.*]

K. Edw. Now, princely Buckingham, seal thou
this league

With thy embracements to my wife's allies,
And make me happy in your unity.

Buck. Whenever Buckingham doth turn his hate
Upon your grace [*To the Queen*], but with all du-
teous love

Doth cherish you, and yours, God punish me
With hate in those where I expect most love!
When I have most need to employ a friend,
And most assured that he is a friend,
Deep, hollow, treacherous, and full of guile,
Be he unto me! this do I beg of heaven,
When I am cold in love, to you, or yours.

[*Embracing RIVERS, &c.*]

K. Edw. A pleasing cordial, princely Buckingham,
Is this thy vow unto my sickly heart.

There wanteth now our brother Gloster here,
To make the blessed period of this peace.

Buck. And, in good time, here comes the noble
duke.

Enter GLOSTER.

Glo. Good-morrow to my sovereign king, and
queen;

And, princely peers, a happy time of day!

K. Edw. Happy, indeed, as we have spent the day:—

Brother, we have done deeds of charity;
Made peace of enmity, fair love of hate,
Between these swelling wrong-incensed peers.

Glo. A blessed labour, my most sovereign liege.—
Among this princely heap, if any here,
By false intelligence, or wrong surmise,
Hold me a foe;
If I unwittingly, or in my rage,
Have aught committed that is hardly borne
By any in this presence, I desire
To reconcile me to his friendly peace:
'Tis death to me, to be at enmity;
I hate it, and desire all good men's love.—
First, madam, I entreat true peace of you,
Which I will purchase with my duteous service;—
Of you, my noble cousin Buckingham,
If ever any grudge were lodg'd between us:—
Of you, Lord Rivers, and Lord Grey, of you,—
That all without desert have frown'd on me;—
Dukes, earls, lords, gentlemen: indeed, of all—
I do not know that Englishman alive,
With whom my soul is any jot at odds,
More than the infant that is born to-night;
I thank my God for my humility².

² Milton, in his ΕΙΚΟΝΟΚΛΑΣΤΕΣ, has this observation:—
'The poets, and some English, have been in this point so mindful of decorum, as to put never more pious words in the mouth of any person than of a tyrant. I shall not instance an abstruse author, wherein the king might be less conversant, but one whom we well know was the closet companion of these his solitudes, William Shakspeare; who introduced the person of Richard the Third, speaking in as high a strain of piety and mortification as is uttered in any passage in this book, and sometimes to the same sense and purpose with some words in this place. I intended (saith he), not only to oblige my friends, but my enemies. The like saith Richard:—

Q. Eliz. A holy-day shall this be kept hereafter:—
I would to God, all strifes were well compounded.—
My sovereign lord, I do beseech your highness
To take our brother Clarence to your grace.

Glo. Why, madam, have I offer'd love for this,
To be so flouted in this royal presence?
Who knows not, that the gentle duke is dead?

[*They all start.*

You do him injury to scorn his corse.

K. Edw. Who knows not he is dead! who knows
he is?

Q. Eliz. All-seeing heaven, what a world is this!

Buck. Look I so pale, Lord Dorset, as the rest?

Dor. Ay, my good lord; and no man in the presence,
But his red colour hath forsook his cheeks.

K. Edw. Is Clarence dead? the order was re-
vers'd.

Glo. But he, poor man, by your first order died,
And that a winged Mercury did bear;
Some tardy cripple bore the countermand³,
That came too lag to see him buried:—
God grant, that some, less noble, and less loyal,
Nearer in bloody thoughts, and not in blood⁴,

‘I do not know that Englishman alive,
With whom my soul is any jot at odds,
More than the infant that is born to-night;
I thank my God for my humility.’

Other stuff of this sort may be read throughout the tragedy,
wherein the poet used not much licence in departing from the
truth of history, which delivers him a deep dissembler, not of
his affections only, but his religion.’

³ This is an allusion to a proverbial expression which Dray-
ton has versified in his *Baron's Wars*:—

‘Ill news hath wings, and with the wind doth go,
Comfort's a cripple, and comes ever slow.’

Canto II. Ed. 1619.

⁴ We have the same play on words in *Macbeth*:—

‘—— the near in blood
The nearer bloody.’

Deserve not worse than wretched Clarence did,
And yet go current from suspicion.

Enter STANLEY.

Stan. A boon, my sovereign, for my service done!

K. Edw. I pr'ythee, peace; my soul is full of
sorrow.

Stan. I will not rise, unless your highness hear me.

K. Edw. Then say at once, what is it thou request'st.

Stan. The forfeit⁵, sovereign, of my servant's life;
Who slew to-day a riotous gentleman,
Lately attendant on the duke of Norfolk.

K. Edw. Have I a tongue to doom my brother's
death⁶,

And shall that tongue give pardon to a slave?
My brother kill'd no man, his fault was thought,
And yet his punishment was bitter death.
Who sued to me for him? who, in my wrath,
Kneel'd at my feet, and bade me be advis'd⁷?
Who spoke of brotherhood? who spoke of love?
Who told me, how the poor soul did forsake
The mighty Warwick, and did fight for me?
Who told me, in the field at Tewksbury,
When Oxford had me down, he rescued me,

⁵ He means the *remission* of the forfeit.

⁶ 'This lamentation is very tender and pathetic. The recollection of the good qualities of the dead is very natural, and no less naturally does the king endeavour to communicate the crime to others.'—*Johnson*. The hint for this pathetic speech is to be found in Sir Thomas More's *History of Edward V.* inserted in the *Chronicles*.

⁷ i. e. be circumspect, deliberate, or consider what I was about.

'And bid me be *advised* how I tread.'

King Henry VI. Part II. Act ii. Sc. 4.

Thus in the *Paston Letters*, vol. ii. p. 279:—

'Written in haste with short *advisement*.'

And said, *Dear brother, live, and be a king?*
Who told me, when we both lay in the field,
Frozen almost to death, how he did lap me
Even in his garments; and did give himself,
All thin and naked, to the numb-cold night?
All this from my remembrance brutish wrath
Sinfully pluck'd, and not a man of you
Had so much grace to put it in my mind.
But when your carters, or your waiting-vassals,
Have done a drunken slaughter, and defac'd
The precious image of our dear Redeemer,
You straight are on your knees for pardon, pardon;
And I, unjustly too, must grant it you:—
But for my brother, not a man would speak,—
Nor I (ungracious) speak unto myself
For him, poor soul.—The proudest of you all
Have been beholden to him in his life;
Yet none of you would once plead for his life.—
O God! I fear, thy justice will take hold
On me, and you, and mine, and yours, for this.—
Come, Hastings, help me to my closet⁸. O,
Poor Clarence!

[*Exeunt* King, Queen, HASTINGS, RIVERS,
DORSET, and GREY.

Glo. This is the fruit of rashness!—Mark'd you
not,

How that the guilty kindred of the queen
Look'd pale, when they did hear of Clarence' death?
O! they did urge it still unto the king:
God will revenge it. Come, lords; will you go,
To comfort Edward with our company?

Buck. We wait upon your grace. [*Exeunt.*

⁸ Hastings was lord chamberlain to King Edward IV.

SCENE II. *The same.*

Enter the DUCHESS of YORK¹, with a Son and Daughter of CLARENCE.

Son. Good grandam, tell us, is our father dead?

Duch. No, boy.

Daugh. Why do you weep so oft? and beat your breast;

And cry—*O Clarence, my unhappy son!*

Son. Why do you look on us, and shake your head,
And call us—orphans, wretches, cast-aways,
If that our noble father be alive?

Duch. My pretty cousins², you mistake me both;
I do lament the sickness of the king,
As loath to lose him, not your father's death:
It were lost sorrow, to wail one that's lost.

Son. Then, grandam, you conclude that he is dead.
The king my uncle is to blame for this:
God will revenge it; whom I will importune
With earnest prayers all to that effect.'

Daugh. And so will I.

Duch. Peace, children, peace! the king doth love
you well:

Incapable³ and shallow innocents,
You cannot guess who caus'd your father's death.

Son. Grandam, we can: for my good uncle Gloster
Told me, the king, provok'd to't⁴ by the queen,

¹ Cecily, daughter of Ralph Neville, first earl of Westmoreland, and widow of Richard duke of York, who was killed at the battle of Wakefield, 1460. She survived her husband thirty-five years, living till the year 1495.

² The duchess is here addressing her grand-children; but cousin seems to have been used instead of our kinsman and kinswoman, and to have supplied the place of both.

³ *Unsusceptible.* Thus in Hamlet:—

'As one incapable of her own distress.'

Devis'd impeachments to imprison him:
 And when my uncle told me so, he wept;
 And pitied me, and kindly kiss'd my cheek;
 Bade me rely on him, as on my father,
 And he would love me dearly as his child.

Duch. Ah, that deceit should steal such gentle
 shapes,

And with a virtuous visor hide deep vice!
 He is my son, ay, and therein my shame,
 Yet from my dugs⁴ he drew not this deceit.

Son. Think you, my uncle did dissemble⁵, grandam?

Duch. Ay, boy.

Son. I cannot think it. Hark! what noise is this?

Enter QUEEN ELIZABETH, *distractedly*; RIVERS,
and DORSET, *following her*.

Q. Eliz. Ah! who shall hinder me to wail and weep?
 To chide my fortune, and torment myself?
 I'll join with black despair against my soul,
 And to myself become an enemy.

Duch. What means this scene of rude impatience?

Q. Eliz. To make an act of tragick violence:—
 Edward, my lord, thy son, our king, is dead.
 Why grow the branches, when the root is gone?
 Why wither not the leaves, that want their sap?—
 If you will live, lament; if die, be brief;
 That our swift-winged souls may catch the king's;

⁴ This word gave no offence to our ancestors; one instance will show that it was used even in the most refined poetry:—

'And on thy dugs the queen of love doth tell
 Her godhead's power in scrowles of my desire.'

Constable's Sonnets, 1594. Dec. vi. Son. 4.

⁵ In the language of our elder writers, to *dissemble* signified to *feign* or simulate, as well as to cloak or conceal feelings or dispositions. Milton uses *dissembler* in this sense in the extract in a note on a former page.

Or, like obedient subjects, follow him
To his new kingdom of perpetual rest.

Duch. Ah, so much interest have I in thy sorrow,
As I had title in thy noble husband!
I have bewept a worthy husband's death,
And liv'd by looking on his images⁶:
But now two mirrors of his princely semblance
Are crack'd in pieces by malignant death;
And I for comfort have but one false glass,
That grieves me when I see my shame in him.
Thou art a widow; yet thou art a mother,
And hast the comfort of thy children left thee:
But death hath snatch'd my husband from my arms,
And pluck'd two crutches from my feeble hands,
Clarence, and Edward. O, what cause have I
(Thine being but a moiety of my grief),
To overgo thy plaints, and drown thy cries!

Son. Ah, aunt! you wept not for our father's death;
How can we aid you with our kindred tears?

Daugh. Our fatherless distress was left unmoan'd,
Your widow-dolour likewise be unwept!

Q. Eliz. Give me no help in lamentation,
I am not barren to bring forth laments:
All springs reduce their currents to mine eyes,
That I, being govern'd by the wat'ry moon,
May send forth plenteous tears to drown the world!
Ah, for my husband, for my dear Lord Edward!

Chil. Ah, for our father, for our dear Lord Clarence!

⁶ The children by whom he was represented. Thus, in *The Rape of Lucrece*, Lucretius says to his daughter:—

'O, from thy cheeks my image thou hast torn.'

In the same poem the succeeding image is also found:—

'Poor broken glass, I often did behold

In thy sweet semblance my old age new born;

But now, that fresh fair mirror, dim and old,

Shows me a bare-bon'd death by time outworn.'

We have something like it in Shakspeare's third Sonnet.

Duch. Alas, for both, both mine, Edward and Clarence!

Q. Eliz. What stay had I, but Edward? and he's gone.

Chil. What stay had we, but Clarence? and he's gone.

Duch. What stays had I, but they? and they are gone.

Q. Eliz. Was never widow, had so dear a loss.

Chil. Were never orphans, had so dear a loss.

Duch. Was never mother, had so dear a loss.

Alas! I am the mother of these griefs;

Their woes are parcell'd⁷, mine are general.

She for an Edward weeps, and so do I;

I for a Clarence weep, so doth not she:

These babes for Clarence weep, and so do I:

I for an Edward weep, so do not they:—

Alas! you three, on me, threefold distress'd,

Pour all your tears, I am your sorrow's nurse,

And I will pamper it with lamentations.

Dor. Comfort, dear mother; God is much displeas'd,

That you take with unthankfulness his doing;

In common worldly things, 'tis call'd—ungrateful,

With dull unwillingness to repay a debt,

Which with a bounteous hand was kindly lent;

Much more to be thus opposite with heaven,

For it requires the royal debt it lent you.

Riv. Madam, bethink you, like a careful mother,

Of the young prince your son: send straight for him,

Let him be crown'd: in him your comfort lives:

Drown desperate sorrow in dead Edward's grave,

And plant your joys in living Edward's throne.

⁷ Divided.

*Enter GLOSTER, BUCKINGHAM, STANLEY,
HASTINGS, RATCLIFF, and Others.*

Glo. Sister, have comfort: all of us have cause
To wail the dimming of our shining star;
But none can cure their harms by wailing them.—
Madam, my mother, I do cry you mercy,
I did not see your grace:—Humbly on my knee
I crave your blessing.

Duch. God bless thee; and put meekness in thy
breast,
Love, charity, obedience, and true duty!

Glo. Amen; and make me die a good old man!—
That is the butt-end of a mother's blessing; [*Aside.*
I marvel, that her grace did leave it out.

Buck. You cloudy princes, and heart sorrowing
peers,
That bear this mutual heavy load of moan,
Now cheer each other in each other's love:
Though we have spent our harvest of this king,
We are to reap the harvest of his son.
The broken rancour of your high-swoln hearts,
But lately splinted, knit, and join'd together,
Must gently be preserv'd, cherish'd, and kept:
Me seemeth good, that, with some little train,
Forthwith from Ludlow the young prince be fetch'd⁸
Hither to London, to be crown'd our king.

Riv. Why with some little train; my lord of Buck-
ingham?

⁸ Edward, the young prince, in his father's lifetime, and at his demise, kept his household at Ludlow, as prince of Wales; under the governance of Anthony Woodville, earl of Rivers, his uncle by the mother's side. The intention of his being sent thither was to see justice done in the Marches; and, by the authority of his presence, to restrain the Welshmen, who were wild, dissolute, and ill disposed, from their accustomed murders and outrages.—*Vide Holinshed.*

Buck. Marry, my lord, lest, by a multitude,
The new-heal'd wound of malice should break out;
Which would be so much the more dangerous,
By how much the estate is green, and yet ungovern'd:

Where every horse bears his commanding rein,
And may direct his course as please himself,
As well the fear of harm, as harm apparent,
In my opinion, ought to be prevented.

Glo. I hope, the king made peace with all of us;
And the compact is firm, and true, in me.

Riv. And so in me; and so, I think, in all⁹:
Yet, since it is but green, it should be put
To no apparent likelihood of breach,
Which, haply, by much company might be urg'd:
Therefore I say, with noble Buckingham,
That it is meet so few should fetch the prince.

Hast. And so say I.

Glo. Then be it so; and go we to determine
Who they shall be that straight shall post to Ludlow.
Madam, and you my mother,—will you go
To give your censures¹⁰ in this weighty business?

[*Exeunt all but BUCKINGHAM and GLOSTER.*]

Buck. My lord, whoever journeys to the prince,
For God's sake, let not us two stay at home:
For, by the way, I'll sort occasion,
As index¹¹ to the story we late talk'd of,
To part the queen's proud kindred from the prince.

Glo. My other self, my counsel's consistory,

⁹ This speech seems rather to belong to Hastings, who was of the duke of Gloster's party. The next speech might be given to Stanley.

¹⁰ i. e. your judgments, your opinions.

¹¹ That is *preparatory*, by way of *prelude*. Thus in *Othello*:—
'— an *index* and obscure *prologue* to the history of lust and foul thoughts.'—Vide note on *Hamlet*, Act iii. Sc. 4.

My oracle, my prophet!—My dear cousin,
 I, as a child, will go by thy direction.
 Towards Ludlow then, for we'll not stay behind.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *The same. A Street.*

Enter two Citizens, meeting.

1 *Cit.* Good morrow, neighbour: Whither away
 so fast?

2 *Cit.* I promise you, I scarcely know myself:
 Hear you the news abroad?

1 *Cit.* Yes; the king's dead.

2 *Cit.* Ill news, by'r lady; seldom comes the
 better¹:

I fear, I fear, 'twill prove a giddy world.

Enter another Citizen.

3 *Cit.* Neighbours, God speed!

1 *Cit.* Give you good morrow, sir.

3 *Cit.* Doth the news hold of good King Ed-
 ward's death?

2 *Cit.* Ay, sir, it is too true; God help, the while!

3 *Cit.* Then, masters, look to see a troublous world.

1 *Cit.* No, no; by God's good grace, his son
 shall reign.

3 *Cit.* Woe to that land, that's govern'd by a child²!

2 *Cit.* In him there is a hope of government;

¹ An ancient proverbial saying, noticed in *The English Courtier and Country Gentlemen*, 4to. blk l. 1586, sign. B: '— as the proverbe sayth *seldome come the better*. VAL. That proverb indeed is auncient, and for the most part true.' I find it in *Hormanni Vulgaria*, 1519, thus:—'*Selde cometh the better. Raro succedere meliorem.*' Mr. Douce has adduced a more ancient citation of it.

² 'Woe to thee, O land, when thy king is a child.'

Ecclesiast. c. x.

Shakspeare found it cited in the duke of Buckingham's speech to the citizens in *More's Richard III.*

That, in his nonage³, council under him,
And, in his full and ripen'd years, himself,
No doubt, shall then, and till then, govern well.

1 *Cit.* So stood the state, when Henry the Sixth
Was crown'd in Paris but at nine months old.

3 *Cit.* Stood the state so? no, no, good friends,
God wot;

For then this land was famously enrich'd
With politick grave counsel; then the king
Had virtuous uncles to protect his grace.

1 *Cit.* Why, so hath this, both by his father and
mother.

3 *Cit.* Better it were they all came by his father;
Or, by his father, there were none at all:
For emulation now, who shall be nearest,
Will touch us all too near, if God prevent not.
O, full of danger is the duke of Gloster;
And the queen's sons, and brothers, haught and
proud:

And were they to be rul'd, and not to rule,
This sickly land might solace as before.

1 *Cit.* Come, come, we fear the worst: all will be
well.

3 *Cit.* When clouds are seen, wise men put on
their cloaks;

When great leaves fall, then winter is at hand;
When the sun sets, who doth not look for night?
Untimely storms make men expect a dearth:
All may be well; but, if God sort it so,
'Tis more than we deserve, or I expect.

2 *Cit.* Truly, the hearts of men are full of fear:
You cannot reason⁴ almost with a man
That looks not heavily, and full of dread.

³ We may hope well of his government under all circumstances; we may hope this of his council while he is in his nonage, and of himself in his riper years.

⁴ See note 14, p. 44.

3 *Cit.* Before the days of change, still is it so:
 By a divine instinct, men's minds mistrust
 Ensuing danger; as, by proof, we see
 The water swell before a boist'rous storm⁵.
 But leave it all to God. Whither away?

2 *Cit.* Marry, we were sent for to the justices.

3 *Cit.* And so was I; I'll bear you company.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

The same. A Room in the Palace.

Enter the Archbishop of York, the young DUKE of YORK, QUEEN ELIZABETH, and the DUCHESS of YORK.

Arch. Last night, I heard, they lay at Stony-Stratford;

And at Northampton they do rest to-night¹:
 To-morrow, or next day, they will be here.

Duch. I long with all my heart to see the prince;
 I hope, he is much grown since last I saw him.

Q. Eliz. But I hear, no; they say, my son of York
 Hath almost overta'en him in his growth.

York. Ay, mother, but I would not have it so.

Duch. Why, my young cousin? it is good to grow.

⁵ 'Before such great things, men's hearts of a secret instinct of nature misgive them; as the sea without wind swelleth of himself some time before a tempest.'—*From More's Richard III. copied by Holinshed, III. 721.*

¹ This is the reading of the folio. The quarto of 1597, reads:—

'Last night I hear they lay at Northampton:

At Stony-Stratford will they be to-night.'

By neither reading can the truth of history be preserved. According to the reading of the quarto the scene would be on the day on which the king was journeying from Northampton to Stratford; and of course the messenger's account of the peers being seized, &c. which happened on the next day after the king had lain at Stratford, is inaccurate. If the folio reading be adopted,

York. Grandam, one night, as we did sit at supper,
My uncle Rivers talk'd how I did grow
More than my brother; *Ay*, quoth my uncle Gloster,
Small herbs have grace, great weeds do grow apace:
And since, methinks, I would not grow so fast,
Because sweet flowers are slow, and weeds make
haste.

Duch. 'Good faith, 'good faith, the saying did not
hold

In him that did object the same to thee:
He was the wretched'st thing, when he was young:
So long a growing, and so leisurely,
That, if his rule were true, he should be gracious.

Arch. And so, no doubt, he is, my gracious madam.

Duch. I hope, he is; but yet let mothers doubt.

York. Now, by my troth, if I had been remem-
ber'd,

I could have given my uncle's grace a flout,
To touch his growth, nearer than he touch'd mine.

Duch. How, my young York? I pr'ythee, let
me hear it.

York. Marry, they say, my uncle grew so fast,
That he could gnaw a crust at two hours old;
'Twas full two years ere I could get a tooth.
Grandam, this would have been a biting jest.

the scene is indeed placed on the day on which the king was seized; but the archbishop is supposed to be apprized of a fact which, before the entry of the messenger, he manifestly does not know; namely, the duke of Gloster's coming to Stratford the morning after the king had lain there, taking him forcibly back to Northampton, and seizing the Lords Rivers, Grey, &c. The truth is, that the queen herself, the person most materially interested in the welfare of her son, did not hear of the king's being carried back from Stony-Stratford to Northampton till about *midnight* of the day on which this violence was offered to him by his uncle. See *Hall*, Edward V. fol. 6. Malone thinks this an unanswerable argument in favour of the reading of the quarto; while Steevens thinks it a matter of indifference, but prefers the text of the folio copy on account of the versification.

Duch. I pr'ythee, pretty York, who told thee this?
York. Grandam, his nurse.

Duch. His nurse? why, she was dead ere thou
 wast born.

York. If 'twere not she, I cannot tell who told me.

Q. Eliz. A parlous² boy: Go to, you are too
 shrewd.

Arch. Good madam, be not angry with the child.

Q. Eliz. Pitchers have ears.

Enter a Messenger.

Arch. Here comes a messenger:
 What news?

Mess. Such news, my lord,
 As grieves me to unfold.

Q. Eliz. How doth the prince?

Mess. Well, madam, and in health.

Duch. What is thy news?

Mess. Lord Rivers, and Lord Grey, are sent to
 Pomfret,
 With them Sir Thomas Vaughan, prisoners.

Duch. Who hath committed them?

Mess. The mighty dukes,
 Gloster and Buckingham.

Q. Eliz. For what offence?

Mess. The sum of all I can, I have disclos'd;
 Why, or for what, the nobles were committed,
 Is all unknown to me, my gracious lady.

Q. Eliz. Ah me, I see the ruin of my house!
 The tiger now hath seiz'd the gentle hind;
 Insulting tyranny begins to jut³

² *Parlous* is a popular corruption of *perilous*; jocularly used for *alarming, amazing*.

³ The quarto reads to *jet*, which Mr. Boswell thought preferable; but the folio is right. 'To *jut* upon the throne' is to make *inroads* or *invasions* upon it. See Cooper's Dictionary, 1584, in voce *incurso*. *Awless* is not producing awe, not revered.

Upon the innocent and awless throne:—
Welcome, destruction, blood, and massacre!
I see, as in a map, the end of all.

Duch. Accursed and unquiet wrangling days!
How many of you have mine eyes beheld?
My husband lost his life to get the crown;
And often up and down my sons were tost,
For me to joy, and weep, their gain, and loss;
And being seated, and domestic broils
Clean over blown, themselves, the conquerors,
Make war upon themselves; brother to brother,
Blood to blood, self 'gainst self:—O, preposterous
And frantick courage, end thy damned spleen;
Or let me die, to look on death no more!

Q. Eliz. Come, come, my boy, we will to sanctuary.—
Madam, farewell.

Duch. Stay, I will go with you.

Q. Eliz. You have no cause.

Arch. My gracious lady, go.
[To the Queen.]

And thither bear your treasure and your goods.
For my part, I'll resign unto your grace
The seal I keep⁴; And so betide to me,
As well I tender you, and all of yours!
Come, I'll conduct you to the sanctuary. [*Exeunt.*]

⁴ Afterwards, however, this obsequious archbishop [Rotheram] to ingratiate himself with Richard III. put his majesty's badge, the *Hog*, upon the gate of the Public Library at Cambridge.

ACT III.

SCENE I. London. A Street.

The Trumpets sound. Enter the Prince of Wales, GLOSTER, BUCKINGHAM, CARDINAL BOURCHIER¹, and Others.

Buck. Welcome, sweet prince, to London, to your chamber².

Glo. Welcome, dear cousin, my thoughts' sovereign:

The weary way hath made you melancholy.

Prince. No, uncle; but our crosses on the way
Have made it tedious, wearisome, and heavy:
I want more uncles here to welcome me.

Glo. Sweet prince, the untainted virtue of your
years
Hath not yet div'd into the world's deceit:
No more can you distinguish of a man,
Than of his outward show; which, God he knows,
Seldom, or never, jumpeth³ with the heart.
Those uncles, which you want, were dangerous;

¹ Thomas Bouchier was made a cardinal, and elected Archbishop of Canterbury in 1464. He died in 1486.

² London was anciently called *Camera Regis*. See Coke's Institutes, 4. 243; Camden's Britannia, 374; and Ben Jonson's Entertainment to King James, passing to his Coronation. London is called the king's special chamber in the duke of Buckingham's oration to the citizens (apud More), which Shakspeare has taken other phrases from.

³ To jump with is to agree with, to suit, or correspond with. Thus in King Henry IV. Part I.:—'Well, Hal, well; and in some sort it jumps with my humour, as well as waiting in the court, I can tell you.'

'Wert thou my friend, thy mind would jump with mine.'
Solyman and Perseda.

Your grace attended to their sugar'd words,
But look'd not on the poison of their hearts :
God keep you from them, and from such false friends !

Prince. God keep me from false friends ! but they
were none.

Glo. My lord, the mayor of London comes to
greet you.

Enter the Lord Mayor, and his Train.

May. God bless your grace with health and
happy days !

Prince. I thank you, good my lord ;—and thank
you all.— [*Exeunt Mayor, &c.*

I thought, my mother, and my brother York,
Would long ere this have met us on the way :
Fye, what a slug is Hastings ! that he comes not
To tell us whether they would come, or no.

Enter HASTINGS.

Buck. And in good time, here comes the sweat-
ing lord.

Prince. Welcome, my lord : What, will our mo-
ther come ?

Hast. On what occasion, God he knows, not I,
The queen your mother, and your brother York,
Have taken sanctuary : The tender prince
Would fain have come with me to meet your grace,
But by his mother was perforce withheld.

Buck. Fye ! what an indirect and peevish course
Is this of hers ?—Lord cardinal, will your grace
Persuade the queen to send the duke of York
Unto his princely brother presently ?
If she deny,—Lord Hastings, go with him,
And from her jealous arms pluck him perforce.

Card. My lord of Buckingham, if my weak ora-
tory

Can from his mother win the duke of York,
 Anon expect him here: But if she be obdurate
 To mild entreaties, God in heaven forbid
 We should infringe the holy privilege
 Of blessed sanctuary! not for all this land,
 Would I be guilty of so deep a sin.

Buck. You are too senseless-obstinate, my lord,
 Too ceremonious, and traditional⁴:
 Weigh it but with the grossness⁵ of this age,
 You break not sanctuary in seizing him.
 The benefit thereof is always granted
 To those whose dealings have deserv'd the place,
 And those who have the wit to claim the place:
 This prince hath neither claim'd it, nor deserv'd it;
 And therefore, in mine opinion, cannot have it:
 Then, taking him from thence, that is not there,
 You break no privilege nor charter there.
 Oft have I heard of sanctuary men;
 But sanctuary children, ne'er till now⁶.

Card. My lord, you shall o'errule my mind for
 once.—

Come on, Lord Hastings, will you go with me?

Hast. I go, my lord.

Prince. Good lords, make all the speedy haste
 you may. [*Exeunt Cardinal and HAST.*]

⁴ *Ceremonious for superstitious; traditional for adherent to old customs.*

⁵ *Grossness here means plainness, simplicity.* Warburton, not understanding the word, would have changed it. Johnson has misinterpreted it; and Malone, though he defends the reading, leaves it unexplained.

⁶ This argument is from More's History, as printed in the Chronicles, where it is very much enlarged upon. 'Verelye I have often heard of saintuarye men, but I never heard erste of saintuarye chyl dren***. But he can be no saintuarye manne, that neither hath wisdom to desire it, nor malice to deserve it, whose lyfe or libertye can by no lawfull processe stand in jeopardy. And he that taketh one oute of saintuary to dooe hym good, I saye plainely that he breaketh no saintuary.'—*More's History of Kinge Richard the Thirde.* Edit. 1821, p. 48.

Say, uncle Gloster, if our brother come,
Where shall we sojourn till our coronation?

Glo. Where it seems best unto your royal self.
If I may counsel you, some day, or two,
Your highness shall repose you at the Tower:
Then where you please, and shall be thought most fit
For your best health and recreation.

Prince. I do not like the Tower, of any place:—
Did Julius Cæsar build that place, my lord?

Glo. He did, my gracious lord, begin that place;
Which, since, succeeding ages have re-edified.

Prince. Is it upon record? or else reported
Successively from age to age he built it?

Buck. Upon record, my gracious lord.

Prince. But say, my lord, it were not register'd;
Methinks, the truth should live from age to age,
As 'twere retail'd⁷ to all posterity,
Even to the general all-ending day.

Glo. So wise so young, they say, do ne'er live
long⁸. [*Aside.*]

Prince. What say you, uncle?

Glo. I say, without characters, fame lives long.
Thus, like the formal⁹ vice, Iniquity, } *Aside.*
I moralize two meanings in one word.

⁷ i. e. recounted. Minshew, in his Dictionary, 1617, besides the verb *retail*, in the mercantile sense, has the verb to *retaille* or *retell*. G. *renombrer*, à LAT. *renumerare*: and in that sense it appears to be employed here. Richard uses the word again in the fourth act, where, speaking to the queen of her daughter, he says:—

'To whom I will retail my conquests won.'

⁸ 'I have knowne children languishing of the spleene, obstructed and altered in temper, talke with gravity and wisdom surpassing those tender years, and their judgments carrying a marvellous imitation of the wisdom of the ancient, having after a sorte attained that by disease which other have by course of yeares; whereon I take it the proverbe ariseth, that they be of shorte life who are of wit so pregnant.'—Bright's *Treatise of Melancholy*, 1586, p. 52.

⁹ For an account of the vice in old plays, see note on Twelfth

Prince. That Julius Cæsar was a famous man;
 With what his valour did enrich his wit,
 His wit set down to make his valour live.
 Death makes no conquest of this conqueror;
 For now he lives in fame, though not in life.—
 I'll tell you what, my cousin Buckingham.

Buck. What, my gracious lord?

Prince. An if I live until I be a man,
 I'll win our ancient right in France again,
 Or die a soldier, as I liv'd a king.

Glo. Short summers lightly¹⁰ have a forward
 spring. *[Aside.]*

Enter YORK, HASTINGS, and the Cardinal.

Buck. Now, in good time, here comes the duke
 of York.

Prince. Richard of York! how fares our loving
 brother?

Night, Act iv. Sc. 2. 'He appears (says Mr. Gifford) to have been a perfect counterpart of the harlequin of the modern stage, and had a two-fold office,—to instigate the hero of the piece to wickedness, and, at the same time, to protect him from the devil, whom he was permitted to buffet and baffle with his wooden sword, till the process of the story required that both the protector and the protected should be carried off by the fiend, or the latter driven roaring from the stage by some miraculous interposition in favour of the repentant offender.' *Iniquity the Vice* is one of the characters in Ben Jonson's *Devil is an Ass*. Shakspeare has again used *moralize* as a verb active in his *Rape of Lucrece*:—

'Nor could she *moralize* his wanton sight,
 More than his eyes were open to the light.'

In which passage it means 'to interpret or investigate the *latent meaning* of his wanton looks,' as in the present passage it signifies to extract the double and latent meaning of one word or sentence. *Moral*, for *secret meaning*, will be found in *Much Ado about Nothing*, Act iii. Sc. 4. The word which Richard uses in a double sense is *live*, which in his former speech he had used literally, and in the present metaphorically. The *formal vice* means the *regular* or *accustomed vice*.

¹⁰ 'Short summers *commonly* have a forward spring.' So in an old proverb preserved by Ray:—

'There's lightning *lightly* before thunder.'

York. Well, my dread lord; so I must call you now.

Prince. Ay, brother; to our grief, as it is yours:
Too late¹¹ he died, that might have kept that title,
Which by his death hath lost much majesty.

Glo. How fares our cousin, noble lord of York?

York. I thank you, gentle uncle. O, my lord,
You said that idle weeds are fast in growth:
The prince my brother hath outgrown me far.

Glo. He hath, my lord.

York. And therefore is he idle?

Glo. O, my fair cousin, I must not say so.

York. Then is he more beholden to you, than I.

Glo. He may command me, as my sovereign;
But you have power in me, as in a kinsman.

York. I pray you, uncle, give me this dagger.

Glo. My dagger, little cousin? with all my heart.

Prince. A beggar, brother?

York. Of my kind uncle, that I know will give;
And, being but a toy, which is no grief to give.

Glo. A greater gift than that I'll give my cousin.

York. A greater gift! O, that's the sword to it?

Glo. Ay, gentle cousin, were it light enough.

York. O then, I see, you'll part but with light gifts:
In weightier things you'll say a beggar, nay.

Glo. It is too weighty for your grace to wear.

York. I weigh it lightly, were it heavier¹².

Glo. What, would you have my weapon, little lord?

York. I would, that I might thank you as you
call me.

Glo. How?

York. Little.

¹¹ Lately.

¹² This taunting answer of the prince has been misinterpreted: he means to say, 'I hold it cheap, or care but little for it, even were it heavier than it is.' Thus in *Love's Labour's Lost*, Act v. Sc. 2:—

'You weigh me not,—O, that's you care not for me.'

Prince. My lord of York will still be cross in talk;—

Uncle, your grace knows how to bear with him.

York. You mean, to bear me, not to bear with me:—

Uncle, my brother mocks both you and me;

Because that I am little, like an ape,

He thinks that you should bear me on your shoulders¹³.

Buck. With what a sharp-provided wit he reasons!
To mitigate the scorn he gives his uncle,
He prettily and aptly taunts himself:
So cunning, and so young, is wonderful.

Glo. My gracious lord, will't please you pass along?
Myself, and my good cousin Buckingham,
Will to your mother; to entreat of her,
To meet you at the Tower, and welcome you.

York. What, will you go unto the Tower, my lord?

Prince. My lord protector needs will have it so.

York. I shall not sleep in quiet at the Tower.

Glo. Why, sir, what should you fear?

York. Marry, my uncle Clarence' angry ghost;
My grandam told me, he was murder'd there.

Prince. I fear no uncles dead.

Glo. Nor none that live, I hope.

Prince. An if they live, I hope, I need not fear.
But come, my lord, and, with a heavy heart,
Thinking on them, go I unto the Tower.

[*Exeunt Prince, YORK, HASTINGS, Cardinal, and Attendants.*]

Buck. Think you, my lord, this little prating York

¹³ York alludes to the protuberance on Gloster's back, which was commodious for carrying burdens. Thus in Ulpian Fulwell's *Ars Adulandi*, 1576:—'Thou hast an excellent back to carry my lord's ape.' The same thought occurs to Richard himself in King Henry VI. Part III. Act iii. :—

'To make an envious mountain on my back,
Where sits deformity to mock my body.'

Was not incensed¹⁴ by his subtle mother,
To taunt and scorn you thus opprobriously?

Glo. No doubt, no doubt: O, 'tis a parlous boy;
Bold, quick, ingenious, forward, capable¹⁵;
He's all the mother's, from the top to toe.

Buck. Well, let them rest.—

Come hither, gentle Catesby; thou art sworn
As deeply to effect what we intend,
As closely to conceal what we impart:
Thou know'st our reasons urg'd upon the way;—
What think'st thou? is it not an easy matter
To make William Lord Hastings of our mind,
For the instalment of this noble duke
In the seat royal of this famous isle?

Cate. He for his father's sake so loves the prince,
That he will not be won to aught against him.

Buck. What think'st thou then of Stanley? will
not he?

Cate. He will do all in all as Hastings doth.

Buck. Well then, no more but this: Go, gentle
Catesby,

And, as it were far off, sound thou Lord Hastings,
How he doth stand affected to our purpose;
And summon him to-morrow to the Tower,
To sit about the coronation.

If thou dost find him tractable to us,
Encourage him, and tell him all our reasons:
If he be leaden, icy, cold, unwilling,
Be thou so too; and so break off the talk,
And give us notice of his inclination:

¹⁴ i. e. incited, instigated. So in *Much Ado about Nothing*, Borachio says to Don Pedro, 'How Don John your brother incensed me to slander the lady Hero.' '*Stimulatrix*, she that moveth or incenseth.'—*Hutton's Dict.* 1583.

¹⁵ *Capable* is quick of apprehension, susceptible, intelligent. Thus in *Troilus and Cressida*:—'Let me carry another to his horse, for that's the more capable creature.'

For we to-morrow hold divided¹⁶ councils,
Wherein thyself shalt highly be employ'd.

Glo. Commend me to Lord William: tell him,
Catesby,

His ancient knot of dangerous adversaries
To-morrow are let blood at Pomfret Castle;
And bid my friend, for joy of this good news,
Give mistress Shore one gentle kiss the more.

Buck. Good Catesby, go, effect this business
soundly.

Cate. My good lords both, with all the heed I can.

Glo. Shall we hear from you, Catesby, ere we sleep?

Cate. You shall, my lord.

Glo. At Crosby-place, there shall you find us
both. [*Exit CATESBY.*]

Buck. Now, my lord, what shall we do, if we
perceive

Lord Hastings will not yield to our complots?

Glo. Chop off his head, man;—somewhat we
will do:—

And, look, when I am king, claim thou of me
The earldom of Hereford, and all the moveables
Whereof the king my brother was possess'd.

Buck. I'll claim that promise at your grace's hand.

Glo. And look to have it yielded with all kindness.
Come, let us sup betimes; that afterwards
We may digest our complots in some form.

[*Exeunt.*]

¹⁶ ' But the protectoure and the duke after they had sent to the lord cardinal, the Lord Stanley, and the Lord Hastings, then lord chamberlaine, with many other noblemen, to commune and devise about the coronation in *one place*, as fast were they in *another place*, contriving the contrarie to make the protectoure king.' The Lord Stanley, that was after earle of Darby, wisely mistrusted it, and said unto the Lord Hastings that he much mislyked these two several counsels.—*Holinshed, from Sir T. More.*

SCENE II¹. *Before Lord Hastings' House.**Enter a Messenger.**Mess.* My lord, my lord,— [Knocking.]*Hast.* [Within.] Who knocks?*Mess.* One from Lord Stanley.*Hast.* [Within.] What is't o'clock?*Mess.* Upon the stroke of four.*Enter HASTINGS.**Hast.* Cannot thy master sleep these tedious nights?*Mess.* So it should seem by that I have to say.

First, he commends him to your noble lordship.

Hast. And then,—*Mess.* And then he sends you word, he dreamt
To-night the boar had rased² off his helm:

Besides, he says, there are two councils held;

And that may be determin'd at the one,

Which may make you and him to rue at the other.

Therefore he sends to know your lordship's pleasure,—

If presently, you will take horse with him,

And with all speed post with him toward the north,

To shun the danger that his soul divines.

Hast. Go, fellow, go, return unto thy lord;

Bid him not fear the separated councils:

¹ Every material circumstance in this scene is from Holinshed, except that it is a knight with whom Hastings converses instead of *Buckingham*.

² This term, *rased* or *rashed*, is always given to describe the violence inflicted by a boar. Thus in *King Lear*, 4to. ed.:—

‘In his anointed flesh *rash* boarish fangs.’

And in Warner's *Albion's England*, VII. c. 36:—

‘—— ha, cur avaunt, the bore so *rash* thy hide.’

By the *boar*, throughout this scene, is meant *Gloster*, in allusion to his crest.

His honour³, and myself, are at the one;
 And, at the other, is my good friend Catesby;
 Where nothing can proceed, that toucheth us,
 Whereof I shall not have intelligence.
 Tell him, his fears are shallow, wanting instance⁴:
 And for his dreams—I wonder, he's so fond⁵
 To trust the mockery of unquiet slumbers:
 To fly the boar, before the boar pursues,
 Were to incense the boar to follow us,
 And make pursuit, where he did mean no chase.
 Go, bid thy master rise and come to me;
 And we will both together to the Tower,
 Where, he shall see, the boar will use us kindly.
Mess. I'll go, my lord, and tell him what you say.

[*Exit.*]

Enter CATESBY.

Cate. Many good morrows to my noble lord!

Hast. Good morrow, Catesby; you are early stirring:

What news, what news, in this our tottering state?

Cate. It is a reeling world, indeed, my lord;
 And, I believe, will never stand upright,
 Till Richard wear the garland of the realm.

Hast. How! wear the garland? dost thou mean the crown?

Cate. Ay, my good lord.

Hast. I'll have this crown of mine cut from my shoulders,

Before I'll see the crown so foul misplac'd.
 But canst thou guess that he doth aim at it?

³ This was the usual address to noblemen in Shakspeare's time; it was indifferently used with *your lordship*. See any old letter or dedication of that age.

⁴ *Instance* is here put for *motive, cause*. Thus in *Hamlet*:—

'The instances that second marriage move
 Are base respects of thrift, but none of love.'

⁵ Weak, silly.

Cate. Ay, on my life; and hopes to find you forward

Upon his party, for the gain thereof:

And, thereupon, he sends you this good news,—

That, this same very day, your enemies,

The kindred of the queen, must die at Pomfret.

Hast. Indeed, I am no mourner for that news,

Because they have been still my adversaries:

But, that I'll give my voice on Richard's side,

To bar my master's heirs in true descent,

God knows, I will not do it, to the death.

Cate. God keep your lordship in that gracious mind!

Hast. But I shall laugh at this a twelvemonth hence,

That they, who brought me in my master's hate,
I live to look upon their tragedy.

Well, Catesby, ere a fortnight make me older,

I'll send some packing, that yet think not on't.

Cate. 'Tis a vile thing to die, my gracious lord,
When men are unprepar'd, and look not for it.

Hast. O monstrous, monstrous! and so falls it out
With Rivers, Vaughan, Grey: and so 'twill do
With some men else, who think themselves as safe
As thou, and I; who, as thou know'st, are dear
To princely Richard, and to Buckingham.

Cate. The princes both make high account of you,
For they account his head upon the bridge. [*Aside.*

Hast. I know, they do; and I have well deserv'd it.

Enter STANLEY.

Come on, come on, where is your boar-spear, man?
Fear you the boar, and go so unprovided?

Stan. My lord, good morrow; and good morrow,
Catesby:—

You may jest on, but, by the holy rood⁶,
I do not like these several councils, I.

Hast. My lord, I hold my life as dear as you do
yours;

And never, in my life, I do protest,
Was it more precious to me than 'tis now :
Think you, but that I know our state secure,
I would be so triumphant as I am?

Stan. The lords at Pomfret, when they rode from
London,

Were jocund, and suppos'd their states were sure,
And they, indeed, had no cause to mistrust;
But yet, you see, how soon the day o'ercast.
This sudden stab of rancour I misdoubt⁷;
Pray God, I say, I prove a needless coward!
What, shall we toward the Tower? the day is spent.

Hast. Come, come, have with you.—Wot⁸ you
what, my lord?

To-day, the lords you talk of are beheaded.

Stan. They, for their truth, might better wear
their heads,

Than some, that have accus'd them, wear their hats.
But come, my lord, let's away.

Enter a Pursuivant.

Hast. Go on before, I'll talk with this good fel-
low. [*Exeunt STAN. and CATESBY.*

How now, sirrah? how goes the world with thee?

Purs. The better, that your lordship please to ask.

Hast. I tell thee, man, 'tis better with me now,
Than when thou met'st me last where now we meet :
Then I was going prisoner to the Tower,

⁶ Cross.

⁷ i. e. suspect it of danger. Thus in King Henry VI. Part III. :—
' ——— the bird

With trembling wings misdoubteth every bush.'

⁸ Know.

By the suggestion of the queen's allies;
But now I tell thee (keep it to thyself),
This day those enemies are put to death,
And I in better state than ere I was.

Purs. God hold it⁹, to your honour's good content!

Hast. Gramercy, fellow: There, drink that for me.
[*Throwing him his purse.*]

Purs. I thank your honour. [*Exit Pursuivant.*]

Enter a Priest.

Pr. Well met, my lord; I am glad to see your honour.

Hast. I thank thee, good Sir John¹⁰, with all my heart.

I am in your debt for your last exercise¹¹;
Come the next Sabbath, and I will content you.

*Enter BUCKINGHAM*¹².

Buck. What, talking with a priest, lord chamberlain?

Your friends at Pomfret, they do need the priest;
Your honour hath no shriving¹³ work in hand.

Hast. 'Good faith, and when I met this holy man,
The men you talk of came into my mind.
What, go you toward the Tower?

⁹ That is *continue* it.

¹⁰ See note 1 on the first scene of *The Merry Wives of Windsor*.

¹¹ *Exercise* probably means *religious exhortation* or lecture. Thus in *Othello*:—

'Much castigation *exercise* devout.'

¹² From the continuation of *Harding's Chronicle*, 1543, where the account given originally by Sir Thomas More is transcribed with some additions, it appears that the person who held this conversation with Hastings was Sir Thomas Howard, who is introduced in the last act of this play as earl of Surrey.

¹³ Confession.

Buck. I do, my lord; but long I cannot stay there:
I shall return before your lordship thence.

Hast. Nay, like enough, for I stay dinner there.

Buck. And supper too, although thou know'st it
not. *[Aside.*

Come, will you go?

Hast. I'll wait upon your lordship.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE III. Pomfret. *Before the Castle.*

*Enter RATCLIFF, with a guard, conducting RIVERS,
GREY¹, and VAUGHAN, to Execution.*

Rat. Come, bring forth the prisoners.

Riv. Sir Richard Ratcliff, let me tell thee this,—
To-day, shalt thou behold a subject die,
For truth, for duty, and for loyalty.

Grey. God keep the prince from all the pack of you!
A knot you are of damned blood-suckers.

Vaugh. You live, that shall cry wee for this here-
after.

Rat. Despatch; the limit² of your lives is out.

Riv. O Pomfret, Pomfret! O thou bloody prison,
Fatal and ominous to noble peers!
Within the guilty closure of thy walls,
Richard the Second here was hack'd to death:
And, for more slander to thy dismal seat,
We give thee up our guiltless blood to drink.

¹ Queen Elizabeth Grey is deservedly pitied for the loss of her two sons; but the royalty of their birth has so engrossed the attention of historians, that they never reckon into the number of her misfortunes the murder of this her second son, Sir Richard Grey. It is remarkable how slightly the death of Earl Rivers is always mentioned, though a man invested with such high offices of trust and dignity; and how much we dwell on the execution of the lord chamberlain Hastings, a man in every light his inferior. In truth, the generality draw their ideas of English story from the tragic rather than the historic authors.—*Walpole.*

² The limit for the limited time.

Grey. Now Margaret's curse is fallen upon our heads,

When she exclaim'd on Hastings, you, and I,
For standing by when Richard stabb'd her son.

Riv. Then curs'd she Hastings, then curs'd she Buckingham,

Then curs'd she Richard:—O, remember, God,
To hear her prayers for them, as now for us!

And for my sister, and her princely sons,—
Be satisfied, dear God, with our true bloods,
Which, as thou know'st, unjustly must be spilt!

Rat. Make haste, the hour of death is expiate³.

Riv. Come, Grey,—come, Vaughan,—let us
here embrace :

Farewell, until we meet again in heaven. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. London. A Room in the Tower.

BUCKINGHAM, STANLEY, HASTINGS, *the Bishop of Ely*¹, CATESBY, LOVEL, and Others, sitting at a Table: Officers of the Council attending.

Hast. Now, noble peers, the cause why we are met
Is—to determine of the coronation:
In God's name, speak, when is the royal day?

³ We have this word in the same sense again in Shakspeare's twenty-second Sonnet:—

‘Then look I death my days should expiate.’

I cannot but think with Steevens that it is an error of the press for *expirats*. Thus in *Romeo and Juliet*:—

‘——— and expire the term

Of a despised life.’

¹ Dr. John Morton, who was elected to the see of Ely in 1478. He was advanced to the see of Canterbury in 1486, and appointed lord chancellor in 1487. He died in the year 1500. This prelate first devised the scheme of putting an end to the long contests between the houses of York and Lancaster, by a marriage between Henry earl of Richmond, and Elizabeth, the eldest daughter of Edward IV.; and was a principal agent in procuring Henry, when abroad, to enter into a covenant for the purpose.—
See More's Life of Richard III.

Buck. Are all things ready for that royal time?

Stan. They are; and wants but nomination².

Ely. To-morrow then I judge a happy day.

Buck. Who knows the lord protector's mind herein?
Who is most inward³ with the noble duke?

Ely. Your grace, we think, should soonest know
his mind.

Buck. We know each other's faces; for our
hearts,—

He knows no more of mine, than I of yours;

Nor I, of his, my lord, than you of mine:

Lord Hastings, you and he are near in love.

Hast. I thank his grace, I know he loves me well;
But, for his purpose in the coronation,

I have not sounded him, nor he deliver'd

His gracious pleasure any way therein:

But you, my noble lord, may name the time;

And in the duke's behalf I'll give my voice,

Which, I presume, he'll take in gentle part.

Enter GLOSTER.

Ely. In happy time, here comes the duke himself.

Glo. My noble lords and cousins, all, good morrow:
I have been long a sleeper; but, I trust,
My absence doth neglect no great design,
Which by my presence might have been concluded.

Buck. Had you not come upon your cue⁴, my lord,
William Lord Hastings had pronounc'd your part,—
I mean, your voice,—for crowning of the king.

Glo. Than my Lord Hastings, no man might be
bolder;

His lordship knows me well, and loves me well.—

² The only thing wanting is appointment of a particular day for the ceremony.

³ Intimate, confidential. So in *Measure for Measure*:—

‘Sir, I was an inward of his.’

⁴ See note on *Hamlet*, Act ii. Sc. 2.

My lord of Ely, when I was last in Holborn,
I saw good strawberries in your garden there⁵;
I do beseech you, send for some of them.

Ely. Marry, and will, my lord, with all my heart.

[*Exit ELY.*

Glo. Cousin of Buckingham, a word with you.

[*Takes him aside.*

Catesby hath sounded Hastings in our business;
And finds the testy gentleman so hot,
That he will lose his head, ere give consent,
His master's child, as worshipfully he terms it,
Shall lose the royalty of England's throne.

Buck. Withdraw yourself awhile, I'll go with you.

[*Exeunt GLOSTER and BUCKINGHAM.*

Stan. We have not yet set down this day of triumph.
To-morrow, in my judgment, is too sudden;
For I myself am not so well provided,
As else I would be, were the day prolong'd.

Re-enter Bishop of Ely.

Ely. Where is my lord protector? I have sent
For these strawberries.

Hast. His grace looks cheerfully and smooth this
morning;

⁵ This circumstance of asking the bishop for some of his strawberries seems to have been mentioned by the old historians merely to show the unusual affability and good humour which the dissembling Gloster affected at the very time he had determined on the death of Hastings. It originates with Sir Thomas More, who mentions the protector's entrance to the council 'fyrste about ix of the clocke, saluting them curtesly, and excusing himself that he had ben from them so long, saieng *merily* that he had bene a slepe that day. And after a little talking with them he said unto the bishop of Elye, my lord, you have very good strawberries at your gardayne in Holberne, I require you let us have a messe of them.' It is remarkable that this bishop (Morton) is supposed to have furnished Sir Thomas More with the materials of his history, if he was not the *original* author of it. See Preface to More's Life of Richard III. ed. 1821.

There's some conceit or other likes him well,
When he doth bid good morrow with such spirit.
I think, there's ne'er a man in Christendom,
Can lesser hide his love, or hate, than he;
For by his face straight shall you know his heart.

Stan. What of his heart perceive you in his face,
By any likelihood⁶ he show'd to-day?

Hast. Marry, that with no man here he is offended;
For, were he, he had shown it in his looks.

Re-enter GLOSTER and BUCKINGHAM.

Glo. I pray you all, tell me what they deserve
That do conspire my death with devilish plots
Of damned witchcraft; and that have prevail'd
Upon my body with their hellish charms?

Hast. The tender love I bear your grace, my lord;
Makes me most forward in this noble presence
To doom the offenders: Whosoe'er they be,
I say, my lord, they have deserved death.

Glo. Then be your eyes the witness of their evil,
Look how I am bewitch'd; behold mine arm
Is, like a blasted sapling, wither'd up:
And this is Edward's wife, that monstrous witch,
Consorted with that harlot, strumpet Shore,
That by their witchcraft thus have marked me.

Hast. If they have done this deed, my noble
lord,—

Glo. If! thou protector of this damned strumpet,
Talk'st thou to me of ifs?—Thou art a traitor:—
Off with his head: now, by Saint Paul, I swear,
I will not dine until I see the same.—
Lovel, and Catesby, look, that it be done;
The rest that love me, rise, and follow me.

[Exeunt Council, with GLO. and BUCK.]

⁶ i. e. semblance, appearance. Thus in *Othello*:—

'—thin habits, and poor *likelihoods* of modern seeming.'

Hast. Woe, woe, for England! not a whit for me;
 For I, too fond, might have prevented this:
 Stanley did dream, the boar did rase his helm;
 But I disdain'd it, and did scorn to fly.
 Three times to-day my foot-cloth horse did stumble⁷,
 And startled, when he look'd upon the Tower,
 As loath to bear me to the slaughter-house.
 O, now I want the priest that spake to me:
 I now repent I told the pursuivant,
 As too triumphing, how mine enemies,
 To-day at Pomfret bloodily were butcher'd,
 And I myself secure in grace and favour.
 O, Margaret, Margaret, now thy heavy curse
 Is lighted on poor Hastings' wretched head.

Cate. Despatch, my lord, the duke would be at dinner;

Make a short shrift, he longs to see your head.

Hast. O momentary grace of mortal men,
 Which we more hunt for than the grace of God!
 Who builds his hope in air of your fair looks⁸,
 Lives like a drunken sailor on a mast;

⁷ For *foot-cloth* see note on King Henry VI. Part II. Act iv. Sc. 7. A *foot-cloth horse* was a palfrey covered with such housings, used for state; and was the usual mode of conveyance for the rich, at a period when carriages were unknown.

This is from Holinshed, who copies Sir Thomas More:—'In riding toward the Tower the same morning in which he [Hastings] was beheaded, his horse twice or thrice *stumbled* with him, almost to the falling; which thing, albeit each man wot well daily happeneth to them to whome no such mischance is toward: yet hath it beene of an old rite and custome observed as a token oftentimes notablie foregoing some great misfortune.'

⁸ 'Nescius auræ fallacis.'—*Horace*.

William Lord Hastings was beheaded on the 13th of June, 1483. His eldest son by Catherine Neville, daughter of Richard Neville, earl of Salisbury, and widow of William Lord Bonville, was restored to his honours and estate by King Henry VII. in the first year of his reign. The daughter of Lady Hastings, by her first husband, was married to the marquis of Dorset, who appears in the present play.

Ready, with every nod, to tumble down
Into the fatal bowels of the deep.

Lov. Come, come, despatch; 'tis bootless to ex-
claim.

Hast. O, bloody Richard!—miserable England!
I prophesy the fearful'st time to thee,
That ever wretched age hath look'd upon.—
Come, lead me to the block, bear him my head;
They smile at me, who shortly shall be dead⁹.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V. *The same. The Tower Walls.*

*Enter GLOSTER and BUCKINGHAM, in rusty ar-
mour, and marvellous ill favoured.*

Glo. Come, cousin, canst thou quake, and change
thy colour?

Murder thy breath in middle of a word,—
And then again begin, and stop again,
As if thou wert distraught, and mad with terror?

Buck. Tut, I can counterfeit the deep tragedian;
Speak, and look back, and pry on every side,
Tremble and start at wagging of a straw,
Intending¹ deep suspicion: ghastly looks

⁹ Those who now smile at me shall be shortly dead them-
selves.

¹ i. e. *pretending*. Thus in the Rape of Lucrece:—

‘For then is Tarquin brought unto his bed,
Intending weariness with heavy spright.’

And Timon of Athens, Act ii. Sc. 2, where it has been hitherto
erroneously explained:—

‘And so *intending* other serious matters,
After distasteful looks, and these hard fractions,
With certain half-caps, and cold-moving nods,
They froze me into silence.’

Again in The Taming of the Shrew, Act iv. Sc. 1, p. 412:—

‘Ay, and amid this hurly, I *intend* [i. e. *pretend*]
That all is done in reverend care of her.’

Are at my service, like enforced smiles;
And both are ready in their offices,
At any time, to grace my stratagems.
But what, is Catesby gone?

Glo. He is; and, see, he brings the mayor along.

Enter the Lord Mayor and CATESBY.

Buck. Let me alone to entertain him.—Lord
mayor,——

Glo. Look to the drawbridge there.

Buck. Hark, hark! a drum.

Glo. Catesby, o'erlook the walls.

Buck. Lord mayor, the reason we have sent for
you,——

Glo. Look back, defend thee, here are enemies.

Buck. God and our innocence defend and guard us!

*Enter LOVEL and RATCLIFF², with HASTINGS'S
Head.*

Glo. Be patient, they are friends; Ratcliff, and
Lovel.

Lov. Here is the head of that ignoble traitor,
The dangerous and unsuspected Hastings.

Glo. So dear I lov'd the man, that I must weep.
I took him for the plainest harmless creature,
That breath'd upon the earth a Christian;
Made him my book, wherein my soul recorded
The history of all her secret thoughts:
So smooth he daub'd his vice with show of virtue,
That, his apparent open guilt omitted,—
I mean, his conversation³ with Shore's wife,—
He liv'd from all attainder of suspect.

² The quarto has '*Enter Catesby with Hastings's Head.*' For this absurd alteration, by which Ratcliff is represented at Pomfret and in London at the same time, it is probable the editors of the folio have to answer.

³ i. e. familiar intercourse: what is now called 'criminal conversation.'

Buck. Well, well, he was the covert'st shelter'd traitor

That ever liv'd.—Look you, my lord mayor,
Would you imagine, or almost believe,
(Were't not, that by great preservation
We live to tell it you), the subtle traitor
This day had plotted in the council-house,
To murder me, and my good lord of Gloster?

May. What! had he so?

Glo. What! think you we are Turks, or infidels?
Or that we would, against the form of law,
Proceed thus rashly in the villain's death;
But that the extreme peril of the case,
The peace of England, and our persons' safety,
Enforc'd us to this execution?

May. Now, fair befall you! he deserv'd his death;
And your good graces both have well proceeded,
To warn false traitors from the like attempts.
I never look'd for better at his hands,
After he once fell in with mistress Shore.

Buck. Yet had we not determin'd he should die,
Until your lordship came to see his end;
Which now the loving haste of these our friends,
Somewhat against our meaning, hath prevented:
Because, my lord, we would have had you heard
The traitor speak, and timorously confess
The manner and the purpose of his treasons;
That you might well have signified the same
Unto the citizens, who, haply, may
Misconstrue us in him, and wail his death.

May. But, my good lord, your grace's word shall
serve,
As well as I had seen, and heard him speak:
And do not doubt, right noble princes both,
But I'll acquaint our duteous citizens
With all your just proceedings in this case.

Glo. And to that end we wish'd your lordship here,
To avoid the censures of the carping world.

Buck. But since you came too late of our intent⁴,
Yet witness what you hear we did intend:
And so, my good lord mayor, we bid farewell.

[*Exit Lord Mayor.*]

Glo. Go after, after, cousin Buckingham.
The mayor towards Guildhall hies him in all post:—
There, at your meetest vantage of the time,
Infer the bastardy of Edward's children:
Tell them, how Edward put to death a citizen,
Only for saying—he would make his son
Heir to the crown; meaning, indeed his house,
Which, by the sign thereof, was termed so⁵.
Moreover, urge his hateful luxury,
And bestial appetite in change of lust;
Which stretch'd unto their servants, daughters, wives,
Even where his lustful eye, or savage heart,
Without control, list'd to make his prey.
Nay, for a need, thus far come near my person:—
Tell them, when that my mother went with child
Of that insatiate Edward, noble York,
My princely father, then had wars in France;
And, by just computation of the time,
Found, that the issue was not his begot;
Which well appeared in his lineaments,
Being nothing like the noble duke my father:

⁴ 'Too late of our intent.' In common speech a similar phrase is sometimes used; viz. 'to come short of a thing.' Mason would have changed *of* to *for*.

⁵ This person was *one Walker*, a substantial citizen and grocer, at the *Crown* in Cheapside. These topics of Edward's cruelty, lust, unlawful marriage, &c. are enlarged upon in that most extraordinary invective, the petition presented to Richard before his accession, which was afterwards turned into an act of parliament. *Parl. Hist.* 2., p. 396. See also the duke of Buckingham's speech to the citizens in *More's History*, as copied by the *Chronicles*.

Yet touch this sparingly, as 'twere far off;
Because, my lord, you know, my mother lives.

Buck. Doubt not, my lord; I'll play the orator,
As if the golden fee, for which I plead,
Were for myself: and so, my lord, adieu.

Glo. If you thrive well, bring them to Baynard's
castle⁶;

Where you shall find me well accompanied,
With reverend fathers, and well learned bishops.

Buck. I go; and, towards three or four o'clock,
Look for the news that the Guildhall affords.

[*Exit* BUCKINGHAM.]

Glo. Go, Lovel, with all speed to doctor Shaw,—
Go thou [*to CAT.*] to friar Penker;—bid them both
Meet me, within this hour, at Baynard's castle.

[*Exeunt* LOVEL and CATESBY.]

Now will I in, to take some privy order
To draw the brats of Clarence⁷ out of sight;
And to give notice, that no manner of person
Have, any time, recourse unto the princes. [*Exit.*]

⁶ *Baynard's Castle* was originally built by Baynard, a nobleman who (according to Stowe) came in with the conqueror. It had belonged to Richard duke of York, but was now Edward the Fifth's. This edifice, which stood in Thames Street, has been long pulled down; it is said that parts of its strong foundations may be seen at low water.

⁷ *Edward Earl of Warwick*, who, the day after the battle of Bosworth, was sent by Richard from his confinement at Sheriff-Hutton Castle to the Tower, without even the shadow of an allegation against him, and who was afterwards cruelly sacrificed to a scruple of Ferdinand king of Spain, who was unwilling to marry his daughter Katherine to Arthur prince of Wales while he lived, conceiving that his claim might interfere with Arthur's succession to the crown. He was beheaded in 1499. *Margaret*, afterwards married to Sir Richard Pole, the last princess of the house of Lancaster, who was restored in blood in the fifth year of Henry VIII. and afterwards, in the thirty-first year of his reign [1540], barbarously led to the block at the age of seventy, for some offence conceived at the conduct of her son Cardinal Pole.

SCENE VI. *A Street.**Enter a Scrivener.*

Scriv. Here is the indictment of the good Lord Hastings;

Which in a set hand fairly is engross'd,
That it may be to-day read o'er in Paul's.
And mark how well the sequel hangs together:—
Eleven hours I have spent to write it over,
For yesternight by Catesby was it sent me;
The precedent¹ was full as long a doing:
And yet within these five hours Hastings liv'd,
Untainted, unexamin'd, free, at liberty.
Here's a good world the while!—Who is so gross,
That cannot see this palpable device?
Yet who so bold, but says—he sees it not?
Bad is the world; and all will come to nought,
When such bad dealing must be seen in thought².
[*Exit.*]

SCENE VII.

*The same. Court of Baynard's Castle.**Enter GLOSTER and BUCKINGHAM, meeting.*

Glo. How now, how now? what say the citizens?

Buck. Now by the holy mother of our Lord,
The citizens are mum, say not a word.

Glo. Touch'd you the bastardy of Edward's children?

Buck. I did; with his contráct with Lady Lucy¹,

¹ i. e. the original draft from which the engrossment was made. This circumstance, like the others in the play, is taken from Holinshed, who follows Sir Thomas More.

² i. e. seen in silence, without notice or detection.

¹ The king had been familiar with this lady before his marriage, to obstruct which his mother alleged a precontract be-

And his contráct by deputy in France:
 The insatiate greediness of his desires,
 And his enforcement of the city wives;
 His tyranny for trifles; his own bastardy,—
 As being got, your father then in France²;
 And his resemblance, being not like the duke,
 Withal, I did infer your lineaments,—
 Being the right idea of your father,
 Both in your form and nobleness of mind:
 Laid open all your victories in Scotland,
 Your discipline in war, wisdom in peace,
 Your bounty, virtue, fair humility;
 Indeed, left nothing, fitting for your purpose,
 Untouch'd, or slightly handled, in discourse.
 And, when my oratory grew to an end,
 I bade them, that did love their country's good,
 Cry—*God save Richard, England's royal king!*

Glo. And did they so?

Buck. No, so God help me, they spake not a word;
 But, like dumb statuas³, or breathless stones,

tween them. But Elizabeth Lucy, being sworn to speak the truth, declared that the king had not been affianced to her, though she owned she had been his concubine. Edward, however, had been married to Lady Eleanor Butler, widow of Lord Butler of Sudely, and daughter to the great earl of Shrewsbury. On this ground his children were declared illegitimate by the only parliament assembled by King Richard III.; but no mention was made of Elizabeth Lucy.

² This tale is supposed to have been first propagated by the duke of Clarence when he obtained a settlement of the crown on himself and his issue after the death of Henry VI. Sir Thomas More says that the duke of Gloster, soon after Edward's death, revived this scandal. Walpole thinks it highly improbable that Richard should have urged such a topic to the people, or 'start doubts of his own legitimacy, which was too much connected with that of his brothers, to be tossed and bandied about before the multitude.' He has also shown that Richard 'lived in perfect harmony with his mother, and lodged with her in her palace at this very time.'—*Historic Doubts*, 4to. 1768.

³ It would not be difficult (says Mr. Reed) to fill whole pages with instances to prove that *statue* was formerly a word of three

Star'd on each other, and look'd deadly pale.
Which when I saw, I reprehended them;
And ask'd the mayor what meant this wilful silence;
His answer was,—the people were not us'd
To be spoke to, but by the recorder.
Then he was urg'd to tell my tale again:
Thus saith the duke, thus hath the duke inferr'd;
But nothing spoke in warrant from himself.
When he had done, some followers of mine own,
At lower end o'the hall, hurl'd up their caps,
And some ten voices cried, *God save King Richard!*
And thus I took the vantage of those few,—
Thanks, gentle citizens, and friends, quoth I;
This general applause, and cheerful shout,
Argues your wisdom, and your love to Richard:
And even here brake off and came away.

Glo. What tongueless blocks were they: Would
they not speak?

Will not the mayor then, and his brethren, come?

Buck. The mayor is here at hand; intend⁴ some
fear;

Be not you spoke with, but by mighty suit:
And look you get a prayer-book in your hand,
And stand between two churchmen, good my lord;
For on that ground I'll make a holy descant:

syllables; and there are several passages in Shakspeare where it is necessary so to pronounce it. It has been thought advisable in these instances to adhere to the old orthography, *statua*, which distinguishes it as a trisyllable, as in the present instance. Lord Bacon, in his *Advancement of Learning*, 1633:—'It is not possible to have the true pictures, or *statuaes*, of Cyrus, Alexander, Cæsar, no nor of the kings or great personages of much later years.' It occurs several times in his forty-fifth Essay, and in other places. Steevens remarks that *statue*, *heroe*, and some other Latin words which were admitted into the English language, still retained their Roman pronunciation. But it should be observed that *statue*, as a dissyllable, was also in use.

⁴ Pretend. Vide note on p. 88.

And be not easily won to our requests;
Play the maid's part, still answer nay, and take it.

Glo. I go; And if you plead as well for them,
As I can say nay to thee⁵ for myself,
No doubt we'll bring it to a happy issue.

Buck. Go, go, up to the leads; the lord mayor
knocks. [*Exit* GLOSTER.

Enter the Lord Mayor, Aldermen, and Citizens.

Welcome, my lord; I dance attendance here;
I think, the duke will not be spoke withal.—

Enter, from the Castle, CATESBY.

Now, Catesby! what says your lord to my request?

Cate. He doth entreat your grace, my noble lord,
To visit him to-morrow, or next day:
He is within, with two right reverend fathers,
Divinely bent to meditation;
And in no worldly suit would he be mov'd,
To draw him from his holy exercise.

Buck. Return, good Catesby, to the gracious duke;
Tell him, myself, the mayor and aldermen,
In deep designs, in matter of great moment,
No less importing than our general good,
Are come to have some conference with his grace.

Cate. I'll signify so much unto him straight.

[*Exit.*

Buck. Ah, ha, my lord, this prince is not an Edward!

He is not lolling on a lewd day-bed⁶,

⁵ Buckingham is to plead for the citizens; and if (says Richard) you speak for them as plausibly as I in my own person, or for my own purposes shall seem to deny your suit, there is no doubt we shall bring all to a happy issue.

⁶ i. e. a couch, or sofa. In Twelfth Night Malvolio enumerates a *day-bed* among his dreams of greatness. And in *Rule a*

But on his knees at meditation;
Not dallying with a brace of courtezans,
But meditating with two deep divines;
Not sleeping, to engross⁷ his idle body,
But praying, to enrich his watchful soul:
Happy were England, would this virtuous prince
Take on himself the sovereignty thereof:
But, sure, I fear, we shall ne'er win him to it.

May. Marry, God defend, his grace should say
us nay⁸!

Buck. I fear, he will: Here Catesby comes
again:—

Re-enter CATESBY.

Now, Catesby, what says his grace?

Cate. He wonders to what end you have assembled

Such troops of citizens to come to him,
His grace not being warn'd thereof before,
He fears, my lord, you mean no good to him.

Buck. Sorry I am, my noble cousin should
Suspect me, that I mean no good to him:
By heaven, we come to him in perfect love;
And so once more return and tell his grace.

[*Exit CATESBY.*]

When holy and devout religious men
Are at their beads, 'tis hard to draw them thence;
So sweet is zealous contemplation.

Wife and Have a Wife, Estifania says, in answer to Perez,
Act i.:—

'This place will fit our talk; 'tis fitter far, sir;
Above there are *day-beds*, and such temptations,
I dare not trust, sir.'

⁷ Fatten, pamper.

⁸ This pious and courtly mayor was Edmund Shaw, brother to Doctor Shaw, whom Richard employed to prove his title to the crown from the pulpit at Paul's Cross.

Enter GLOSTER, in a Gallery above, between Two Bishops. CATESBY returns.

May. See, where his grace stands 'tween two clergymen!

Buck. Two props of virtue for a christian prince,
To stay him from the fall of vanity:
And, see, a book of prayer in his hand;
True ornaments to know a holy man.—
Famous Plantagenet, most gracious prince,
Lend favourable ear to our requests;
And pardon us the interruption
Of thy devotion, and right-christian zeal.

Glo. My lord, there needs no such apology;
I rather do beseech you pardon me,
Who, earnest in the service of my God,
Neglect the visitation of my friends.
But, leaving this, what is your grace's pleasure?

Buck. Even that, I hope, which pleaseth God
above,
And all good men of this ungovern'd isle.

Glo. I do suspect, I have done some offence,
That seems disgracious in the city's eye;
And that you come to reprehend my ignorance.

Buck. You have, my lord; Would it might please
your grace,
On our entreaties, to amend your fault!

Glo. Else wherefore breathe I in a Christian land?

Buck. Know, then, it is your fault, that you resign
The supreme seat, the throne majestic,
The sceptred office of your ancestors,
Your state of fortune, and your due of birth,
The lineal glory of your royal house,
To the corruption of a blemish'd stock:
Whilst, in the mildness of your sleepy thoughts
(Which here we waken to our country's good),

The noble isle doth want her proper limbs;
Her face defac'd with scars of infamy,
Her royal stock graft with ignoble plants⁹,
And almost shoulder'd¹⁰ in the swallowing gulf
Of dark forgetfulness and deep oblivion.
Which to recure¹¹, we heartily solicit
Your gracious self to take on you the charge
And kingly government of this your land;
Not as protector, steward, substitute,
Or lowly factor for another's gain:
But as successively, from blood to blood,
Your right of birth, your empery, your own.
For this, consorted with the citizens,
Your very worshipful and loving friends,
And by their vehement instigation,
In this just suit come I to move your grace.

Glo. I cannot tell, if to depart in silence,
Or bitterly to speak in your reproof,
Best fitteth my degree or your condition:
If, not to answer,—you might haply think,
Tongue-tied ambition, not replying, yielded
To bear the golden yoke of sovereignty,
Which fondly you would here impose on me;
If to reprove you for this suit of yours,
So season'd with your faithful love to me,
Then, on the other side, I check'd my friends.
Therefore,—to speak, and to avoid the first;

⁹ Shakspeare seems to have remembered the text on which Dr. Shaw preached his remarkable sermon at St. Paul's Cross:—

'Bastard slips shall never take deep root.'

¹⁰ *Shoulder'd in* has the same meaning as *rudely thrust into*. Thus in a curious paper quoted by Mr. Lysons in his *Environs of London*, vol. iii. p. 80, n. 1:—'Lyke tyrauntes and lyke madde men helpynge to *shulderynge* other of the sayd bannermen ynto the dyche.'

¹¹ *Recover*. The word is frequently used by Spenser; and both as a verb and a substantive by Lyly.

And, then in speaking, not to incur the last,—
Definitively thus I answer you.
Your love deserves my thanks; but my desert
Unmeritable, shuns your high request.
First, if all obstacles were cut away,
And that my path were even to the crown,
As my ripe revenue and due of birth;
Yet so much is my poverty of spirit,
So mighty, and so many, my defects,
That I would rather hide me from my greatness,—
Being a bark to brook no mighty sea,—
Than in my greatness covet to be hid,
And in the vapour of my glory smother'd.
But, God be thank'd, there is no need of me;
(And much I need¹² to help you, if need were);
The royal tree hath left us royal fruit,
Which, mellow'd by the stealing hours of time,
Will well become the seat of majesty,
And make, no doubt, us happy by his reign.
On him I lay what you would lay on me,
The right and fortune of his happy stars,—
Which, God defend, that I should wring from him!

Buck. My lord, this argues conscience in your
grace;

But the respects thereof are nice¹³ and trivial,
All circumstances well considered.
You say, that Edward is your brother's son;
So say we too, but not by Edward's wife:
For first he was contract to Lady Lucy,
Your mother lives a witness to his vow;
And afterwards by substitute betroth'd
To Bona, sister to the king of France.

¹² And I want *much* of the ability requisite to give you help, if help were needed.

¹³ Weak, silly. See note on *The Taming of the Shrew*, Act iii. Sc. 2.

These both put by, a poor petitioner¹⁴,
A care-craz'd mother to a many sons,
A beauty-waning and distressed widow,
Even in the afternoon of her best days,
Made prize and purchase of his wanton eye,
Seduc'd the pitch and height of all his thoughts
To base declension and loath'd bigamy¹⁵:
By her, in his unlawful bed, he got
This Edward, whom our manners call—the prince.
More bitterly could I expostulate,
Save that, for reverence to some alive¹⁶,
I give a sparing limit to my tongue.
Then, good my lord, take to your royal self
This proffer'd benefit of dignity:
If not to bless us and the land withal,
Yet to draw forth your noble ancestry
From the corruption of abusing time,
Unto a lineal true-derived course.

May. Do, good my lord; your citizens entreat you.

Buck. Refuse not, mighty lord, this proffer'd love.

Cate. O, make them joyful, grant their lawful suit.

Glo. Alas, why would you heap those cares on me?

I am unfit for state and majesty:—

I do beseech you, take it not amiss;

I cannot, nor I will not, yield to you.

Buck. If you refuse it,—as in love and zeal,
Loath to depose the child, your brother's son;

¹⁴ See King Henry VI. Part III. Act iii.

¹⁵ *Bigamy*, by a canon of the council of Lyons, A. D. 1274 (adopted by a statute in 4 Edw. I.), was made unlawful and infamous. It differed from *polygamy*, or having two wives at once; as it consisted in either marrying two virgins successively, or once marrying a widow. This is from Sir T. More, as copied by Hall and Holinshed.

¹⁶ The duke here hints at the pretended bastardy of Edward and Clarence. By 'some alive' is meant the duchess of York, the mother of Edward and Richard. This is very closely copied from Sir Thomas More.

As well we know your tenderness of heart,
And gentle, kind, effeminate remorse¹⁷,
Which we have noted in you to your kindred,
And equally, indeed, to all estates,—
Yet know, whē'r you accept our suit or no,
Your brother's son shall never reign our king;
But we will plant some other in your throne;
To the disgrace and downfall of your house.
And, in this resolution, here we leave you;
Come, citizens, we will entreat no more.

[*Exeunt* BUCKINGHAM and Citizens.]

Cate. Call them again, sweet prince, accept their
suit;

If you deny them, all the land will rue it.

Glo. Will you enforce me to a world of cares?
Well, call them again; I am not made of stone,
But penetrable to your kind entreaties,

[*Exit* CATESBY.]

Albeit against my conscience and my soul.—

Re-enter BUCKINGHAM and the rest.

Cousin of Buckingham,—and you sage, grave men,—
Since you will buckle fortune on my back,
To bear her burden, whē'r I will, or no,
I must have patience to endure the load:
But if black scandal, or foul-fac'd reproach,
Attend the sequel of your imposition,
Your mere enforcement shall acquittance me
From all the impure blots and stains thereof;
For God he knows, and you may partly see,
How far I am from the desire of this.

May. God bless your grace! we see it, and will
say it.

Glo. In saying so, you shall but say the truth.

Buck. Then I salute you with this royal title,—
Long live King Richard, England's worthy king!

¹⁷ Pity.

All. Amen.

Buck. To-morrow may it please you to be crown'd?

Glo. Even when you please, since you will have it so.

Buck. To-morrow then we will attend your grace;
And so, most joyfully, we take our leave.

Glo. Come, let us to our holy work again.—

[*To the Bishops.*

Farewell, good cousin;—farewell, gentle friends¹⁸.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *Before the Tower.*

Enter on one side, QUEEN ELIZABETH, DUCHESS of YORK, and MARQUIS of DORSET; on the other, ANNE, DUCHESS of GLOSTER¹, leading LADY MARGARET PLANTAGENET, Clarence's young Daughter.

Duch. Who meets us here?—my niece² Plantagenet

Led in the hand of her kind aunt of Gloster?

Now, for my life, she's wand'ring to the Tower,
On pure heart's love, to greet the tender prince.—
Daughter, well met.

¹⁸ 'To this act should probably be added the next scene, so will the coronation pass between the acts; and there will not only be a proper interval of action, but the conclusion will be more forcible.'—*Johnson.*

¹ We have not seen this lady since the second scene of the first act, in which she promised to meet Richard at Crosby Place. She was married to him about the year 1472.

² i. e. *grand-daughter*. See note on King Henry VI. Part i. Act ii. Sc. 5, p. 50. We may here add that in Junius's Nomenclator, by Higgins, 1585, *Nepos* has no other explanation than 'a nephew; that is, *ones son's or daughter's child*.' The words grandson or grand-daughter never occur in Shakspeare.

Anne. God give your graces both
A happy and a joyful time of day!

Q. Eliz. As much to you, good sister! Whither
away?

Anne. No further than the Tower; and, as I guess,
Upon the like devotion as yourselves,
To gratulate the gentle princes there.

Q. Eliz. Kind sister, thanks; we'll enter all to-
gether:

Enter BRAKENBURY.

And, in good time, here the lieutenant comes.—
Master lieutenant, pray you, by your leave,
How doth the prince, and my young son of York?

Brak. Right well, dear madam: By your pati-
ence,

I may not suffer you to visit them;
The king hath strictly charg'd the contrary.

Q. Eliz. The king! who's that?

Brak. I mean, the lord protector.

Q. Eliz. The Lord protect him from that kingly
title!

Hath he set bounds between their love and me?

I am their mother, who shall bar me from them?

Duch. I am their father's mother, I will see them.

Anne. Their aunt I am in law, in love their mo-
ther:

Then bring me to their sights³; I'll bear thy blame,
And take thy office from thee, on my peril.

³ This was the phraseology of Shakspeare's time. Thus in *Macbeth*, Act iii. Sc. 2:—

'And night's black agents to their *preys* do rouse.'

So in a translation from Virgil, in *The Householder's Philosophie*, 1588:—

'We hide our grey hairs with our helmets, liking ever
more

To live upon the sport, and waft our *praies* from shore
to shore.'

And in *Erasmus De Contemptu Mundi*, translated by Thomas

Brak. No, madam, no, I may not leave it so⁴;
I am bound by oath, and therefore pardon me.

[*Exit BRAKENBURY.*]

Enter STANLEY.

Stan. Let me but meet you, ladies, one hour hence,
And I'll salute your grace of York as mother,
And reverend looker-on of two fair queens.—
Come, madam, you must straight to Westminster.

[*To the DUCHESS of GLOSTER.*]

There to be crowned Richard's royal queen.

Q. Eliz. Ah, cut my lace asunder!

That my pent heart may have some scope to beat,
Or else I swoon with this dead-killing news.

Anne. Despiteful tidings! O unpleasing news!

Dor. Be of good cheer:—Mother, how fares your
grace?

Q. Eliz. O Dorset, speak not to me, get thee gone,
Death and destruction dog thee at the heels;
Thy mother's name is ominous to children:
If thou wilt outstrip death, go cross the seas,
And live with Richmond from the reach of hell.
Go, hie thee, hie thee, from this slaughter-house,
Lest thou increase the number of the dead;
And make me die the thrall of Margaret's curse,—
Nor mother, wife, nor England's counted queen.

Stan. Full of wise care is this your counsel, ma-
dam:—

Take all the swift advantage of the hours;
You shall have letters from me to my son
In your behalf, to meet you on the way:
Be not ta'en tardy by unwise delay.

Paynel, *blk l. no date*:—'The causes of our twos frendshyp be
ryght great and manyfolde; our bryngynge up together of chyl-
dren, the marvaylous agrement of our two myndes,' &c.

⁴ i. e. 'I may not so resign my office.'

Duch. O ill-dispersing wind of misery !—
 O my accursed womb, the bed of death ;
 A cockatrice⁵ hast thou hatch'd to the world,
 Whose unavoided eye is murderous !

Stan. Come, madam, come ; I in all haste was sent.

Anne. And I with all unwillingness will go.—
 O, would to God, that the inclusive verge
 Of golden metal, that must round my brow,
 Were red-hot steel, to sear⁶ me to the brain !
 Anointed let me be with deadly venom ;
 And die, ere men can say—God save the queen !

Q. Eliz. Go, go, poor soul, I envy not thy glory ;
 To feed my humour, wish thyself no harm.

Anne. No ! why ?—When he, that is my husband
 now,

⁵ A serpent supposed to originate from a cock's egg. Thus in *Romeo and Juliet* :—

‘ ——— the death-darting eye of a cockatrice.’

⁶ She seems to allude to the ancient mode of punishing a regicide, or other criminals, by placing a crown of iron heated red hot upon his head. See *Respublica et Status Hungariæ*, Elzev. 1634, p. 136. In the *Tragedy* of Hoffman, 1631, this punishment is introduced :—

‘ Fix on thy master's head my burning crown.’

Again ;—

‘ ——— was adjudg'd

To have his head sear'd with a burning crown.’

In some of the monkish accounts of a place of future torments, a *burning crown* is likewise appropriated to those who deprived any lawful monarch of his kingdom. Goldsmith alludes to the punishment of the peasant engaged in the Hungarian rebellion above referred to :—

‘ Luke's iron crown, and Damien's bed of steel.’

See Boswell's *Life of Johnson*, vol. ii. p. 6, where it is observed that though *George* and *Luke Zeck* were both engaged in the rebellion, it was the former who was thus punished ; but *George* would not suit the poet's verse. The earl of Athol, who was executed for the murder of James I. king of Scots, was previous to death crowned with a hot iron.

Came to me, as I follow'd Henry's corse;
When scarce the blood was well wash'd from his
 hands,
Which issu'd from my other angel husband,
And that dead saint which then I weeping follow'd;
O, when, I say, I look'd on Richard's face,
This was my wish,—*Be thou, quoth I, accurs'd,
For making me, so young, so old a widow!
And, when thou wed'st, let sorrow haunt thy bed;
And be thy wife (if any be so mad),
More miserable by the life of thee,
Than thou hast made me by my dear lord's death!*
Lo, ere I can repeat this curse again,
Even in so short a space, my woman's heart
Grossly grew captive to his honey words,
And prov'd the subject of mine own soul's curse:
Which ever since hath held mine eyes from rest;
For never yet one hour in his bed
Did I enjoy the golden dew of sleep,
But with his timorous dreams⁷ was still awak'd.
Besides, he hates me for my father Warwick;
And will, no doubt, shortly be rid of me.

Q. Eliz. Poor heart, adieu; I pity thy complaining.

Anne. No more than with my soul I mourn for yours.

Dor. Farewell, thou woful welcomer of glory!

Anne. Adieu, poor soul, that tak'st thy leave of it!

Duch. Go thou to Richmond, and good fortune
 guide thee!— [To DORSET.

Go thou to Richard, and good angels tend thee!—

[To ANNE,

Go thou to sanctuary, and good thoughts possess
 thee! [To Q. ELIZABETH.

I to my grave, where peace and rest lie with me!

⁷ It is recorded by Polydore Virgil that Richard was frequently disturbed by terrible dreams. The veracity of that historian has been called in doubt; but Shakspeare followed the popular histories.

Eighty odd years⁸ of sorrow have I seen.
And each hour's joy wreck'd with a week of teen⁹.

Q. Eliz. Stay yet; look back, with me, unto the
Tower.—

Pity, you ancient stones, those tender babes,
Whom envy hath immur'd within your walls!
Rough cradle for such little pretty ones!
Rude ragged nurse! old sullen playfellow
For tender princes, use my babies well!
So foolish sorrow bids your stones farewell.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *A Room of State in the Palace.*

Flourish of Trumpets. RICHARD, *as King upon his throne*; BUCKINGHAM, CATESBY, a Page, and Others.

K. Rich. Stand all apart.—Cousin of Buckingham,——

Buck. My gracious sovereign.

K. Rich. Give me thy hand. Thus high, by thy advice,

And thy assistance, is King Richard seated:—

But shall we wear these glories for a day?

Or shall they last, and we rejoice in them?

Buck. Still live they, and for ever let them last!

K. Rich. Ah, Buckingham, now do I play the touch¹,

⁸ Shakspeare seems here to have spoken at random. The present scene is in 1483. Richard duke of York, the husband of this lady, had he been then living, would have been but *seventy-three* years old, and we may reasonably suppose she was not older: nor did she go speedily to her grave; she lived till 1495.

⁹ Sorrow.

¹ 'To play the touch' is to resemble the touchstone. Thus in Drayton's Heroical Epistles:—

'Before mine eyes, like touch, thy shape did prove.'

Mary the French Queen to Charles Brandon.

To try if thou be current gold, indeed :—
 Young Edward lives ;—Think now what I would
 speak.

Buck. Say on, my loving lord.

K. Rich. Why, Buckingham, I say, I would be
 king.

Buck. Why, so you are, my thrice-renowned liege.

K. Rich. Ha ! am I king ? 'Tis so : but Edward lives.

Buck. True, noble prince.

K. Rich. O bitter consequence,
 That Edward still should live,—true, noble prince !—
 Cousin, thou wast not wont to be so dull :
 Shall I be plain ? I wish the bastards dead ;
 And I would have it suddenly perform'd.

What say'st thou now ? speak suddenly, be brief.

Buck. Your grace may do your pleasure.

K. Rich. Tut, tut, thou art all ice, thy kindness
 freezes :

Say, have I thy consent, that they shall die ?

Buck. Give me some breath, some little pause,
 dear lord,

Before I positively speak in this :

I will resolve your grace immediately.

[*Exit* BUCKINGHAM.]

Cate. The king is angry ; see, he gnaws his lip².

[*Aside.*

K. Rich. I will converse with iron-witted fools,

[*Descends from his Throne.*

And unrespective boys³ : none are for me,

² Several of our ancient historians observe that this was an accustomed action of Richard, whether he was pensive or angry.

³ *Unrespective*, i. e. devoid of cautious and prudential consideration, *inconsiderate*, *unregardful*. Thus in Daniel's *Cleopatra*, 1599 :—

'When dissolute impiety possess'd
 The *unrespective* minds of prince and people.'

So in *Troilus and Cressida* :—

That look into me with considerate eyes;—
 High-reaching Buckingham grows circumspect.—
 Boy,——

Page. My lord.

K. Rich. Know'st thou not any, whom corrupting
 gold

Would tempt unto a close exploit⁴ of death?

Page. I know a discontented gentleman,
 Whose humble means match not his haughty mind:
 Gold were as good as twenty orators,
 And will no doubt tempt him to any thing.

K. Rich. What is his name?

Page. His name, my lord, is—Tyrrel.

K. Rich. I partly know the man; Go, call him
 hither, boy.— [Exit Page.

The deep-revolving witty⁵ Buckingham
 No more shall be the neighbour to my counsels:
 Hath he so long held out with me untir'd,
 And stops lie now for breath?—well, be it so.—

Enter STANLEY.

How now, Lord Stanley? what's the news?

Stan. Know, my loving lord,
 The marquis Dorset, as I hear, is fled
 To Richmond, in the parts where he abides.

‘ ——— Nor the remaining viands
 We do not throw in *unrespective* sieve,
 Because we now are full.’

Thus in *Timon of Athens*, Act iv. Sc. 3 :—

‘ ——— never learn'd
 The icy precepts of *respect*, but follow'd
 The sugar'd game before thee.’

⁴ Secret act.

⁵ *Witty* was not at this time employed to signify a *man of fancy*, but was used for *sagacity*, *wisdom*, or *judgment*; or, as Baret defines it, ‘ *having the senses sharp, perceiving or foreseeing quicklie.*’ So in *Daniel's Cleopatra*, 1599 :—

‘ Although unwise to live, had wit to die.’

And in one of Ben Jonson's *Masques* :—

‘ And at her feet do *witty* serpents move.’

K. Rich. Come hither, Catesby: rumour it abroad,
That Anne, my wife, is very grievous sick;
I will take order⁶ for her keeping close.
Inquire me out some mean born gentleman,
Whom I will marry straight to Clarence' daughter:—
The boy is foolish⁷, and I fear not him.—
Look, how thou dream'st!—I say again, give out,
That Anne my queen is sick, and like to die:
About it: for it stands me much upon⁸,
To stop all hopes, whose growth may damage me.—

[*Exit CATESBY.*]

I must be married to my brother's daughter,
Or else my kingdom stands on brittle glass:—
Murder her brothers, and then marry her!
Uncertain way of gain! But I am in
So far in blood, that sin will pluck on sin⁹.
Tear-falling pity dwells not in this eye.—

Re-enter Page, with TYRREL.

Is thy name—Tyrrel¹⁰?

⁶ i. e. *take measures*. See note on Comedy of Errors, Act v. Sc. 1, p. 192.

⁷ Shakspeare has here perhaps anticipated the folly of this youth. He was at this time, I believe, about ten years old, and we are not told by any historian that he had then exhibited any symptoms of folly. Being confined by King Henry VII. immediately after the battle of Bosworth, and his education being entirely neglected, he is described by Polydore Virgil, at the time of his death in 1499, as an idiot; and his account, which is copied by Holinshed, was certainly a sufficient authority for Shakspeare's representation.

⁸ i. e. it is incumbent upon me. See note on King Richard II. Act ii. Sc. 3, p. 55.

⁹ '———— I am in blood

Step'd in so far, that should I wade no more

Returning were as tedious,' &c.

Macbeth.

¹⁰ 'The best part of our chronicles, in all men's opinions, is that of Richard III. written as I have heard by Moorton, but as most suppose by Sir Thomas More, sometime lord chancellor of England, where it is said, how the king was devising with Tyrrel

Tyr. James Tyrrel, and your most obedient subject.

K. Rich. Art thou, indeed?

Tyr. Prove me, my gracious lord.

K. Rich. Dar'st thou resolve to kill a friend of mine?

Tyr. Please you; but I had rather kill two enemies.

K. Rich. Why, then thou hast it; two deep enemies,

Foes to my rest, and my sweet sleep's disturbers,
Are they that I would have thee deal¹¹ upon:
Tyrrel, I mean those bastards in the Tower.

Tyr. Let me have open means to come to them,
And soon I'll rid you from the fear of them.

K. Rich. Thou sing'st sweet musick. Hark, come
hither, Tyrrel;

Go, by this token:—Rise, and lend thine ear:

[*Whispers.*

There is no more but so;—Say, it is done,
And I will love thee, and prefer thee for it¹².

Tyr. I will despatch it straight. [*Exit.*

Re-enter BUCKINGHAM.

Buck. My lord, I have consider'd in my mind
The late demand that you did sound me in.

to have his nephews privily murdered; and it is added, *he was then sitting on a draught; a fit carpet for such a counsel.* *The Metamorphosis of Ajax; by Sir John Harington, 1596.* See likewise Holinshed, ii. p. 735. Sir James Tyrrel was executed for treason in the beginning of King Henry VII. See Fuller's Worthies, Cornwall, p. 210.

¹¹ We should now say 'deal with,' but the other was the phraseology of Shakspeare's time. 'At Wolfe's he's billeted, sweating and dealing upon it most intently.' *Nashe's Have with you to Suffron Walden, 1596.*

¹² The quarto has here the following very characteristic line:—

'*King.* Shall we hear from thee, Tirril, ere we sleep?'

K. Rich. Well, let that rest. Dorset is fled to Richmond.

Buck. I hear the news, my lord.

K. Rich. Stanley, he's your wife's son:—Well, look to it.

Buck. My lord, I claim the gift, my due by promise, For which your honour and your faith is pawn'd; The earldom of Hereford, and the moveables¹³, Which you have promised I shall possess.

K. Rich. Stanley, look to your wife; if she convey Letters to Richmond, you shall answer it.

Buck. What says your highness to my just request?

K. Rich. I do remember me,—Henry the Sixth Did prophesy, that Richmond should be king, When Richmond was a little peevish boy.

A king?—perhaps——

Buck. My lord,——

K. Rich. How chance, the prophet could not at that time,

Have told me, I being by¹⁴, that I should kill him?

Buck. My lord, your promise for the earldom,——

¹³ King Henry IV. married one of the daughters and coheirs of Humphrey Bohun, earl of Hereford; and the other was married to Thomas duke of Gloster, fifth son of King Edward III. who was created earl of Hereford, in 1386, by King Richard II. his only daughter Anne having married Edmund earl of Stafford. The duke of Buckingham (who was the grandson of this Edmund and Anne) had some pretensions to claim a new grant of the title, but he had not a shadow of right to the moiety of the estate, which if it devolved to King Edward IV. with the crown, was now the property of his children, or otherwise belonged to the right heirs of King Henry IV. Many of our historians, however, ascribe the breach between him and Richard, to Richard's refusing to restore the moiety of the Hereford estate; and Shakspeare has followed them.

¹⁴ The duke of Gloster, according to the former play, was not by when King Henry uttered the prophecy, but the poet does not often trouble himself about such minute points of accuracy,

K. Rich. Richmond!—When last I was at Exeter,
The mayor in courtesy show'd me the castle,
And call'd it—Rouge-mont¹⁵: at which name, I
started;

Because a bard of Ireland told me once,
I should not live long after I saw Richmond.

Buck. My lord,—

K. Rich. Ay, what's o'clock?

Buck. I am thus bold

To put your grace in mind of what you promis'd me.

K. Rich. Well, but what is't o'clock?

Buck. Upon the stroke
Of ten.

K. Rich. Well, let it strike.

Buck. Why, let it strike?

K. Rich. Because that, like a Jack¹⁶, thou keep'st
the stroke

Betwixt thy begging and my meditation.

I am not in the giving vein to-day.

Buck. Why, then resolve me whe'r you will, or no.

¹⁵ Hooker, who wrote in Queen Elizabeth's time, in his description of Exeter, mentions this as a 'very old and antient castle, named Rugemont; that is to say Red Hill, taking the name of the red soil or earth whereupon it is situated.' It was first built, he adds, *as some think*, by Julius Cæsar, but rather, and in truth, by the Romans after him.

¹⁶ This alludes to the *jack of the clock house*, mentioned before in King Richard II. Act v. Sc. 5. It was a figure made in old public clocks to strike the bell on the outside; of the same kind as those still preserved at St. Dunstan's church in Fleet Street. Richard compares Buckingham to one of the automations, and bids him not to suspend the stroke on the clock bell, but strike, that the noise may be past, and himself at liberty to pursue his meditations. *Jack* was a term of contempt, occurring before in this play; the following passage from Cotgrave, in voce *Fretillon*, will further elucidate its meaning, 'A *jacke of the clocke-house*; a little busie-bodie, medler, *jack-stickler*; one that has an oare in every man's boat, or his hand in every man's dish.' The sycophant lords in Timon of Athens are called *minute-jacks*.

K. Rich. Thou troublest me; I am not in the vein.

[*Exeunt* KING RICHARD and Train.]

Buck. And is it thus? repays he my deep service
With such contempt? made I him king for this?
O, let me think on Hastings; and be gone
To Brecknock¹⁷, while my fearful head is on. [*Exit.*]

SCENE III. *The same.*

Enter TYRREL.

Tyr. The tyrannous and bloody act is done;
The most arch deed of piteous massacre,
That ever yet this land was guilty of.
Dighton, and Forrest, whom I did suborn
To do this piece of ruthless butchery,
Albeit they were flesh'd villains, bloody dogs,
Melting with tenderness and mild compassion,
Wept like two children, in their death's sad story.
O thus, quoth Dighton, lay the gentle babes,—
Thus, thus, quoth Forrest, girdling one another
Within their alabaster innocent arms:
Their lips were four red roses on a stalk,
Which, in their summer beauty, kiss'd each other.
A book of prayers on their pillow lay;
Which once, quoth Forrest, almost chang'd my mind;
But, O, the devil—there the villain stopp'd;
When Dighton thus told on,—*we smothered*
The most replenished sweet work of nature,
That, from the prime creation, e'er she fram'd.—
Hence both are gone with conscience and remorse,
They could not speak; and so I left them both,
To bear this tidings to the bloody king.

Enter KING RICHARD.

And here he comes:—All health, my sovereign lord!

K. Rich. Kind Tyrrel! am I happy in thy news?

¹⁷ His castle in Wales.

Tyr. If to have done the thing you gave in charge
Beget your happiness, be happy then,
For it is done.

K. Rich. But didst thou see them dead?

Tyr. I did, my lord.

K. Rich. And buried, gentle Tyrrel?

Tyr. The chaplain of the Tower hath buried them;
But where, to say the truth, I do not know.

K. Rich. Come to me, Tyrrel, soon, at after supper,
When thou shalt tell the process of their death.
Mean time, but think how I may do thee good,
And be inheritor of thy desire.
Farewell, till then.

Tyr. I humbly take my leave. [*Exit.*

K. Rich. The son of Clarence have I pen'd up close;
His daughter meanly have I match'd in marriage;
The sons of Edward sleep in Abraham's bosom,
And Anne my wife hath bid the world good night.
Now, for I know the Bretagne¹ Richmond aims
At young Elizabeth, my brother's daughter,
And, by that knot, looks proudly on the crown,
To her go I, a jolly thriving wooer.

Enter CATESBY.

Cate. My lord,—

K. Rich. Good news or bad, that thou com'st in
so bluntly?

Cate. Bad news, my lord; Morton² is fled to
Richmond;

And Buckingham, back'd with the hardy Welshmen,
Is in the field, and still his power increaseth.

K. Rich. Ely with Richmond troubles me more
near,

¹ He thus denominates Richmond, because after the battle of Tewksbury he had taken refuge in the court of Francis II. duke of Bretagne, where by the procurement of Edward IV. he was kept a long time in honourable custody.

² Bishop of Ely.

Than Buckingham and his rash levied strength.
 Come,—I have learn'd, that fearful commenting
 Is leaden servitor to dull delay³;
 Delay leads impotent and snail pac'd beggary:
 Then fiery expedition be my wing,
 Jove's Mercury, and herald for a king!
 Go, muster men: My counsel is my shield;
 We must be brief, when traitors brave the field.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. *The same. Before the Palace.*

Enter QUEEN MARGARET.

Q. Mar. So, now prosperity begins to mellow,
 And drop into the rotten mouth of death¹.
 Here in these confines sily have I lurk'd,
 To watch thè waning of mine enemies.
 A dire induction² am I witness to,
 And will to France; hoping, the consequence
 Will prove as bitter, black, and tragical.
 Withdraw thee, wretched Margaret! who comes
 here?

Enter QUEEN ELIZABETH and the DUCHESS of
 YORK.

Q. Eliz. Ah, my poor princes! ah, my tender
 babes!
 My unblown flowers, new appearing sweets!
 If yet your gentle souls fly in the air,

³ Timorous thought and cautious disquisition are the dull
 attendants on delay.

¹ ——— now is his fate grown mellow,
 Instant to fall into the rotten jaws
 Of chap-fall'n death.'

Marston's Antonio and Mellida, 1602.

King Richard III. was printed in 1597, Marston is therefore the
 imitator.

² Induction is preface, introduction, or prologue. As in the
 instance of Sackville's *Induction to the Mirror for Magistrates.*

And be not fix'd in doom perpetual,
Hover about me with your airy wings,
And hear your mother's lamentation !

Q. Mar. Hover about her ; say, that right for
right³

Hath dimm'd your infant morn to aged night.

Duch. So many miseries have craz'd my voice,
That my woe-wearied tongue is still and mute,—
Edward Plantagenet, why art thou dead ?

Q. Mar. Plantagenet doth quit Plantagenet,
Edward for Edward pays a dying debt.

Q. Eliz. Wilt thou, O God, fly from such gentle
lambs,

And throw them in the entrails of the wolf ?

When didst thou sleep, when such a deed was done ?

Q. Mar. When holy Harry died, and my sweet son.

Duch. Dead life, blind sight, poor mortal-living
ghost,

Woe's scene, world's shame, grave's due by life
usurp'd,

Brief abstract and record of tedious days,
Rest thy unrest on England's lawful earth,

[*Sitting down.*

Unlawfully made drunk with innocent blood !

Q. Eliz. Ah, that thou would'st as soon afford a
grave,

As thou canst yield a melancholy seat ;

Then would I hide my bones, not rest them here !

Ah, who hath any cause to mourn, but we ?

[*Sitting down by her.*

³ In the third scene of the first act Margaret was reproached with the murder of young Rutland, and the death of her husband and son were imputed to divine vengeance roused by that wicked act. ' So just is God to right the innocent.' Margaret now perhaps means to say, ' The right of me, an injured mother, whose son was slain at Tewksbury, has now operated as powerfully as that right which the death of Rutland gave you to divine justice, and has destroyed your children in their turn.'

Q. Mar. If ancient sorrow be most reverent,
Give mine the benefit of seniory⁴,
And let my griefs frown on the upper hand.
If sorrow can admit society,

[*Sitting down with them.*]

Tell o'er your woes again by viewing mine :—
I had an Edward, till a Richard kill'd him ;
I had a husband, till a Richard kill'd him :
Thou hadst an Edward, till a Richard kill'd him :
Thou hadst a Richard, till a Richard kill'd him.

Duch. I had a Richard too, and thou didst kill
him ;
I had a Rutland too, thou help'st to kill him.

Q. Mar. Thou hadst a Clarence too, and Richard
kill'd him ;
From forth the kennel of thy womb hath crept
A hell hound, that doth hunt us all to death :
That dog, that had his teeth before his eyes,
To worry lambs, and lap their gentle blood ;
That foul defacer of God's handy work ;
That excellent grand tyrant of the earth,
That reigns in galled eyes of weeping souls,
Thy womb let loose, to chase us to our graves.—
O upright, just, and true disposing God,
How do I thank thee, that this carnal⁵ cur
Preys on the issue of his mother's body,
And makes her pew-fellow⁶ with others' moan !

Duch. O, Harry's wife, triumph not in my woes ;
God witness with me, I have wept for thine.

⁴ Seniority.

⁵ Vide Hamlet, Act v. Sc. 2 :—

'Of carnal, bloody, and unnatural acts.'

Its apparent signification is *cruel, sanguinary, fleshly-minded*.

⁶ i. e. *partaker* of or *participator* in the grief of others. The word appears to have been used metaphorically for an *equal*, a companion, or old and intimate acquaintance. Sir John Hawkins asserted that it was still in use. Thus in Northward Hoe,

Q. Mar. Bear with me, I am hungry for revenge,
 And now I cloy me with beholding it.
 Thy Edward he is dead, that kill'd my Edward;
 Thy other Edward dead, to quit my Edward;
 Young York he is but boot⁷, because both they
 Match not the high perfection of my loss.
 Thy Clarence he is dead, that stabb'd my Edward;
 And the beholders of this tragick play,
 The adulterate⁸ Hastings, Rivers, Vaughan, Grey,
 Untimely smother'd in their dusky graves.
 Richard yet lives, hell's black intelligencer;
 Only reserv'd their factor, to buy souls,
 And send them thither: But at hand, at hand,
 Ensues his piteous and unpitied end:
 Earth gapes, hell burns, fiends roar, saints pray,
 To have him suddenly convey'd from hence:—
 Cancel his bond of life, dear God, I pray,
 That I may live to say, The dog is dead!

Q. Eliz. O, thou didst prophesy, the time would
 come,
 That I should wish for thee to help me curse
 That bottled spider, that foul bunch-back'd toad.

Q. Mar. I call'd thee then, vain flourish of my
 fortune;
 I call'd thee then, poor shadow, painted queen;
 The presentation of but what I was,

a comedy by Decker and Webster:—'He would make him *pue-fellow* with a lord's steward at least.' In Westward for Smelts we have it in its literal sense of a person who sat in the same seat at church:—'Being one day at church, she made mone to her *pew fellow*.'

⁷ i. e. thrown into the bargain.

⁸ *Adulterate* is stained with adultery. *Adulterata*, Lat. Thus in Hamlet, the ghost says:—

— that incestuous, that *adulterate* beast.'

Hastings was *adulterate*, as he had cohabited with Jane Shore. Margaret may, however, mean to call him *false*, *sophisticate*, for she had tried his friendship and found it faithless.

The flattering index⁹ of a direful pageant,
 One heav'd a high, to be hurl'd down below :
 A mother only mock'd with two fair babes ;
 A dream of what thou wast ; a garish¹⁰ flag,
 To be the aim of every dangerous shot ;
 A sign of dignity, a breath, a bubble ;
 A queen in jest, only to fill the scene.
 Where is thy husband now ? where be thy brothers ?
 Where be thy two sons ? wherein dost thou joy ?
 Who sues, and kneels, and says—God save the
 queen ?

Where be the bending peers that flatter'd thee ?
 Where be the thronging troops that follow'd thee ?
 Decline all this¹¹, and see what now thou art.
 For happy wife, a most distressed widow ;
 For joyful mother, one that wails the name ;
 For one being sued to, one that humbly sues ;
 For queen, a very caitiff crown'd with care ;
 For one that scorn'd at me, now scorn'd of me ;
 For one being fear'd of all, now fearing one ;
 For one commanding all, obey'd of none.
 Thus hath the course of justice wheel'd about,
 And left thee but a very prey to time ;
 Having no more but thought of what thou wert,
 To torture thee the more, being what thou art.
 Thou didst usurp my place. And dost thou not
 Usurp the just proportion of my sorrow ?

⁹ See note on p. 49, and on Hamlet, Act iii. Sc. 4 :—

' ————— what act

That roars so loud and thunders in the *index*.'

Mr. Nares suggests that the *index* of a pageant was probably a painted cloth hung up before a booth where a pageant was to be exhibited.

¹⁰ Alluding to the dangerous situation of those persons to whose care the standards of armies were entrusted.

¹¹ i. e. run through all this from first to last. So in *Troilus and Cressida* :—' I'll *decline* the whole question.' This phrase the poet borrowed from his grammar.

Now, thy proud neck bears half my burden'd yoke;
 From which even here I slip my wearied head,
 And leave the burden of it all on thee.

Farewell, York's wife,—and queen of sad mis-
 chance,—

These English woes shall make me smile in France.

Q. Eliz. O thou well skill'd in curses, stay a while,
 And teach me how to curse mine enemies.

Q. Mar. Forbear to sleep the night, and fast the
 day¹²;

Compare dead happiness with living woe:
 Think that thy babes were fairer than they were,
 And he, that slew them, fouler than he is:
 Bettering¹³ thy loss makes the bad causer worse;
 Revolving this will teach thee how to curse.

Q. Eliz. My words are dull, O, quicken them
 with thine!

Q. Mar. Thy woes will make them sharp, and
 pierce like mine. [*Exit Q. MARGARET.*]

Duch. Why should calamity be full of words?

Q. Eliz. Windy attorneys to their client woes¹⁴,
 Airy succeders of intestate joys¹⁵,
 Poor breathing orators of miseries!

¹² *Fast* has no connection with the preceding word *forbear*; the meaning being sleep not at night, and fast during the day.

¹³ *Bettering* is *amplifying, magnifying* thy loss. Shakspeare employed the word for the sake of the antithesis between *better* and *loss*.

¹⁴ Thus in *Venus and Adonis*:—

'So of concealed sorrow may be said:
 Free vent of words love's fire doth assuage;
 But when the heart's *attorney* once is mute,
 The *client* breaks as desperate of his suit.'

¹⁵ The meaning of this harsh metaphor is: The joys already possessed being all consumed and passed away, are supposed to have died intestate; that is, to have made no will, having nothing to bequeath; and more verbal complaints are their successors, but inherit nothing but misery.

Let them have scope : though what they do impart
Help nothing else, yet do they ease the heart¹⁶.

Duch. If so, then be not tongue-ty'd : go with me,
And in the breath of bitter words let's smother
My damned son, that thy two sweet sons smother'd.

[*Drum within.*

I hear his drum,—be copious in exclams.

Enter KING RICHARD, and his Train, marching.

K. Rich. Who intercepts me in my expedition ?

Duch. O, she, that might have intercepted thee,
By strangling thee in her accursed womb,
From all the slaughters, wretch, that thou hast done.

Q. Eliz. Hid'st thou that forehead with a golden
crown,

Where should be branded, if that right were right,
The slaughter of the prince that ow'd that crown,
And the dire death of my poor sons, and brothers ?
Tell me, thou villain slave, where are my children ?

Duch. Thou toad, thou toad, where is thy brother
Clarence ?

And little Ned Plantagenet, his son ?

Q. Eliz. Where is the gentle Rivers, Vaughan,
Grey ?

Duch. Where is kind Hastings ?

K. Rich. A flourish, trumpets !—strike alarum,
drums !

Let not the heavens hear these tell-tale women
Rail on the Lord's anointed : Strike, I say.—

[*Flourish. Alarums.*

Either be patient and entreat me fair,
Or with the clamorous report of war
Thus will I drown your exclamations.

¹⁶ Give sorrow words ; the grief that does not speak
Whispers the o'er-fraught heart, and bids it break.

Duch. Art thou my son?

K. Rich. Ay; I thank God, my father, and yourself.

Duch. Then patiently bear my impatience.

K. Rich. Madam, I have a touch of your condition¹⁷,

That cannot brook the accent of reproof.

Duch. O, let me speak.

K. Rich. Do, then; but I'll not hear.

Duch. I will be mild and gentle in my words.

K. Rich. And brief, good mother; for I am in haste.

Duch. Art thou so hasty? I have staid for thee, God knows, in torment and in agony.

K. Rich. And came I not at last to comfort you?

Duch. No, by the holy rood, thou know'st it well, Thou cam'st on earth to make the earth my hell.

A grievous burden was thy birth to me;

Tetchy¹⁸ and wayward was thy infancy;

Thy school-days, frightful, desperate, wild, and furious;

Thy prime of manhood, daring, bold, and venturous;

Thy age confirm'd, proud, subtle, sly, and bloody,

More mild, but yet more harmful, kind in hatred:

What comfortable hour canst thou name,

That ever grac'd me in thy company?

K. Rich. 'Faith, none, but Humphrey Hour¹⁹, that call'd your grace

¹⁷ A spice or particle of your disposition. So in Chapman's translation of the twenty-fourth Iliad:—

' — his cold blood embrac'd a fiery touch
Of anger,' &c.

¹⁸ Touchy, fretful.

¹⁹ I know not what to make of this, unless we suppose with Steevens that it is an allusion to some affair of gallantry of which the duchess had been suspected. There is no mention of any thing of the kind in the Chronicles. Malone conjectures that *Humphrey Hour* is merely used as a ludicrous periphrasis

To breakfast once, forth of my company.
If I be so disgracious in your sight,
Let me march on, and not offend you, madam.—
Strike up the drum.

Duch. I pr'ythee, hear me speak.

K. Rich. You speak too bitterly.

Duch. Hear me a word;

For I shall never speak to thee again.

K. Rich. So.

Duch. Either thou wilt die, by God's just ordinance,

Ere from this war thou turn a conqueror ;
Or I with grief and extreme age shall perish,
And never look upon thy face again.
Therefore take with thee my most heavy curse ;
Which, in the day of battle, tire thee more,
Than all the complete armour that thou wear'st!
My prayers on the adverse party fight ;
And there the little souls of Edward's children
Whisper the spirits of thine enemies,
And promise them success and victory.
Bloody thou art, bloody will be thy end ;
Shame serves²⁰ thy life, and doth thy death attend.

[*Exit.*

Q. Eliz. Though far more cause, yet much less
spirit to curse

Abides in me ; I say amen to her. [*Going.*

K. Rich. Stay ; madam, I must speak a word with
you.

for hour, like *Tom Troth*, for truth, in Gabriel Harvey's Letter to Spenser. There can hardly be any allusion to the phrase of ' dining with Duke Humphrey,' used to express those who dined upon air, or passed their dinner hour in admiring his supposed monument in old St. Paul's Cathedral. See Mr. Nares's Glossary, or a late edition of Hall's Satires by the writer of this note, p. 62.

²⁰ i. e. accompanies.

Q. Eliz. I have no more sons of the royal blood
For thee to murder: for my daughters, Richard,—
They shall be praying nuns, not weeping queens;
And therefore level not to hit their lives.

K. Rich. You have a daughter call'd—Elizabeth,
Virtuous and fair, royal and gracious.

Q. Eliz. And must she die for this? O, let her live,
And I'll corrupt her manners, stain her beauty;
Slander myself, as false to Edward's bed;
Throw over her the veil of infamy:
So she may live unscarr'd of bleeding slaughter,
I will confess she was not Edward's daughter.

K. Rich. Wrong not her birth, she is of royal blood.

Q. Eliz. To save her life, I'll say—she is not so.

K. Rich. Her life is safest only in her birth.

Q. Eliz. And only in that safety died her brothers.

K. Rich. Lo, at their births, good stars were
opposite.

Q. Eliz. No, to their lives bad friends were con-
trary.

K. Rich. All unavoided²¹ is the doom of destiny.

Q. Eliz. True, when avoided grace makes des-
tiny:

My babes were destin'd to a fairer death,
If grace had bless'd thee with a fairer life.

K. Rich. You speak, as if that I had slain my
cousins.

Q. Eliz. Cousins, indeed; and by their uncle
cozen'd

Of comfort, kingdom, kindred, freedom, life.

Whose hands soever lanc'd their tender hearts,

Thy head, all indirectly, gave direction:

No doubt the murderous knife was dull and blunt,

²¹ Unavoidable. Thus before:—

'Whose *unavoided* eye is dangerous.'

Till it was whetted on thy stone-hard heart²²,
 To revel in the entrails of my lambs.
 But that still²³ use of grief makes wild grief tame,
 My tongue should to thy ears not name my boys,
 Till that my nails were anchor'd in thine eyes :
 And I, in such a desperate bay of death,
 Like a poor bark, of sails and tackling reft,
 Rush all to pieces on thy rocky bosom.

K. Rich. Madam, so thrive I in my enterprise,
 And dangerous success of bloody wars,
 As I intend more good to you and yours,
 Than ever you or yours by me were harm'd !

Q. Eliz. What good is cover'd with the face of
 heaven,
 To be discover'd, that can do me good ?

K. Rich. The advancement of your children, gentle
 lady.

Q. Eliz. Up to some scaffold, there to lose their
 heads ?

K. Rich. No, to the dignity and height of fortune,
 The high imperial type of this earth's glory²⁴.

Q. Eliz. Flatter my sorrows with report of it ;
 Tell me, what state, what dignity, what honour,
 Canst thou demise²⁵ to any child of mine ?

²² This conceit seems to have been a favourite with Shakspeare :—

‘ Thou hidst a thousand daggers in thy thoughts,
 Which thou hast whetted on thy stony heart.’

King Henry VI. P. II.

‘ Not on thy sole but on thy soul, harsh Jew,
 Thou mak'st thy knife keen.’

²³ i. e. constant use.

‘ A generation of still breeding thoughts.’

King Richard III.

²⁴ i. e. the crown, the emblem of royalty. See note on King Henry VI. Part III. Act i. Sc. 4.

²⁵ To demise is to grant, from demittere, Lat. But as no example of the use of the word, except in legal instruments, offers itself, I cannot help thinking we should read devise, with the second folio.

K. Rich. Even all I have ; ay, and myself and all,
Will I withal endow a child of thine ;
So in the Lethe of thy angry soul
Thou drown the sad remembrance of those wrongs,
Which, thou supposest, I have done to thee.

Q. Eliz. Be brief, lest that the process of thy
kindness

Last longer telling than thy kindness' date.

K. Rich. Then know, that from my soul, I love
thy daughter.

Q. Eliz. My daughter's mother thinks it with her
soul.

K. Rich. What do you think ?

Q. Eliz. That thou dost love my daughter, from
thy soul :

So, from thy soul's love, didst thou love her brothers :
And from my heart's love, I do thank thee for it.

K. Rich. Be not so hasty to confound my meaning :
I mean, that with my soul I love thy daughter,
And do intend to make her queen of England.

Q. Eliz. Well then, who dost thou mean shall be
her king ?

K. Rich. Even he, that makes her queen : Who
else should be ?

Q. Eliz. What, thou ?

K. Rich. Even so : What think you
of it, madam ?

Q. Eliz. How canst thou woo her ?

K. Rich. That I would learn of you,
As one being best acquainted with her humour.

Q. Eliz. And wilt thou learn of me ?

K. Rich. Madam, with all my heart.

Q. Eliz. Send to her, by the man that slew her
brothers,

A pair of bleeding hearts ; thereon engrave,
Edward, and York ; then, haply, will she weep :
Therefore present to her,—as sometime Margaret

Did to thy father, steep'd in Rutland's blood,—
A handkerchief; which, say to her, did drain
The purple sap from her sweet brother's body,
And bid her wipe her weeping eyes withal.
If this inducement move her not to love,
Send her a letter of thy noble deeds;
Tell her, thou mad'st away her uncle Clarence,
Her uncle Rivers; ay, and, for her sake,
Mad'st quick conveyance with her good aunt Anne.

K. Rich. You mock me, madam; this is not the
way
To win your daughter.

Q. Eliz. There is no other way;
Unless thou could'st put on some other shape,
And not be Richard that hath done all this.

K. Rich. Say, that I did all this for love of her?

Q. Eliz. Nay, then indeed, she cannot choose
but hate thee²⁶,
Having bought love with such a bloody spoil.

K. Rich. Look, what is done cannot be now
amended;
Men shall deal unadvisedly sometimes,
Which after hours give leisure to repent.
If I did take the kingdom from your sons,
To make amends, I'll give it to your daughter.
If I have kill'd the issue of your womb,
To quicken your increase, I will beget
Mine issue of your blood upon your daughter.
A grandam's name is little less in love,
Than is the doting title of a mother;

²⁶ Tyrwhitt suggested that the sense seemed to require we should read 'but *love* thee' ironically. Mason proposed 'but *have* thee,' which Steevens admitted into the text. 'It is by no means evident that this is spoken ironically (says Mr. Boswell), and, if not, the old reading affords a perfectly clear meaning. A virtuous woman would hate the man who thought to purchase her love by the commission of crimes.'

They are as children, but one step below,
Even of your mettle, of your very blood;
Of all one pain,—save for a night of groans
Endur'd of her, for whom you bid like sorrow²⁷.
Your children were vexation to your youth,
But mine shall be a comfort to your age.
The loss, you have, is but—a son being king,
And, by that loss, your daughter is made queen.
I cannot make you what amends I would,
Therefore accept such kindness as I can.
Dorset, your son, that, with a fearful soul,
Leads discontented steps in foreign soil,
This fair alliance quickly shall call home
To high promotions and great dignity:
The king, that calls your beauteous daughter,—wife,
Familiarly shall call thy Dorset—brother;
Again shall you be mother to a king,
And all the ruins of distressful times
Repair'd with double riches of content.
What! we have many goodly days to see:
The liquid drops of tears that you have shed,
Shall come again, transform'd to orient pearl:
Advantaging their loan, with interest
Of ten times double gain of happiness.
Go then, my mother, to thy daughter go;
Make bold her bashful years with your experience;
Prepare her ears to hear a wooer's tale;
Put in her tender heart the aspiring flame
Of golden sovereignty; acquaint the princess
With the sweet silent hours of marriage joys:
And when this arm of mine hath chāstised
The petty rebel, dull-brain'd Buckingham,
Bound with triumphant garlands will I come,
And lead thy daughter to a conqueror's bed;

²⁷ 'Endur'd of her, for whom you *bid* like sorrow.' *Of* is used for *by*; *bid* is the past tense from *bide*.

To whom I will retail²⁸ my conquest won,
And she shall be sole victress, Cæsar's Cæsar.

Q. Eliz. What were I best to say? her father's
brother

Would be her lord? Or shall I say, her uncle?
Or, he that slew her brothers, and her uncles?
Under what title shall I woo for thee,
That God, the law, my honour, and her love,
Can make seem pleasing to her tender years?

K. Rich. Infer fair England's peace by this alliance.

Q. Eliz. Which she shall purchase with still lasting war.

K. Rich. Tell her, the king, that may command,
entreats.

Q. Eliz. That at her hands, which the king's King forbids²⁹.

K. Rich. Say, she shall be a high and mighty queen.

Q. Eliz. To wail the title, as her mother doth.

K. Rich. Say, I will love her everlastingly.

Q. Eliz. But how long shall that title, ever, last³⁰?

K. Rich. Sweetly in force unto her fair life's end.

Q. Eliz. But how long fairly shall her sweet life last?

K. Rich. As long as heaven, and nature, lengthens it.

Q. Eliz. As long as hell, and Richard, likes of it.

K. Rich. Say, I, her sovereign, am her subject low.

Q. Eliz. But she, your subject, loaths such sov'reignty.

K. Rich. Be eloquent in my behalf to her.

²⁸ i. e. recount. See note on p. 71.

²⁹ She means that his crimes would render such a marriage offensive to heaven.

³⁰ Young has borrowed this thought:—

'But say, my all, my mistress, and my friend,
What day next week the' eternity shall end.'

Q. Eliz. An honest tale speeds best, being plainly told.

K. Rich. Then in plain terms tell her my loving tale.

Q. Eliz. Plain, and not honest, is too harsh a style.

K. Rich. Your reasons are too shallow and too quick,

Q. Eliz. O, no, my reasons are too deep and dead;—

Too deep and dead, poor infants, in their graves.

K. Rich. Harp not on that string, madam; that is past.

Q. Eliz. Harp on it still shall I, till heartstrings break.

K. Rich. Now, by my George, my garter, and my crown,—

Q. Eliz. Profan'd, dishonour'd, and the third usurp'd.

K. Rich. I swear.

Q. Eliz. By nothing; for this is no oath.
Thy George, profan'd, hath lost his holy honour;
Thy garter, blemish'd, pawn'd his knightly virtue;
Thy crown, usurp'd, disgrac'd his kingly glory;
If something thou would'st swear to be believ'd,
Swear then by something that thou hast not wrong'd.

K. Rich. Now by the world,—

Q. Eliz. 'Tis full of thy foul wrongs.

K. Rich. My father's death,—

Q. Eliz. Thy life hath that dishonour'd

K. Rich. Then, by myself,—

Q. Eliz. Thyself is self misus'd.

K. Rich. Why then, by God,—

Q. Eliz. God's wrong is most of all.

If thou hadst fear'd to break an oath by him,

The unity, the king thy brother made,

Had not been broken, nor my brother slain.

If thou hadst fear'd to break an oath by him,
The imperial metal, circling now thy head,
Had grac'd the tender temples of my child;
And both the princes had been breathing here,
Which now, two tender bedfellows for dust,
Thy broken faith hath made a prey for worms.
What canst thou swear by now?

K. Rich.

By the time to come.

Q. Eliz. That thou hast wronged in the time o'er-
past;

For I myself have many tears to wash
Hereafter time, for time past, wrong'd by thee.
The children live, whose parents thou hast slaughter'd,
Ungovern'd youth, to wail it in their age:
The parents live, whose children thou hast butcher'd!
Old barren plants, to wail it with their age.
Swear not by time to come; for that thou hast
Misus'd ere used, by times ill us'd o'er past.

K. Rich. As I intend to prosper, and repent!

So thrive I in my dangerous attempt
Of hostile arms! myself myself confound!
Heaven, and fortune, bar me happy hours!
Day, yield me not thy light; nor, night, thy rest!
Be opposite all planets of good luck
To my proceeding, if, with pure heart's love,
Immaculate devotion, holy thoughts,
I tender not thy beauteous princely daughter!
In her consists my happiness, and thine:
Without her, follows to myself, and thee,
Herself, the land, and many a christian soul,
Death, desolation, ruin, and decay:
It cannot be avoided but by this;
It will not be avoided, but by this.
Therefore, dear mother (I must call you so),
Be the attorney of my love to her.

Plead what I will be, not what I have been;
Not my deserts, but what I will deserve:
Urge the necessity and state of times,
And be not peevish³¹ found in great designs.

Q. Eliz. Shall I be tempted of the devil thus?

K. Rich. Ay, if the devil tempt thee to do good.

Q. Eliz. Shall I forget myself, to be myself?

K. Rich. Ay, if yourself's remembrance wrong
yourself.

Q. Eliz. But thou didst kill my children.

K. Rich. But in your daughter's womb I bury them:
Where, in that nest of spicery³², they shall breed
Selves of themselves, to your recomforture.

Q. Eliz. Shall I go win my daughter to thy will?

K. Rich. And be a happy mother by the deed.

Q. Eliz. I go.—Write to me very shortly,
And you shall understand from me her mind.

K. Rich. Bear her my true love's kiss, and so
farewell.

[*Kissing her.* *Exit Q. ELIZABETH.*
Relenting fool, and shallow, changing—woman³³!
How now? what news?

Enter RATCLIFF; CATESBY following.

Rat. Most mighty sovereign, on the western coast
Rideth a puissant navy; to the shore
Throng many doubtful hollow-hearted friends,
Unarm'd, and unresolv'd to beat them back:
'Tis thought, that Richmond is their admiral;
And there they hull, expecting but the aid
Of Buckingham, to welcome them ashore.

³¹ Foolish.

³² Alluding to the phoenix.

³³ Such was the real character of this queen dowager, who would have married her daughter to King Richard, and did all in her power to alienate the marquis of Dorset, her son, from the earl of Richmond.

K. Rich. Some lightfoot friend post to the duke of Norfolk ³⁴:

Ratcliff, thyself,—or *Catesby*; where is he?

Cate. Here, my good lord.

K. Rich. *Catesby*, fly to the duke.

Cate. I will, my lord, with all convenient haste.

K. Rich. *Ratcliff*, come hither: Post to Salisbury;
When thou com'st thither,—Dull, unmindful villain,
[To *CATESBY*.

Why stay'st thou here, and go'st not to the duke?

Cate. First, mighty liege, tell me your highness' pleasure,

What from your grace I shall deliver to him.

K. Rich. O, true, good *Catesby*;—Bid him levy straight

The greatest strength and power he can make,
And meet me suddenly at Salisbury.

Cate. I go. [Exit.

Rat. What, may it please you, shall I do at Salisbury?

K. Rich. Why, what would'st thou do there, before I go?

Rat. Your highness told me, I should post before.

Enter *STANLEY*.

K. Rich. My mind is chang'd.—*Stanley*, what news with you?

Stan. None good, my liege, to please you with the hearing;

Nor none so bad, but well may be reported.

K. Rich. Heyday, a riddle! neither good nor bad! What need'st thou run so many miles about,

³⁴ Richard's precipitation and confusion is in this scene very happily represented by inconsistent orders and sudden variation of opinion.

When thou may'st tell thy tale the nearest way?
Once more, what news?

Stan. Richmond is on the seas.

K. Rich. There let him sink, and be the seas on him!
White liver'd runagate, what doth he there?

Stan. I know not, mighty sovereign, but by guess.

K. Rich. Well, as you guess?

Stan. Stirr'd up by Dorset, Buckingham, and
Morton,

He makes for England, here to claim the crown.

K. Rich. Is the chair empty? is the sword un-
sway'd?

Is the king dead, the empire unpossess'd?

What heir of York is there alive, but we³⁵?

And who is England's king, but great York's heir?

Then, tell me, what makes he upon the seas?

Stan. Unless for that, my liege, I cannot guess.

K. Rich. Unless for that he comes to be your liege,
You cannot guess wherefore the Welshman comes.
Thou wilt revolt, and fly to him, I fear.

Stan. No, mighty liege; therefore mistrust me not.

K. Rich. Where is thy power then, to beat him
back?

Where be thy tenants, and thy followers?

Are they not now upon the western shore,
Safe-conducting the rebels from their ships?

³⁵ Richard asks this question in the plenitude of power, and no one dares to answer him. But they whom he addresses, had they not been intimidated, might have told him that there was a male heir of the house of York alive, who had a better claim to the throne than he, Edward earl of Warwick, the only son of the usurper's eldest brother, George duke of Clarence; but Elizabeth, the eldest daughter of Edward IV. and all her sisters had a better title than either of them. He had however been careful to have the issue of King Edward pronounced illegitimate, and as the duke of Clarence had been attainted of high treason, he had some colour for his bravado.

Stan. No, my good lord, my friends are in the north.

K. Rich. Cold friends to me : what do they in the north,

When they should serve their sovereign in the west?

Stan. They have not been commanded, mighty king :
Pleaseth your majesty to give me leave,

I'll muster up my friends ; and meet your grace,
Where, and at what time, your majesty shall please.

K. Rich. Ay, ay, thou would'st be gone to join
with Richmond :

I will not trust you, sir.

Stan. Most mighty sovereign,
You have no cause to hold my friendship doubtful ;
I never was, nor never will be false.

K. Rich. Well, go, muster men. But, hear you,
leave behind

Your son, George Stanley : look your heart be firm,
Or else his head's assurance is but frail.

Stan. So deal with him, as I prove true to you.

[*Exit* STANLEY.]

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My gracious sovereign, now in Devonshire,
As I by friends am well advertised,
Sir Edward Courteney, and the haughty prelate,
Bishop of Exeter, his elder brother,
With many more confederates, are in arms.

Enter another Messenger.

2 Mess. In Kent, my liege, the Guildfords are in
arms ;
And every hour more competitors³⁶
Flock to the rebels, and their power grows strong.

³⁶ *Competitors* here means confederates. See note on *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, Act ii. Sc. 6, p. 136.

Enter another Messenger.

3 Mess. My lord, the army of great Buckingham—

K. Rich. Out on ye, owls! nothing but songs of death? *[He strikes him.]*

There, take thou that, till thou bring better news.

3 Mess. The news I have to tell your majesty,
Is,—that, by sudden floods and fall of waters,
Buckingham's army is dispers'd and scatter'd;
And he himself wander'd away alone,
No man knows whither.

K. Rich. O, I cry you mercy:
There is my purse to cure that blow of thine.
Hath any well advised friend proclaim'd
Reward to him that brings the traitor in?

3 Mess. Such proclamation hath been made, my liege.

Enter another Messenger.

4 Mess. Sir Thomas Lovel, and lord marquis Dorset,
'Tis said, my liege, in Yorkshire are in arms.
But this good comfort bring I to your highness,—
The Bretagne navy is dispers'd by tempest:
Richmond, in Dorsetshire, sent out a boat
Unto the shore, to ask those on the banks,
If they were his assistants, yea, or no;
Who answer'd him, they came from Buckingham
Upon his party: he, mistrusting them,
Hois'd sail, and made his course again for Bretagne.

K. Rich. March on, march on, since we are up
in arms;
If not to fight with foreign enemies,
Yet to beat down these rebels here at home.

Enter CATESBY.

Cate. My liege, the duke of Buckingham is taken,
That is the best news; That the earl of Richmond

Is with a mighty power³⁷ landed at Milford,
Is colder news, but yet they³⁸ must be told.

K. Rich. Away towards Salisbury; while we reason here,

A royal battle might be won and lost:—
Some one take order, Buckingham be brought
To Salisbury;—the rest march on with me. [*Exeunt*,

SCENE V. *A Room in Lord Stanley's House.*

*Enter STANLEY and SIR CHRISTOPHER
URSWICK*¹.

Stan. Sir Christopher, tell Richmond this from me:—

That in the sty of this most bloody boar,
My son George Stanley is frank'd² up in hold;
If I revolt, off goes young George's head;
The fear of that withholds my present aid.
But, tell me, where is princely Richmond now?

Chris. At Pembroke, or at Ha'rford-west, in Wales.

³⁷ The earl of Richmond embarked with about two thousand men at Harfleur, in Normandy, August 1, 1485, and landed at Milford Haven on the 7th. He directed his course to Wales, hoping the Welsh would receive him cordially as their countryman, he having been born at Pembroke, and his grandfather being Owen Tudor, who married Katharine of France, the widow of King Henry V.

³⁸ *News* was considered as plural by our ancient writers. So in Antony and Cleopatra, Act i. Sc. 1:—

'ATT. *News*, my good lord, from Rome.—

CLEO. Nay, hear *them*, Antony.'

So in Cavendish's Metrical Visions, p. 89:—

'Alas, *these woful newes* made my hart agaste!'

¹ Sir Christopher Urswick, a priest, chaplain to the countess of Richmond, who was married to the Lord Stanley. This priest, the chronicles tell us, frequently went backwards and forwards, unsuspected, on messages between the countess of Richmond and her husband and the young earl of Richmond, whilst he was preparing to make his descent on England. He was afterwards almoner to King Henry VII. and refused the bishopric of Norwich. He retired to Hackney, where he died in 1527, and his tomb is, I believe, still to be seen in the church there.

² Vide note on p. 37, ante.

Stan. What men of name resort to him?

Chris. Sir Walter Herbert, a renowned soldier;
Sir Gilbert Talbot, Sir William Stanley;
Oxford, redoubted Pembroke, Sir James Blunt,
And Rice ap Thomas, with a valiant crew;
And many other of great fame and worth:
And towards London do they bend their course,
If by the way they be not fought withal.

Stan. Well, hie thee to thy lord; commend me
to him;

Tell him, the queen hath heartily consented

He shall espouse Elizabeth her daughter.

These letters will resolve him of my mind.

Farewell. [*Gives papers to SIR CHRISTOPHER.*

[*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I. Salisbury¹. *An open Place.*

*Enter the Sheriff, and Guard, with BUCKINGHAM,
led to execution.*

Buck. Will not King Richard let me speak with
him²?

Sher. No, my good lord; therefore be patient.

¹ There is reason to think that Buckingham's execution took place at *Shrewsbury*, but this is not the place to discuss the question.

² The reason why the duke of Buckingham solicited an interview with Richard is explained in *King Henry VIII.* Act i:—

‘ ——— I would have play’d

The part my father meant to act upon

The usurper Richard: who, being at Salisbury,

Made suit to come into his presence, which if granted,

As he made semblance of his duty, would

Have put his knife into him.’

See *Holinshed*, vol. ii. p. 1403, ed. 1577.

Buck. Hastings, and Edward's children, Rivers,
Grey,

Holy King Henry, and thy fair son Edward,
Vaughan, and all that have miscarried
By underhand corrupted foul injustice;
If that your moody discontented souls
Do through the clouds behold this present hour,
Even for revenge mock my destruction!
This is All-Souls' day, fellows, is it not?

Sher. It is, my lord.

Buck. Why, then All-Souls' day is my body's
doomsday.

This is the day, which, in King Edward's time,
I wish'd might fall on me, when I was found
False to his children, or his wife's allies:
This is the day, wherein I wish'd to fall
By the false faith of him whom most I trusted;
This, this, All-Souls' day to my fearful soul,
Is the determin'd respite of my wrongs³.
That high All-seer which I dallied with,
Hath turned my feigned prayer on my head,
And given in earnest what I begg'd in jest.
Thus doth he force the swords of wicked men
To turn their own points on their masters' bosoms:
Thus Margaret's curse falls heavy on my neck,—
*When he, quoth she, shall split thy heart with sorrow,
Remember Margaret was a prophetess.—*
Come, sirs, convey me to the block of shame;
Wrong hath but wrong, and blame the due of blame⁴.

[*Exeunt* BUCKINGHAM, &c.]

³ The time to which the punishment of his injurious practices or the wrongs done by him was respited.

⁴ Johnson thinks this scene should be added to the fourth act, which would give it a more full and striking conclusion. In the original quarto copy, 1597, this play is not divided into acts and scenes: Malone suggests that the short scene between Stanley and Sir Christopher may have been the opening of the fifth act.

SCENE II. *Plain near Tamworth.*

Enter, with drum and colours, RICHMOND, OXFORD¹, SIR JAMES BLUNT², SIR WALTER HERBERT, and Others, with Forces, marching.

Richm. Fellows in arms, and my most loving friends,

Bruis'd underneath the yoke of tyranny,
Thus far into the bowels of the land
Have we march'd on without impediment;
And here receive we from our father Stanley
Lines of fair comfort and encouragement.
The wretched, bloody, and usurping boar,
That spoil'd your summer fields, and fruitful vines,
Swills your warm blood like wash, and makes his
trough

In your embowell'd bosoms, this foul swine
Lies now even in the centre of this isle,
Near to the town of Leicester, as we learn:
From Tamworth thither, is but one day's march.
In God's name, cheerly on, courageous friends,
To reap the harvest of perpetual peace
By this one bloody trial of sharp war.

Oxf. Every man's conscience is a thousand
swords³,

To fight against that bloody homicide.

Herb. I doubt not, but his friends will turn to us.

Blunt. He hath no friends, but who are friends
for fear;

Which, in his dearest need, will fly from him.

¹ John de Vere, earl of Oxford, a zealous Lancastrian, who, after a long confinement in Hammes Castle, in Picardy, escaped in 1484, and joined Richmond at Paris. He commanded the archers at the battle of Bosworth.

² Sir James Blunt had been captain of the Castle of Hammes, and assisted Oxford in his escape.

³ Alluding to the proverb, 'Conscientiæ mille testes.'

Richm. All for our vantage. Then, in God's name, march:

True hope is swift, and flies with swallow's wings,
Kings it makes gods, and meaner creatures kings.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. Bosworth Field.

Enter KING RICHARD, and Forces; the DUKE of NORFOLK, EARL of SURREY, and Others.

K. Rich. Here pitch our tents, even here in Bosworth field.—

My lord of Surrey, why look you so sad?

Sur. My heart is ten times lighter than my looks.

K. Rich. My lord of Norfolk,—

Nor. Here, most gracious liege.

K. Rich. Norfolk, we must have knocks: Ha! must we not?

Nor. We must both give and take, my loving lord.

K. Rich. Up with my tent: Here will I lie to-night¹;

[*Soldiers begin to set up the King's tent.*]

But where, to-morrow?—Well, all's one for that—
Who hath descried the number of the traitors?

Nor. Six or seven thousand is their utmost power.

K. Rich. Why, our battalia trebles that account²:
Besides, the king's name is a tower of strength,
Which they upon the adverse faction want.
Up with the tent.—Come, noble gentlemen,
Let us survey the vantage of the ground;—
Call for some men of sound direction³:—

¹ Richard is reported not to have slept in his tent on the night before the battle, but in the town of Leicester.

² Richmond's forces are said to have been only five thousand; and Richard's army consisted of about twelve thousand. But Lord Stanley lay at a small distance with three thousand men, and Richard may be supposed to have reckoned on them as his friends, though the event proved otherwise.

³ i. e. tried judgment, military skill.

Let's want no discipline, make no delay;
For, lords, to-morrow is a busy day. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter, on the other side of the Field, RICHMOND, SIR WILLIAM BRANDON, OXFORD, and other Lords. Some of the Soldiers pitch RICHMOND'S Tent.

Richm. The weary sun hath made a golden set,
And, by the bright track of his fiery car,
Gives token of a goodly day to-morrow.—
Sir William Brandon, you shall bear my standard.—
Give me some ink and paper in my tent;—
I'll draw the form and model of our battle,
Limit⁴ each leader to his several charge,
And part in just proportion our small power.
My lord of Oxford, you, Sir William Brandon,—
And you, Sir Walter Herbert, stay with me:
The earl of Pembroke keeps⁵ his regiment;—
Good Captain Blunt, bear my good night to him,
And by the second hour in the morning
Desire the earl to see me in my tent:
Yet one thing more, good captain, do for me;
Where is Lord Stanley quarter'd, do you know?

Blunt. Unless I have mista'en his colours much
(Which, well I am assur'd, I have not done),
His regiment lies half a mile at least
South from the mighty power of the king.

Richm. If without peril it be possible,
Sweet Blunt, make some good means⁶ to speak
with him,
And give him from me this most needful note.

⁴ Appoint.

'I'll make so bold to call,
For 'tis my limited service.' *Macbeth.*

⁵ Remains with.

⁶ i.e. contrive, take some pains or earnest measures. Thus
in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona* :—

'To make such means for her as thou hast done.'

Blunt. Upon my life, my lord, I'll undertake it;
And so, God give you quiet rest to night!

Richm. Good night, good captain Blunt. Come,
gentlemen,
Let us consult upon to-morrow's business;
In to my tent, the air is raw and cold.

[*They withdraw into the Tent.*]

*Enter, to his Tent, KING RICHARD, NORFOLK,
RATCLIFF, and CATESBY.*

K. Rich. What is't o'clock?

Cate. It's supper time, my lord:
It's nine o'clock.

K. Rich. I will not sup to-night.—
Give me some ink and paper.—
What, is my beaver easier than it was?—
And all my armour laid into my tent?

Cate. It is, my liege; and all things are in readiness.

K. Rich. Good Norfolk, hie thee to thy charge;
Use careful watch, choose trusty sentinels.

Nor. I go, my lord.

K. Rich. Stir with the lark to-morrow, gentle
Norfolk.

Nor. I warrant you, my lord. [Exit.

K. Rich. Ratcliff,——

Rat. My lord?

K. Rich. Send out a pursuivant at arms
To Stanley's regiment; bid him bring his power
Before sun-rising, lest his son George fall
Into the blind cave of eternal night.—
Fill me a bowl of wine.—Give me a watch⁷:—
[To CATESBY.]

⁷ By a watch is most probably meant a watch-light. The nature of which will appear from the following note of Sir Francis Kinaston upon Chaucer's *Troilus and Cressida*, in the very

Saddle white Surrey for the field to-morrow.—

Look that my staves⁸ be sound, and not too heavy.
Ratcliff,——

Rat. My lord?

K. Rich. Saw'st thou the melancholy Lord Northumberland⁹?

Rat. Thomas the earl of Surrey, and himself,
Much about cock-shut¹⁰ time, from troop to troop,
Went through the army, cheering up the soldiers.

curious rhiming Latin Version of that poem which I possess in manuscript. 'This word [*morter*] doth plainly intimate Jeffery Chaucer to have been an esquire of the body in ordinary to the king, whose office it is, after he hath chardged and set the watch of the gard, to carry in the mortar and to set it by the king's bed-side, for he takes from the cupboard a silver bason, and therin poures a litle water, and then sets a round cake of virgin wax in the midst of the bason, in the middle of which cake is a wicke of bumbast, which being lighted burnes as a *watch-light* all night by the king's bed-side. It hath, as I conceive, the name of mortar for the likenes it hath when it is nere consumed unto a mortar wherin you bray spices, for the flame first hollowing the middle of the waxe cake, which is next unto it, the waxe by degrees, like the sands in a houre glasse, runs evenly from all sides to the middle to supply the wicke. This royal ceremony Chaucer wittily faines to be in Cresseid's bed-chamber, calling this kind of *watch-light* by the name of mortar, which very few courtiers besides esquires of the body (who only are admitted after ALL NIGHT is served to come into the king's bedchamber), do understand what is meant by it.' Kinaston was himself esquire of the body to King Charles I. Baret mentions '*watching lamps, or candles; lucernæ vigiles:*' and *watching candles* are mentioned in many old plays. Steevens says that he has seen them represented in some of the pictures [qu. prints?] of Albert Durer.

⁸ i. e. the *staves* or poles of his lances. It was the custom to carry more than one into the field.

⁹ Richard calls him *melancholy* because he did not join heartily in his cause. Holinshed says 'He stood still and mixed not in the battle, but was incontinently [after] received into favour [of Richmond] and made of the counsaile.'

¹⁰ i. e. *twilight*. Thus in Ben Jonson's *Masque of Gypsies* :—

'For you would not yesternight
Kiss him in the *cock-shut* light.'

A *cock-shut* was a large net stretched across a glade, and so sus-

K. Rich. So, I am satisfied. Give me a bowl of wine :

I have not that alacrity of spirit,
Nor cheer of mind, that I was wont to have.—
Set it down.—Is ink and paper ready ?

Rat. It is, my lord.

K. Rich. Bid my guard watch ; leave me.
About the mid of night, come to my tent,
And help to arm me.—Leave me, I say.

[*KING RICHARD retires into his Tent.*
Exeunt RATCLIFF and CATESBY.

*RICHMOND'S Tent opens, and discovers him, and
Officers, &c.*

Enter STANLEY.

Stan. Fortune and victory sit on thy helm !

Richm. All comfort that the dark night can afford,
Be to thy person, noble father-in-law !
Tell me, how fares our loving mother ?

Stan. I, by attorney¹¹, bless thee from thy mother,
Who prays continually for Richmond's good :
So much for that.—The silent hours steal on,
And flaky darkness breaks within the east.
In brief, for so the season bids us be,
Prepare thy battle early in the morning ;
And put thy fortune to the arbitrement
Of bloody strokes, and mortal-staring war,
I, as I may (that which I would, I cannot),
With best advantage will deceive the time,

pended upon poles as easily to be drawn together, and was employed to catch woodcocks. These nets were chiefly used in the twilight of the evening, when woodcocks 'take wing to go and get water, flying generally low ; and when they find any thoroughfare, through a wood or range of trees, they venture through.' The artificial glade made for them to pass through were called cock-roads. Hence *cock-shut time* and *cock-shut light* were used to express the evening twilight.

¹¹ i. e. by deputation.

And aid thee in this doubtful shock of arms :
 But on thy side I may not be too forward,
 Lest, being seen, thy brother tender George¹²
 Be executed in his father's sight :
 Farewell : The leisure¹³ and the fearful time
 Cuts off the ceremonious vows of love,
 And ample interchange of sweet discourse,
 Which so long sunder'd friends should dwell upon ;
 God give us leisure for these rites of love :
 Once more, adieu :—Be valiant, and speed well !

Richm. Good lords, conduct him to his regiment :
 I'll strive, with troubled thoughts, to take a nap ;
 Lest leaden slumber peise¹⁴ me down to-morrow,
 When I should mount with wings of victory :
 Once more, good night, kind lords and gentlemen.

[*Exeunt* Lords, &c. with STANLEY.

O Thou ! whose captain I account myself,
 Look on my forces with a gracious eye ;
 Put in their hands thy bruising irons of wrath,
 That they may crush down with a heavy fall
 The usurping helmets of our adversaries !
 Make us thy ministers of chastisement,
 That we may praise thee in thy victory !
 To thee I do commend my watchful soul,
 Ere I let fall the windows of mine eyes¹⁵ ;
 Sleeping, and waking, O, defend me still ! [*Sleeps.*

¹² This is from Holinshed. The young nobleman, whom the poet calls George Stanley, was created Lord Strange in right of his wife by Edward IV. in 1482.

¹³ We have still a phrase equivalent to this, however harsh it may seem. 'I would do this if *leisure* would permit,' where *leisure* stands for *want of leisure*. Thus in another place:—

'——— More than I have said
 The *leisure* and enforcement of the time
 Forbids to dwell upon.'

¹⁴ Weigh.

¹⁵ Thus in *Romeo and Juliet*:—

'——— thy *eyes' windows fall*
 Like death.'

The Ghost¹⁶ of Prince Edward, Son to Henry the Sixth, rises between the two Tents.

Ghost. Let me sit heavy on thy soul to-morrow!

[*To KING RICHARD.*

Think, how thou stab'dst me in my prime of youth
At Tewksbury; Despair therefore, and die!—

Be cheerful, Richmond; for the wronged souls
Of butcher'd princes fight in thy behalf:

King Henry's issue, Richmond, comforts thee.

The Ghost of King Henry the Sixth rises.

Ghost. When I was mortal, my anointed body

[*To KING RICHARD.*

By thee was punched¹⁷ full of deadly holes:

Think on the Tower, and me; Despair, and die;

Harry the Sixth bids thee despair and die.—

Virtuous and holy, be thou conqueror!

[*To RICHMOND.*

Harry, that prophesy'd thou should'st be king¹⁸,

Doth comfort thee in thy sleep; Live, and flourish!

¹⁶ The hint for this scene is furnished by Holinshed, who copies from Polydore Virgil. 'It seemed to him being asleepe, that he saw diverse ymages like terrible devilles which pulled and haled him, not sufferynge him to take any quiet or reste. The which strange vision not so sodaynely strake his heart with a sodayne feare, but it stuffed his head with many busy and dreadful imaginations. And least that it might be suspected that he was abashed for fear of his enemies, and for that cause looked so piteously, he recited and declared to his familiar friends of the morning his wonderfull vysion and fearefull dreame.' The Legend of King Richard III. in The Mirror for Magistrates, and Drayton in the twenty-second Song of his Polyolbion, have passages founded upon Shakspeare's description.

¹⁷ The verb to *punch*, according to its etymology, was formerly used to prick or pierce with a sharp point. Thus Chapman, in his version of the sixth Iliad:—

' — With a goad he *punch'd* each furious dame.'

¹⁸ See the prophecy in King Henry VI. Part III. Act iv. Sc. 6.

The Ghost of Clarence rises.

Ghost. Let me sit heavy on thy soul to-morrow!

[To KING RICHARD.

I, that was wash'd to death with fulsome¹⁹ wine,

Poor Clarence, by thy guile betray'd to death!

To-morrow in the battle think on me,

And fall²⁰ thy edgeless sword; Despair, and die!—

Thou offspring of the house of Lancaster,

[To RICHMOND.

The wronged heirs of York do pray for thee;

Good angels guard thy battle! Live, and flourish!

The Ghosts of Rivers, Grey, and Vaughan, rise.

Riv. Let me sit heavy on thy soul to-morrow,

[To KING RICHARD.

Rivers, that died at Pomfret! Despair, and die!

Grey. Think upon Grey, and let thy soul despair!

[To KING RICHARD.

Vaugh. Think upon Vaughan; and, with guilty
fear,

Let fall thy lance! Despair, and die!—

[To KING RICHARD.

All. Awake! and think, our wrongs in Richard's
bosom

[To RICHMOND.

Will conquer him;—awake, and win the day!

The Ghost of Hastings rises.

Ghost. Bloody and guilty, guiltily awake;

[To KING RICHARD.

¹⁹ i. e. *teeming* or *superabundant* wine. Shakspeare seems to have forgot that Clarence was killed before he was thrown into the Malmsey butt, and consequently could not be washed to death. I find '*fulsome* habundance' in Lidgate's *Siege of Thebes*, Part III. See vol. iii, p. 19, note 7.

²⁰ *Fall* is here a verb active, signifying *to drop* or *let fall*. As in *Othello* :—

'If that the earth could teem with woman's tears,
Each drop she *falls* would prove a crocodile.'

And in a bloody battle end thy days!
Think on Lord Hastings; and despair, and die!—
Quiet untroubled soul, awake, awake!

[To RICHMOND,
Arm, fight, and conquer, for fair England's sake!

The Ghosts of the two young Princes rise.

Ghosts. Dream on thy cousins smother'd in the
Tower;

Let us be lead within thy bosom, Richard,
And weigh thee down to ruin, shame, and death!
Thy nephews' souls bid thee despair, and die.—
Sleep, Richmond, sleep in peace, and wake in joy;
Good angels guard thee from the boar's annoy!
Live, and beget a happy race of kings!
Edward's unhappy sons do bid thee flourish.

The Ghost of Queen Anne rises.

Ghost. Richard, thy wife, that wretched Anne
thy wife,

That never slept a quiet hour with thee,
Now fills thy sleep with perturbations:
To-morrow in the battle think on me,
And fall thy edgeless sword; Despair, and die!—
Thou, quiet soul, sleep thou a quiet sleep;

[To RICHMOND.

Dream of success and happy victory;
Thy adversary's wife doth pray for thee.

The Ghost of Buckingham rises.

Ghost. The first was I, that help'd thee to the
crown; [To KING RICHARD.

The last was I that felt thy tyranny:
O, in the battle think on Buckingham,
And die in terror of thy guiltiness!
Dream on, dream on, of bloody deeds and death;

Fainting, despair; despairing, yield thy breath!—

I died for hope²¹, ere I could lend thee aid;

[*To RICHMOND.*

But cheer thy heart, and be thou not dismay'd:

God, and good angels fight on Richmond's side;

And Richard falls in height of all his pride.

[*The Ghosts vanish.* KING RICHARD
starts out of his dream.

K. Rich. Give me another horse,—bind up my wounds,—

Have mercy, Jesu!—Soft; I did but dream.—

O coward conscience, how dost thou afflict me!—

The lights burn blue.—It is now dead midnight.

Cold fearful drops stand on my trembling flesh.

What do I fear? myself? there's none else by:

Richard loves Richard; that is, I am I²².

Is there a murderer here? No;—Yes; I am:

Then fly,—What, from myself? Great reason: Why?

Lest I revenge. What? Myself on myself?

I love myself. Wherefore? for any good,

That I myself have done unto myself?

O, no: alas, I rather hate myself,

For hateful deeds committed by myself.

I am a villain: Yet I lie, I am not.

Fool, of thyself speak well:—Fool, do not flatter.

²¹ Buckingham's *hope* of aiding Richmond induced him to take up arms: he lost his life in consequence, and therefore may be said to have died *for* hope; hope being the *cause* which led to that event.

²² There is in this, as in many of the poet's speeches of passion, something very trifling, and something very striking. Richard's debate, whether he should quarrel with himself, is too long continued; but the subsequent exaggeration of his crimes is truly tragical.—*Johnson.*

Steevens conjectures that this and the twenty following lines were crossed out of the stage manuscript by Shakspeare himself, and afterwards restored by the original but tasteless editor of this play. Every one must wish with Ritson that they could be omitted, or degraded to the margin.

My conscience hath a thousand several tongues,
And every tongue brings in a several tale,
And every tale condemns me for a villain.
Perjury, perjury, in the high'st degree,
Murder, stern murder, in the dir'st degree;
All several sins, all us'd in each degree,
Throng t^o the bar, crying all—Guilty! guilty!
I shall despair.—There is no creature loves me;
And, if I die, no soul will pity me:—
Nay, wherefore should they? since that I myself
Find in myself no pity to myself.
Methought, the souls of all that I had murder'd
Came to my tent: and every one did threat
To-morrow's vengeance on the head of Richard.

Enter RATCLIFF.

Rat. My lord,—

K. Rich. Who's there?

Rat. Ratcliff, my lord; 'tis I. The early village
cock

Hath twice done salutation to the morn:
Your friends are up, and buckle on their armour.

K. Rich. O, Ratcliff, I have dream'd a fearful
dream!

What thinkest thou? will our friends prove all true?

Rat. No doubt, my lord.

K. Rich. Ratcliff, I fear, I fear,—

Rat. Nay, good my lord, be not afraid of shadows.

K. Rich. By the apostle Paul, shadows to-night
Have struck more terror to the soul of Richard,
Than can the substance of ten thousand soldiers,
Armed in proof, and led by shallow Richmond.
It is not yet near day. Come, go with me;
Under our tents I'll play the eaves-dropper,
To hear, if any mean to shrink from me.

[*Exeunt KING RICHARD and RATCLIFF.*]

RICHMOND wakes. *Enter OXFORD and Others.*

Lords. Good morrow, Richmond.

Richm. 'Cry mercy, lords, and watchful gentlemen,

That you have ta'en a tardy sluggard here.

Lords. How have you slept, my lord?

Richm. The sweetest sleep, and fairest-boding dreams,

That ever enter'd in a drowsy head,

Have I since your departure had, my lords.

Methought, their souls, whose bodies Richard murder'd,

Came to my tent, and cried—On! victory!

I promise you, my heart is very jocund

In the remembrance of so fair a dream.

How far into the morning is 'it, lords?

Lords. Upon the stroke of four.

Richm. Why, then 'tis time to arm, and give direction.— [*He advances to the troops.*

More than I have said, loving countrymen,

The leisure and enforcement of the time

Forbids to dwell on: Yet remember this,—

God, and our good cause, fight upon our side:

The prayers of holy saints, and wronged souls,

Like high rear'd bulwarks, stand before our faces;

Richard except, those, whom we fight against,

Had rather have us win, than him they follow.

For what is he they follow? truly, gentlemen,

A bloody tyrant, and a homicide;

One rais'd in blood, and one in blood establish'd;

One that made means²³ to come by what he hath,

²³ Vide note on p. 144. *Made means* here is used as in the passage there cited from *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, and signifies *made such interest, used such disingenuous measures.*

And slaughter'd those that were the means to help him;

A base foul stone, made precious by the foil
Of England's chair²⁴, where he is falsely set;
One that hath ever been God's enemy:
Then, if you fight against God's enemy,
God will, in justice, ward you as his soldiers;
If you do sweat to put a tyrant down,
You sleep in peace, the tyrant being slain;
If you do fight against your country's foes,
Your country's fat shall pay your pains the hire;
If you do fight in safeguard of your wives,
Your wives shall welcome home the conquerors;
If you do free your children from the sword,
Your children's children quit²⁵ it in your age.
Then, in the name of God, and all these rights,
Advance your standards, draw your willing swords;
For me, the ransom²⁶ of my bold attempt
Shall be this cold corpse on the earth's cold face;
But if I thrive, the gain of my attempt
The least of you shall share his part thereof.
Sound, drums and trumpets, boldly and cheerfully;
God, and Saint George²⁷! Richmond, and victory!
[*Exeunt.*]

Re-enter KING RICHARD, RATCLIFF, *Attendants,*
and Forces.

K. Rich. What said Northumberland, as touching Richmond?

Rat. That he was never trained up in arms.

²⁴ England's *chair* is the *throne*. The allusion is to the practice of setting gems of little worth, with a bright coloured *foil* under them. Thus in a Song in England's Helicon:—

'False stones by *foiles* have many one abus'd.'

²⁵ *Requite*.

²⁶ i. e. the *fine* paid by me in atonement for my rashness.

²⁷ *Saint George* was the common cry of the English soldiers when they charged the enemy.

K. Rich. He said the truth: And what said Surrey then?

Rat. He smil'd and said, the better for our purpose.

K. Rich. He was i' the right; and so, indeed, it is.

[*Clock strikes.*]

Tell the clock there.—Give me a calendar.—

Who saw the sun to-day?

Rat. Not I, my lord.

K. Rich. Then he disdains to shine; for, by the book,

He should have brav'd²⁸ the east an hour ago:

A black day will it be to somebody.—

Ratcliff,——

Rat. My lord?

K. Rich. The sun will not be seen to-day;

The sky doth frown and lour upon our army.

I would, these dewy tears were from the ground.

Not shine to-day! Why, what is that to me,

More than to Richmond? for the self-same heaven,

That frowns on me, looks sadly upon him.

Enter NORFOLK.

Nor. Arm, arm, my lord; the foe vaunts in the field.

K. Rich. Come, bustle, bustle;—Caparison my horse;—

Call up Lord Stanley, bid him bring his power:—

I will lead forth my soldiers to the plain,

And thus my battle shall be ordered.

My foreward shall be drawn out all in length,

Consisting equally of horse and foot;

²⁸ Steevens's notion is a strange one, that *brav'd* here means *made it splendid or fine*. The common signification of the old verb *to brave* was not what he states it to be—'to challenge or set at defiance;' but 'to look aloft, and go gaily, desiring to have the preeminence.' This is old Baret's definition, which explains the text better than Mr. Steevens has done.

Our archers shall be placed in the midst:
 John duke of Norfolk, Thomas earl of Surrey,
 Shall have the leading of this foot and horse.
 They thus directed, we ourself will follow
 In the main battle; whose puissance on either side
 Shall be well winged with our chiefest horse.
 This, and Saint George to boot²⁹!—What think'st
 thou, Norfolk?

Nor. A good direction, warlike sovereign.—
 This found I on my tent this morning.

[*Giving a scrawl.*

*K. Rich. Jocky of Norfolk, be not too bold, [reads.
 For Dickon³⁰ thy master is bought and sold.*

A thing devised by the enemy.—

Go, gentlemen, every man unto his charge:
 Let not our babbling dreams affright our souls;
 Conscience is but a word that cowards use,
 Devis'd at first to keep the strong in awe;
 Our strong arms be our conscience, swords our law.
 March on, join bravely, let us to't pell-mell;
 If not to heaven, then hand in hand to hell.—
 What shall I say more than I have inferr'd?
 Remember whom you are to cope withal;—
 A sort³¹ of vagabonds, rascals, and runaways,
 A scum of Breagnes, and base lackey peasants,
 Whom their o'er-cloyed country vomits forth
 To desperate adventures and assur'd destruction.
 You sleeping safe, they bring you to unrest;
 You having lands, and bless'd with beauteous wives,

²⁹ i. e. 'this, and *superadd* to this, Saint George on our side.' The phrase, like *Saint George to borrow*, which Holinshed puts into the mouth of Richard before the battle, is a kind of invocation to the saint to act as protector; *Saint George to borrow* meaning Saint George be our pledge or security. See Richardson's *Philological Inquiries*, 4to. 1815, p. 65.

³⁰ *Dickon* is the ancient familiarization of *Richard*.

³¹ *Company*.

They would restrain³² the one, distain the other.
 And who doth lead them, but a paltry fellow,
 Long kept in Bretagne at our mother's³³ cost?
 A milk-sop, one that never in his life
 Felt so much cold as over shoes in snow?
 Let's whip these stragglers o'er the seas again;
 Lash hence these over-weening rags of France,
 These famish'd beggars, weary of their lives;
 Who, but for dreaming on this fond exploit,
 For want of means, poor rats, had hang'd themselves:
 If we be conquer'd, let men conquer us,
 And not these bastard Breagnes; whom our fathers
 Have in their own land beaten, bobb'd, and thump'd,
 And, on record, left them the heirs of shame.
 Shall these enjoy our lands? lie with our wives?
 Ravish our daughters?—Hark, I hear their drum.

[*Drum afar off.*

Fight, gentlemen of England! fight, bold yeomen!
 Draw, archers, draw your arrows to the head!
 Spur your proud horses hard, and ride in blood;
 Amaze the welkin with your broken staves³⁴!

³² To *restrain* is to abridge, to diminish, to withhold from.
 Thus in *Cymbeline*:—

‘Me of my lawful pleasure she *restrain'd*,
 And pray'd me oft forbearance.’

³³ Thus Holinshed:—‘You see further, how a company of traitors, thieves, outlaws, and runagates, be aiders and partakers of this feate and enterprise. And to begin with the earl of Richmond, captaine of this rebellion, he is a Welsh milksop, brought up by *my moother's* means and mine, like a captive in a close cage in the court of Francis duke of Britaine,’ p. 756. Holinshed copied this verbatim from Hall, edit. 1548, fol. 54; but his printer has given us by accident the word *moother* instead of *brother*; as it is in the original, and ought to be in Shakspeare. In the first edition of Holinshed the word is rightly printed *brother*. So that this circumstance not only shows that the poet follows Holinshed, but points out the edition used by him.

³⁴ Fright the skies with the shivers of your lances. A similar idea is more tamely expressed in W. Smith's *Palsgrave*, 1613:—

‘Spears flew in splinters half the way to heaven.’

Enter a Messenger.

What says Lord Stanley? will he bring his power?

Mess. My lord, he doth deny to come.

K. Rich. Off instantly with his son George's head.

Nor. My lord, the enemy is pass'd the marsh³⁵;
After the battle let George Stanley die.

K. Rich. A thousand hearts are great within my
bosom:

Advance our standards, set upon our foes;

Our ancient word of courage, fair Saint George,

Inspire us with the spleen of fiery dragons!

Upon them! Victory sits on our helms. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. *Another part of the Field.*

*Alarum. Excursions. Enter NORFOLK, and
Forces; to him CATESBY.*

Cate. Rescue, my lord of Norfolk, rescue, rescue!

The king enacts more wonders than a man,

Daring an opposite to every danger¹;

His horse is slain, and all on foot he fights,

Seeking for Richmond in the throat of death:

Rescue, fair lord, or else the day is lost!

³⁵ There was a large marsh in Bosworth plain between the two armies. Henry passed it, and made such a disposition of his forces that it served to protect his right wing. By this movement he gained also another point, that his men should engage with the sun behind them, and in the faces of his enemies; a matter of great consequence when bows and arrows were in use.

¹ i. e. *daringly opposing himself*, or offering himself as an opponent to every danger. Shakspeare uses *opposite* for *opponent* in *Twelfth Night*, and several other places. And Marston, in his *Antonio and Mellida*, 1602:—

‘Myself, myself, will dare all *opposites*.’

Alarum. Enter KING RICHARD.

K. Rich. A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse!

Cate. Withdraw, my lord, I'll help you to a horse.

K. Rich. Slave, I have set my life upon a cast,
And I will stand the hazard of the die:

I think, there be six Richmonds in the field;

Five have I slain to-day, instead of him²:—

A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse³!

[*Exeunt.*]

*Alarums. Enter KING RICHARD and RICHMOND;
and exeunt fighting. Retreat, and flourish. Then
enter RICHMOND, STANLEY, bearing the Crown,
with divers other Lords, and Forces.*

Richm. God, and your arms, be prais'd, victorious friends;

The day is ours, the bloody dog is dead.

² Shakspeare had employed this incident with historical propriety in the First Part of King Henry IV. He had here also good ground for his poetical exaggeration. Richard, according to Polydore Virgil, was determined if possible to engage with Richmond in single combat. For this purpose he rode furiously to that quarter of the field where the earl was; attacked his standard bearer, Sir William Brandon, and killed him; then assaulted Sir John Cheney, whom he overthrew. Having thus at length cleared his way to his antagonist, he engaged in single combat with him, and probably would have been victorious, but that at that instant Sir William Stanley with three thousand men joined Richmond's army, and the royal forces fled with great precipitation. Richard was soon afterwards overpowered by numbers, and fell, fighting bravely to the last moment.

³ In the old interlude on the subject of Richard III. which Mr. Boswell printed at the end of this play, this line stands:—

'A horse! a horse! a fresh horse!'

Burbage, the *alter Roscius* of Camden, appears to have been the original Richard. Bishop Corbet, in his *Iter Boreale*, introduces his host at Bosworth describing the battle, and

'—when he would have say'd King Richard died,
And call'd A horse! a horse!—he Burbage cried.'

Stan. Courageous Richmond, well hast thou acquit thee!

Lo, here, this long usurped royalty,
From the dead temples of this bloody wretch
Have I pluck'd off, to grace thy brows withal;
Wear it, enjoy it, and make much of it.

Richm. Great God of heaven, say, amen, to all!—
But, tell me first, is young George Stanley living?

Stan. He is, my lord, and safe in Leicester town;
Whither, if it please you, we may now withdraw us.

Richm. What men of name are slain on either side?

Stan. John duke of Norfolk, Walter Lord Ferrers,
Sir Robert Brakenbury, and Sir William Brandon.

Richm. Inter their bodies as becomes their births.
Proclaim a pardon to the soldiers fled,
That in submission will return to us;
And then, as we have ta'en the sacrament,
We will unite the white rose with the red:—
Smile heaven upon this fair conjunction,
That long hath frown'd upon their enmity!—
What traitor hears me, and says not,—amen?
England hath long been mad, and scarr'd herself;
The brother blindly shed the brother's blood,
The father rashly slaughter'd his own son,
The son, compell'd, been butcher to the sire;
All this divided York and Lancaster,
Divided, in their dire division.—

O, now, let Richmond and Elizabeth,
The true succeders of each royal house,
By God's fair ordinance conjoin together!
And let their heirs (God, if thy will be so),
Enrich the time to come with smooth-fac'd peace,
With smiling plenty, and fair prosperous days!
Abate⁴ the edge of traitors, gracious Lord,

⁴ i. e. diminish, or take away.

That would reduce⁵ these bloody days again!
 And make poor England weep in streams of blood!
 Let them not live to taste this land's increase,
 That would with treason wound this fair land's peace!
 Now civil wounds are stopp'd, peace lives again;
 That she may long live here, God say—Amen.

[*Exeunt.*]

⁵ To *reduce* is to *bring back*; an obsolete sense of the word, derived from its Latin original, *reduco*. 'The mornynge forsaking the golden bed of Titan, *reduced* the dayred day.'—*Eurialus and Lucretia*, 1560.

THIS is one of the most celebrated of our author's performances; yet I know not whether it has not happened to him as to others, to be praised most when praise is not most deserved. That this play has scenes noble in themselves, and very well contrived to strike in the exhibition, cannot be denied. But some parts are trifling, others shocking; and some improbable.—JOHNSON.

Malone says, he 'agrees with Dr. Johnson in thinking that this play, from its first exhibition to the present hour, has been estimated greatly beyond its merits.' He attributes (but I think erroneously) its popularity to the detestation in which Richard's character was held at the time Shakspeare wrote, and to the patronage of Queen Elizabeth, 'who was pleased at seeing King Henry VII. placed in the only favourable light in which he could be placed on the scene.' Steevens, in the following note, has stated the true grounds of the perpetual popularity of the play, which can only be attributed to one cause—the wonderful dramatic effect produced by the character of Richard.—S. W. S.

I most cordially join with Dr. Johnson and Mr. Malone in their opinions; and yet, perhaps, they have overlooked one cause of the success of this tragedy. The part of Richard is, perhaps beyond all others, variegated, and consequently favourable to a judicious performer. It comprehends, indeed, a tract of almost every species of character on the stage: the hero, the lover, the statesman, the buffoon, the hypocrite, the hardened and repenting sinner, &c. are to be found within its compass. No wonder, therefore, that the discriminating powers of a Burbage, a Garrick, and a Henderson, should at different periods have given it a popularity beyond other dramas of the same author.—STEEVENS.

KING HENRY VIII.



Katharine. Sir, I most humbly pray you to deliver
This to my lord the king.

Capucius.

Most willing, madam.

ACT IV. SC. 2.

FROM THE CHISWICK PRESS.

1826.

King Henry the Eighth.

PRELIMINARY REMARKS.

IT is the opinion of Johnson, Steevens, and Malone, that this play was written a short time before the death of Queen Elizabeth, which happened on the 24th of March, 1602-3. The elogium on King James, which is blended with the panegyric of Elizabeth in the last scene, was evidently a subsequent insertion, after the succession of the Scottish monarch to the throne: for Shakspeare was too well acquainted with courts to compliment, in the lifetime of Queen Elizabeth, her presumptive successor; of whom, history informs us, she was not a little jealous. That the prediction concerning King James was added after the death of the queen, is still more clearly evinced, as Dr. Johnson has remarked, by the awkward manner in which it is connected with the foregoing and subsequent lines.

After having lain by some years, unacted, probably on account of the costliness of its exhibition, it was revived in 1613, under the title of '*All is True*,' with new decorations, and a new Prologue and Epilogue: and this revival took place on the very day, being St. Peter's, on the which the Globe Theatre was burnt down. The fire was occasioned, as it is said, by the discharge of some small pieces of ordnance called *chambers* in the

scene where King Henry is represented as arriving at Cardinal Wolsey's gate at Whitehall, one of which, being injudiciously managed, set fire to the thatched roof of the theatre*. Dr. Johnson first suggested that Ben Jonson might have supplied the Prologue and Epilogue to the play upon the occasion of its revival. Dr. Farmer, Steevens, and Malone, support his opinion; and even attribute to him some of the passages of the play.

Mr. Gifford has controverted this opinion of Jonson having been the author of the Prologue and Epilogue of this play, and thinks the play which was performed under the title of *All is*

* The circumstance is recorded by the continuator of Stowe; and in a MS. Letter of Thomas Lorkin to Sir Thomas Puckering, dated *London, this last of June, 1613*, it is thus mentioned: 'No longer since than yesterday, while Bourbage his company were acting at the Globe the play of Henry VIII. and there, shooting of certayne chambers in way of triumph, the fire caught,' &c.—MS. Harl. 7002.

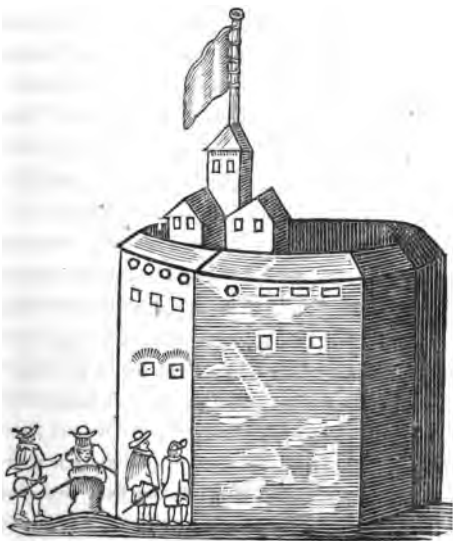
So in a letter from John Chamberlaine to Sir Ralph Winwood, dated London, 8th July, 1613:—'But the burning of *the Globe, or Playhouse*, on the Bankside, on St. Peter's day, cannot escape you; which fell out by a peale of *chambers* (that I know not upon what occasion were to be used in the play), the tampion or stopple of one of them lighting in the thatch that covered the house, burn'd it to the ground in less than two hours, with a dwelling-house adjoining; and it was a great marvaile and faire grace of God that the people had so little harm, having but two narrow doors to get out at.'—*Winwood's Memorials*, vol. iii. p. 469.

The event is also recorded by Sir Henry Wotton, in his letter of the 2d of July, 1613, where he says it was at 'a new play, acted by the king's players at the Bank's Side, called *All is*

True was a distinct performance, and not Shakspeare's Henry the Eighth. To this it has been answered, 'That the Prologue, which has always accompanied Shakspeare's drama from its first publication in 1623, manifestly and repeatedly *alludes* to the *title* of the play which was represented on the 29th of June, 1613, and which we know to have been founded on the history

True, representing some principal pieces of the reign of Henry the Eighth.'—*Reliquiæ Wotton*, p. 425, Ed. 2d.

So much having been said of the Globe Theatre, the reader will not be displeased to see a rude picture of it from the old Long View of London, printed at Antwerp in the reign of Elizabeth.



of King Henry the Eighth, affords a strong proof of their identity, as appears by the following passages:—

‘ ————— Such, as give
Their money out of hope they may believe,
May here find *truth* too,’ &c.

‘ ————— Gentle readers know
To rank our *chosen truth* with such a show
As fool and fight is,” &c.

‘ To make that only *true* we now intend.’

And though Sir Henry Wotton mentions it as a new play, we have Stowe and Lorkin who call it ‘ *The play of Henry the Eighth.*’

‘ That the Prologue and Epilogue were not written by Shakspeare is, I think, clear from internal evidence,’ says Mr. Boswell; to whose opinion I have no hesitation in subscribing: but it does not follow that they were the production of Ben Jonson’s pen. That gentleman has clearly shown that there was no intention of covertly sneering at Shakspeare’s other works in this prologue; but that this play is opposed to a rude kind of farcical representation on the same subject by Samuel Rowley (see the first note on the Prologue). This play, or interlude, which was printed in 1605, is probably referred to in the following entry on the books of the Stationers’ Company:—
‘ Nathaniel Butter, Feb. 12, 1604, That he get good allowance for the *Enterlude of King Henry VIII.* before he begin to print it; and with the warden’s hand to yt, he is to have the same for his copy.’ Stowe has observed that ‘ Robert Greene had written somewhat on the same story;’ but there is no evidence that it was in a dramatic form: it may have been something historical, and not by the dramatic poet of that name; as Stowe

cites the authority of Robert Greene, with Robert Brun, Fabian, &c. in other places of his Chronicle.

This historical drama comprises a period of twelve years, commencing in the twelfth year of King Henry VIII. (1521), and ending with the christening of Elizabeth in 1533. The poet has deviated from history in placing the death of Queen Katharine before the birth of Elizabeth, for in fact Katharine did not die till 1536. In constructing his scenes he has availed himself largely of the eloquent narrative of Wolsey's faithful servant and biographer, George Cavendish, as copied by the Chronicles; and indeed the pathos of the Cardinal's dying scene is almost as effective in the simple narrative of Cavendish as in the play. The fine picture which the poet has drawn of the suffering and defenceless virtue of Queen Katharine, and the just and spirited, though softened, portrait he has exhibited of the impetuous and sensual character of Henry, are above all praise. It has been justly said that 'this play contains little action or violence of passion, yet it has considerable interest of a more mild and thoughtful cast, and some of the most striking passages that are to be found in the poet's works.'

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

KING HENRY THE EIGHTH.

CARDINAL WOLSEY. **CARDINAL CAMPEIUS.**

CAPUCIUS, *Ambassador from the Emperor Charles V.*

CRANMER, *Archbishop of Canterbury.*

DUKE of NORFOLK. **DUKE of BUCKINGHAM.**

DUKE of SUFFOLK. **EARL of SURREY.**

LORD CHAMBERLAIN. **LORD CHANCELLOR.**

GARDINER, *Bishop of Winchester.*

BISHOP of LINCOLN. **LORD ABERGAVENNY.** **LORD SANDS.**

SIR HENRY GUILDFORD. **SIR THOMAS LOVELL.**

SIR ANTHONY DENNY. **SIR NICHOLAS VAUX.**

Secretaries to Wolsey.

CROMWELL, *Servant to Wolsey.*

GRIFFITH, *Gentleman Usher to Queen Katharine.*

Three other Gentlemen.

DOCTOR BUTTS, *Physician to the King.*

Garter, King at Arms.

Surveyor to the Duke of Buckingham.

BRANDON, *and a Sergeant at Arms.*

Door-keeper of the Council Chamber. Porter, and his Man.

Page to Gardiner. A Crier.

QUEEN KATHARINE, *Wife to King Henry, afterwards divorced.*

ANNE BULLEN, *her Maid of Honour; afterwards Queen.*

An old Lady, Friend to Anne Bullen.

PATIENCE, *Woman to Queen Katharine.*

Several Lords and Ladies in the Dumb Shows; Women attending upon the Queen; Spirits, which appear to her; Scribes, Officers, Guards, and other Attendants.

SCENE—*chiefly in London and Westminster: once, at Kimbolton.*

PROLOGUE.

I COME no more to make you laugh; things now,
That bear a weighty and a serious brow,
Sad, high, and working, full of state and woe,
Such noble scenes as draw the eye to flow,
We now present. Those that can pity, here
May, if they think it well, let fall a tear;
The subject will deserve it. Such, as give
Their money out of hope they may believe,
May here find truth too. Those, that come to see
Only a show or two, and so agree,
The play may pass; if they be still, and willing,
I'll undertake, may see away their shilling
Richly in two short hours. Only they,
That come to hear a merry, bawdy play,
A noise of targets; or to see a fellow
In a long motley coat, guarded¹ with yellow,
Will be deceiv'd: for, gentle hearers, know,
To rank our chosen truth with such a show

¹ i. e. faced or trimmed. This long motley coat was the usual dress of a fool. See Mr. Douce's dissertation on the Fools of Shakspeare.

The Prologue and Epilogue to this play are apparently not by the hand of Shakspeare. They have been attributed to Ben Jonson; but this opinion is controverted by Mr. Gifford. The intention of the writer (says Mr. Boswell) was to contrast the historical truth and taste displayed in the present play with the performance of a contemporary dramatist, 'When you see me you know me, or the famous Chronicle of King Henry the Eighth, &c. by Samuel Rowley,' in which Will Summers, the jester, is a principal character. There are other incidents in this '*merry bawdy play*,' besides the perversion of historical facts, which make it more than probable that it is here alluded to.

As fool and fight is, beside forfeiting
 Our own brains, and the opinion² that we bring,
 (To make that only true we now intend),
 Will leave us never an understanding friend,
 Therefore, for goodness' sake, and as you are known
 The first and happiest³ hearers of the town,
 Be sad, as we would make ye: Think, ye see
 The very persons of our noble story,
 As they were living; think, you see them great,
 And follow'd with the general throng, and sweat,
 Of thousand friends; then in a moment, see
 How soon this mightiness meets misery!
 And, if you can be merry then, I'll say,
 A man may weep upon his wedding day.

² *Opinion* seems here to mean *character*; as in King Henry IV. Part I. Act v. Sc. 4:—'Thou hast redeemed thy lost *opinion*.' To realize that *opinion of character* is our present object, not to forfeit it by introducing absurdities.

³ *Happiest* being here used in a Latin sense for *propitious* or *favourable*. 'Sis bonus o *felixque* tuis!' has been thought a reason for attributing this Prologue to Jonson; but we have shown that Shakspeare often uses words in a Latin sense.

KING HENRY VIII.

ACT I.

SCENE I. London. *An Antechamber in the Palace.*

Enter the DUKE of NORFOLK, at one door; at the other, the DUKE of BUCKINGHAM, and the LORD ABERGAVENNY¹.

Buckingham.

GOOD morrow, and well met. How have you done, Since last we saw in France?

Nor. I thank your grace: Healthful; and ever since a fresh admirer Of what I saw there.

Buck. An untimely ague Stay'd me a prisoner in my chamber, when Those suns of glory², those two lights of men, Met in the vale of Arde.

Nor. 'Twixt Guynes and Arde³:

¹ George Nevill, who married Mary, daughter of Edward Stafford, duke of Buckingham.

² Pope has borrowed this phrase in his Imitation of Horace's Epistle to Augustus, ver. 22:—

“Those *suns of glory* please not till they set.”

³ Guynes then belonged to the English, and Arde (*Ardres*) to the French; they are towns of Picardy: the valley where Henry VII. and Francis I. met lies between them.

I was then present, saw them salute on horseback;
Beheld them, when they lighted, how they clung
In their embracement, as⁴ they grew together;
Which had they, what four thron'd ones could have
weigh'd

Such a compounded one?

Buck.

All the whole time

I was my chamber's prisoner.

Nor.

Then you lost

The view of earthly glory: Men might say,
Till this time, pomp was single; but now married
To one above itself. Each following day
Became the next day's master, till the last
Made former wonders it's⁵: To-day, the French,
All clinquant⁶, all in gold, like heathen gods,
Shone down the English: and, to-morrow, they
Made Britain, India: every man, that stood,
Show'd like a mine. Their dwarfish pages were
As cherubins, all gilt: the madams too,
Not us'd to toil, did almost sweat to bear
The pride upon them, that their very labour
Was to them as a painting: now this mask
Was cry'd incomparable; and the ensuing night
Made it a fool, and beggar. The two kings,
Equal in lustre, were now best, now worst,
As presence did present them; him in eye,

⁴ *As for as if.* We have the same image in Shakspeare's
Venus and Adonis:

' — a sweet embrace

Incorporate then they seem; face grows to face.'

⁵ *Dies diem docet.* Every day learned something from the
preceding, till the concluding day collected all the splendour of
all the former shows.

⁶ i. e. *glittering, shining.* Clarendon uses the word in his de-
scription of the Spanish *Juegos de Toros*. And in a Memorable
Masque, &c. performed before King James at Whitehall, in
1613, at the marriage of the Princess Elizabeth:—

' — his buskins *clinquant* as his other attire.'

Still him in praise: and, being present both,
 'Twas said, they saw but one; and no discerners
 Durst wag his tongue in censure⁷. When these suns
 (For so they phrase them) by their heralds chal-
 leng'd

The noble spirits to arms, they did perform
 Beyond thought's compass; that former fabulous
 story,

Being now seen possible enough, got credit,
 That Bevis⁸ was believ'd.

Buck.

O, you go far.

Nor. As I belong to worship, and affect
 In honour honesty, the tract of every thing
 Would by a good discourser lose some life,
 Which action's self was tongue to. All was royal;
 To the disposing of it nought rebell'd;
 Order gave each thing view; the office did
 Distinctly his full function⁹.

Buck.

Who did guide,

I mean, who set the body and the limbs
 Of this great sport together, as you guess?

Nor. One, certes¹⁰, that promises no element¹¹
 In such a business.

⁷ i. e. in *judgment*, which had the noblest appearance. So
 Dryden:—

‘Two chiefs——

So match'd as each seem'd worthiest when alone.’

⁸ The old romantic legend of Bevis of Hampton. This Bevis
 (or Beavois) a Saxon, was for his prowess created earl of South-
 ampton by William the Conqueror. See Camden's *Britannia*.

⁹ The course of these triumphs, however well related, must
 lose in the description part of that spirit and energy which were
 expressed in the real action. The commission for regulating
 them was well executed, and gave exactly to every particular
 person and action the proper place.

¹⁰ *Certes*, i. e. certainly, is here used as a monosyllable.

¹¹ No initiation, no previous practice. *Elements* are the first
 principles of things, or rudiments of knowledge. The word is here
 applied, not without a catachresis, to a person.

Buck. I pray you, who, my lord?

Nor. All this was order'd by the good discretion
Of the right reverend cardinal of York.

Buck. The devil speed him! no man's pie is free'd
From his ambitious finger. What had he
To do in these fierce¹² vanities? I wonder,
That such a keech¹³ can with his very bulk
Take up the rays o' the beneficial sun,
And keep it from the earth.

Nor. Surely, sir,
There's in him stuff that puts him to these ends;
For, being not propp'd by ancestry (whose grace
Chalks successors their way), nor call'd upon
For high feats done to the crown; neither allied
To eminent assistants, but, spider-like,
Out of his self-drawing web, he gives us note,
The force of his own merit makes his way;
A gift that heaven gives for him, which buys
A place next to the king.

Aber. I cannot tell
What heaven hath given him, let some graver eye
Pierce into that; but I can see his pride.
Peep through each part of him: Whence has he that?

¹² Johnson remarks that *fierce* is here used, like the French *fier*, for *proud*; and Steevens observes that the Puritan, in Ben Jonson's Bartholomew Fair, says, the hobby-horse 'is a *fierce* and rank idol.' Our ancestors appear to have used the word in the sense of *arrogant, outrageous*: and the use of the Latin *ferox* is as likely to have suggested it as the French *fier*. The word has a different meaning in the passage cited from Timon of Athens, Act iv. Sc. 4. See note there. In the Rape of Lucrece we have—

'Thy violent vanities can never last.'

¹³ A round lump of fat. The Prince calls Falstaff *tallow-keech* in the First Part of King Henry IV. Act ii. Sc. 4. It has been thought that there was some allusion here to the Cardinal, being reputed the son of a butcher. We have 'Goodwife *Keech*, the butcher's wife,' mentioned by Dame Quickly, in King Henry IV. Part II. Act ii. Sc. 1.

If not from hell, the devil is a niggard;
Or has given all before, and he begins
A new hell in himself.

Buck. Why the devil,
Upon this French going-out, took he upon him,
Without the privity o' the king, to appoint
Who should attend on him? He makes up the file ¹⁴
Of all the gentry; for the most part such
Too, whom as great a charge as little honour
He meant to lay upon; and his own letter,
The honourable board of council out,
Must fetch him in he papers ¹⁵.

Aber. I do know
Kinsmen of mine, three at the least, that have
By this so sicken'd their estates, that never
They shall abound as formerly.

Buck. O, many
Have broke their backs with laying manors on them
For this great journey ¹⁶. What did this vanity,

¹⁴ List.

¹⁵ He *papers*, a verb; i. e. his own letter, by his own single authority, and without the concurrence of the council, must fetch him in whom he papers down. Wolsey published a list of the several persons whom he had appointed to attend on the king at this interview, and addressed his letters to them. See Hall and Holinshed, or Rymer's *Fœdera*, vol. xiii.

¹⁶ In the ancient Interlude of Nature, blk. l. no date, apparently printed in the reign of King Henry VIII. a similar stroke is aimed at this expensive expedition:—

Pryde. I am unhappy, I se it wel,
For the expence of myne apparell
Towardys this vyage—
What in horses and other aray,
Hath compelled me for to lay
All my land to mortgage.'

So in King John, Act ii. Sc. 1:—

' Bearing their birthrights proudly on their backs.'
And Burton, in his *Anatomy of Melancholy*, ed. 1634, p. 482:—
' 'Tis an ordinary thing to put a thousand okes, or an hundred oxen, into a sute of apparell, to weare a whole manor on his back.'

But minister communication of
A most poor issue?

Nor. Grievingly I think,
The peace between the French and us not values
The cost that did conclude it.

Buck. Every man,
After the hideous storm that follow'd¹⁷, was
A thing inspir'd: and, not consulting, broke
Into a general prophecy,—That this tempest,
Dashing the garment of this peace, aboded
The sudden breach on't.

Nor. Which is budded out;
For France hath flaw'd the league, and hath attach'd
Our merchants' goods at Bourdeaux.

Aber. Is it therefore
The ambassador is silenc'd¹⁸?

Nor. Marry, is't.

Aber. A proper title of a peace¹⁹, and purchas'd
At a superfluous rate!

Buck. Why, all this business
Our reverend cardinal carried²⁰.

Nor. 'Like it your grace,
The state takes notice of the private difference
Betwixt you and the cardinal. I advise you
(And take it from a heart that wishes towards you
Honour and plenteous safety), that you read
The cardinal's malice and his potency
Together: to consider further, that
What his high hatred would effect, wants not

¹⁷ 'Monday the xviii of June was such an *hideous* storme of winde and weather, that many conjectured it did prognosticate trouble and hatred shortly after to follow between princes.'—*Holinshed*.

¹⁸ The French ambassador, being refused an audience, may be said to be *silenc'd*.

¹⁹ 'A fine name of a peace:' this is ironically said. So in *Macbeth*:—'O *proper* stuff!'

²⁰ Conducted.

A minister in his power: You know his nature,
 That he's revengeful; and I know, his sword
 Hath a sharp edge: it's long, and, it may be said,
 It reaches far; and where 'twill not extend,
 Thither he darts it. Bosom up my counsel,
 You'll find it wholesome. Lo, where comes that
 rock,
 That I advise your shunning.

Enter CARDINAL WOLSEY (*the purse borne before him*), *certain of the Guard, and two Secretaries with papers. The CARDINAL in his passage fixeth his eye on BUCKINGHAM, and BUCKINGHAM on him, both full of disdain.*

Wol. The duke of Buckingham's surveyor? ha?
 Where's his examination?

1 Secr. Here, so please you.

Wol. Is he in person ready?

1 Secr. Ay, please your grace.

Wol. Well, we shall then know more; and Buck-
 ingham
 Shall lessen this big look.

[*Exeunt* WOLSEY and *Train.*

Buck. This butcher's cur²¹ is venom-mouth'd,
 and I

Have not the power to muzzle him; therefore, best
 Not wake him in his slumber. A beggar's book
 Out-worths a noble's blood²².

Nor. What, are you chaf'd?
 Ask God for temperance; that's the appliance only,
 Which your disease requires.

²¹ The common rumour ran that Wolsey was the son of a butcher; but his faithful biographer Cavendish says nothing of his father being in trade: he tells us that he was 'an honest poor man's son.'

²² That is, the literary qualifications of a bookish beggar, are more prized than the high descent of hereditary greatness.

Buck. I read in his looks
Matter against me: and his eye revil'd
Me, as his abject object: at this instant
He bores²³ me with some trick: He's gone to the
king;

I'll follow, and outstare him.

Nor. Stay, my lord,
And let your reason with your choler question
What 'tis you go about: To climb steep hills,
Requires slow pace at first: Anger is like
A full-hot horse; who, being allow'd his way,
Self-mettle tires him²⁴. Not a man in England
Can advise me like you: be to yourself
As you would to your friend.

Buck. I'll to the king;
And from a mouth of honour quite cry down
This Ipswich fellow's insolence; or proclaim,
There's difference in no persons.

Nor. Be advis'd;
Heat not a furnace for your foe so hot
That it do singe yourself: We may outrun,
By violent swiftness, that which we run at,
And lose by overrunning. Know you not,
The fire, that mounts the liquor till it run o'er,
In seeming to augment it, wastes it? Be advis'd:
I say again, there is no English soul
More stronger to direct you than yourself;
If with the sap of reason you would quench,
Or but allay, the fire of passion²⁵.

²³ i. e. he stabs or wounds me by some artifice or fiction.

²⁴ Thus in Massinger's *Unnatural Combat*:—

'Let passion work, and, like a hot-rein'd horse,
'Twill quickly tire itself.'

And Shakspeare again in *The Rape of Lucrece*:—

'Till, like a jade, self-will himself doth tire.'

²⁵ So in *Hamlet*:—

'Upon the heat and flame of thy distemper
Sprinkle cool patience.'

Buck.

Sir,

I am thankful to you; and I'll go along
By your prescription:—but this top-proud fellow,
(Whom from the flow of gall I name not, but
From sincere motions²⁶), by intelligence,
And proofs as clear as founts in Júlý, when
We see each grain of gravel, I do know
To be corrupt and treasonous.

Nor.

Say not, treasonous.

Buck. To the king I'll say't; and make my vouch
as strong

As shore of rock. Attend. This holy fox,
Or wolf, or both (for he is equal²⁷ ravenous,
As he is subtle; and as prone to mischief,
As able to perform it: his mind and place
Infecting one another, yea, reciprocally),
Only to show his pomp as well in France
As here at home, suggests²⁸ the king our master
To this last costly treaty, the interview,
That swallow'd so much treasure, and like a glass
Did break i' the rinsing.

Nor.

'Faith, and so it did.

Buck. Pray, give me favour, sir. This cunning
cardinal

The articles o' the combination drew,
As himself pleas'd; and they were ratified,
As he cried, Thus let be: to as much end,
As give a crutch to the dead: But our count cardinal
Has done this, and 'tis well: for worthy Wolsey,
Who cannot err, he did it. Now this follows
(Which, as I take it, is a kind of puppy
To the old dam, treason),—Charles the emperor,
Under pretence to see the queen his aunt,
(For 'twas, indeed, his colour; but he came

²⁶ Honest indignation, warmth of integrity.

²⁷ Equal for equality. ²⁸ i. e. incites, or tempts.

To whisper Wolsey), here makes visitation:
 His fears were, that the interview, betwixt
 England and France, might, through their amity,
 Breed him some prejudice; for from this league
 Peep'd harms that menac'd him: He privily
 Deals with our cardinal; and, as I trow,
 Which I do well; for, I am sure, the emperor
 Paid ere he promis'd; whereby his suit was granted,
 Ere it was ask'd;—but when the way was made,
 And pay'd with gold, the emperor thus desir'd;—
 That he would please to alter the king's course,
 And break the foresaid peace. Let the king know
 (As soon he shall by me), that thus the cardinal
 Does buy and sell his honour as he pleases²⁹,
 And for his own advantage.

Nor. I am sorry
 To hear this of him; and could wish, he were
 Something mistaken in't.

Buck. No, not a syllable;
 I do pronounce him in that very shape,
 He shall appear in proof.

*Enter BRANDON; a Sergeant at Arms before him,
 and two or three of the guard.*

Bran. Your office, sergeant; execute it.

Serg. Sir,
 My lord the duke of Buckingham, and earl
 Of Hereford, Stafford, and Northampton, I
 Arrest thee of high treason, in the name
 Of our most sovereign king.

²⁹ To buy and sell was a proverbial expression for *treacherously betraying*. It occurs in King Richard III. and in King Henry VI. Part I.:—

‘—— from *bought and sold* Lord Talbot.’

Again, in the Comedy of Errors, ‘It would make a man as mad as a buck to be so *bought and sold*.’

Buck. Lo you, my lord,
The net has fall'n upon me ; I shall perish
Under device and practice³⁰.

Bran. I am sorry
To see you ta'en from liberty, to look on
The business present³¹. 'Tis his highness' pleasure,
You shall to the Tower.

Buck. It will help me nothing,
To plead mine innocence ; for that dye is on me,
Which makes my whitest part black. The will of
heaven

Be done in this and' all things !—I obey.—
O my lord Aberga'ny, fare you well.

Bran. Nay, he must bear you company :—The
king [To ABERGAVERNNY.
Is pleas'd, you shall to the Tower, till you know
How he determines further.

Aber. As the duke said,
The will of heaven be done, and the king's pleasure
By me obey'd.

Bran. Here is a warrant from
The king, to attach Lord Montacute³², and the bodies
Of the duke's confessor, John de la Car³³,
One Gilbert Peck, his chancellor,—

Buck. So, so ;
These are the limbs of the plot : no more, I hope.

Bran. A monk o'the Chartreux.

³⁰ i. e. *treachery* or unfair *stratagem*. This word has already been amply illustrated.

³¹ I am sorry that I am obliged to be present, and an eyewitness of your loss of liberty.

³² This was Henry Pole, grandson to George duke of Clarence, and eldest brother to Cardinal Pole. He had married Lord Abergavenny's daughter. Though restored to favour at this juncture, he was executed for another alleged treason in this reign.

³³ The name of this monk of the Chartreux was John de la Car, alias de la Court. See Holinshed, p. 863.

*Buck.*O, Nicholas Hopkins³⁴!*Bran.*

He.

Buck. My surveyor is false, the o'ergreat cardinal
 Hath show'd him gold: my life is spann'd³⁵ already:
 I am the shadow of poor Buckingham;
 Whose figure even this instant cloud puts out³⁶,
 By dark'ning my clear sun.—My lord, farewell.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *The Council Chamber.*

Cornets. Enter KING HENRY, CARDINAL WOLSEY, the Lords of the Council, SIR THOMAS LOVELL, Officers, and Attendants. The King enters, leaning on the Cardinal's shoulder.

K. Hen. My life itself, and the best heart of it,
 Thanks you for this great care: I stood i'the level¹
 Of a full charg'd confederacy, and give thanks
 To you that chok'd it.—Let be call'd before us
 That gentleman of Buckingham's: in person
 I'll hear him his confessions justify;

³⁴ Nicholas Hopkins, another monk of the same order, belonging to a religious house called Henton beside Bristow.

³⁵ i. e. *measured*, the duration of it determined. Man's life is said in scripture to be but a *span* long.

³⁶ The old copy reads 'this instant sun puts on.' I have adopted Dr. Johnson's proposed emendation, all attempts to make sense of the old reading having failed. Sir W. Blackstone approved this emendation, and thus explained the passage:—'I am but the shadow of poor Buckingham; and even the figure or outline of this shadow begins to fade away, being extinguished by this impending cloud, which darkens (or interposes between me and my) clear sun; that is the favour of my sovereign.'

¹ To stand in the *level* of a gun is to stand in a line with its mouth, so as to be hit by the shot:—

'Not a heart which in his *level* came
 Could scape the hail of his all hurting aim.'

Lover's Complaint.

And point by point the treasons of his master
He shall again relate.

The King takes his state. The Lords of the Council take their several places. The Cardinal places himself under the King's feet, on his right side.

A noise within, crying, Room for the Queen. Enter the Queen, ushered by the Dukes of NORFOLK and SUFFOLK: she kneels. The King riseth from his state, takes her up, kisses, and placeth her by him.

Q. Kath. Nay, we must longer kneel: I am a
suitor.

K. Hen. Arise, and take place by us:—Half
your suit

Never name to us; you have half our power:
The other moiety, ere you ask, is given;
Repeat your will, and take it.

Q. Kath. Thank your majesty.
That you would love yourself; and, in that love,
Not unconsider'd leave your honour, nor
The dignity of your office, is the point
Of my petition.

K. Hen. Lady mine, proceed.

Q. Kath. I am solicited, not by a few,
And those of true condition, that your subjects
Are in great grievance: there have been commissions
Sent down among them, which hath flaw'd the heart
Of all their loyalties:—wherein, although,
My good lord cardinal, they vent reproaches
Most bitterly on you, as putter on²
Of these exactions, yet the king our master
(Whose honour heaven shield from soil!) even he
escapes not

² i. e. promoter or instigator.

Language unmannerly, yea, such which breaks
The sides of loyalty, and almost appears
In loud rebellion.

Nor. Not almost appears,
It doth appear; for, upon these taxations,
The clothiers all, not able to maintain
The many to them 'longing, have put off
The spinsters, carders, fullers, weavers, who,
Unfit for other life, compell'd by hunger
And lack of other means, in desperate manner
Daring the event to the teeth, are all in uproar,
And Danger serves among them³.

K. Hen. Taxation!
Wherein? and what taxation?—My lord cardinal,
You that are blam'd for it alike with us,
Know you of this taxation?

Wol. Please you, sir,
I know but of a single part, in aught
Pertains to the state; and front but in that file⁴
Where others tell steps with me.

Q. Kath. No, my lord,
You know no more than others: but you frame
Things, that are known alike; which are not whole-
some

To those which would not know them, and yet must
Perforce be their acquaintance. These exactions,
Whereof my sovereign would have note, they are
Most pestilent to the hearing; and, to bear them,

³ Warburton is full of admiration at this sudden rising of the poet 'to a height truly sublime!' where by the noblest stretch of fancy Danger is personified as serving in the rebel army, and shaking the established government. Gower, Chaucer, Skelton, and Spenser have also personified Danger.

⁴ He means to say that he is but one among many counsellors, who proceed in the same course with him in the business of the state. To this the queen replies that he *frames things*, or they originate with him, which are afterward known to the council and promulgated by them.

The back is sacrifice to the load. They say,
They are devis'd by you; or else you suffer
Too hard an exclamation.

K. Hen.

Still exaction!

The nature of it? In what kind, let's know,
Is this exaction?

Q. Kath.

I am much too venturous
In tempting of your patience; but am bolden'd
Under your promis'd pardon. The subject's grief
Comes through commissions, which compel from each
The sixth part of his substance, to be levied
Without delay: and the pretence for this
Is nam'd, your wars in France: This makes bold
mouths:

Tongues spit their duties out, and cold hearts freeze
Allegiance in them; their curses now
Live where their prayers did; and it's come to pass,
That tractable obedience is a slave
To each incensed will⁵. I would, your highness
Would give it quick consideration, for
There is no primer business⁶.

K. Hen.

By my life,

This is against our pleasure.

Wol.

And for me,

I have no farther gone in this, than by
A single voice; and that not pass'd me, but
By learned approbation of the judges. If I am
Traduc'd by ignorant tongues, which neither know
My faculties, nor person, yet will be
The chronicles of my doing,—let me say,

⁵ The meaning (says Malone) appears to be, things are now in such a situation that resentment and indignation predominate in every man's breast over duty and allegiance.

⁶ The old copy reads 'There is no primer baseness.' Warburton made the alteration, which Steevens seems to think unnecessary, though he has retained it in his text.

'Tis but the fate of place, and the rough brake⁷
 That virtue must go through. We must not stint⁸
 Our necessary actions, in the fear
 To cope⁹ malicious censurers; which ever,
 As ravenous fishes, do a vessel follow
 That is new trimm'd; but benefit no further
 Than vainly longing. What we oft do best,
 By sick interpreters, once¹⁰ weak ones, is
 Not ours, or not allow'd¹¹; what worst, as oft,
 Hitting a grosser quality, is cried up
 For our best act. If we shall stand still,
 In fear our motion will be mock'd or carp'd at,
 We should take root here where we sit, or sit
 State statues only.

K. Hen. Things done well,
 And with a care, exempt themselves from fear;
 Things done without example, in their issue
 Are to be fear'd. Have you a precedent
 Of this commission? I believe, not any.
 We must not rend our subjects from our laws,
 And stick them in our will. Sixth part of each?
 A trembling contribution! Why, we take,
 From every tree, lop, bark, and part o' the timber;
 And, though we leave it with a root, thus hack'd,
 The air will drink the sap. To every county,
 Where this is question'd, send our letters, with

⁷ Thicket of thorns.

⁸ To *stint* is to *stop* or *retard*. Vide *Romeo and Juliet*, Act i. Sc. 3.

⁹ i. e. to engage with, to encounter. Thus in *As You Like It*:—

‘I love to cope him in these sullen fits.’

¹⁰ *Once* is not unfrequently used for *sometime*, or *at one time* or *other*. Thus Drayton in his *Thirteenth Idea*:—

‘This diamond shall *once* consume to dust.’

And in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*:—‘I pray thee *once* to-night give my sweet Nan this ring.’

¹¹ i. e. approved. Vide vol. i. p. 223.

Free pardon to each man that has denied
The force of this commission; Pray, look to't;
I put it to your care.

Vol.

A word with you.

[*To the Secretary.*

Let there be letters writ to every shire,
Of the king's grace and pardon. The griev'd commons
Hardly conceive of me; let it be nois'd,
That, through our intercession, this revokement
And pardon comes: I shall anon advise you
Further in the proceeding. [*Exit Secretary.*

*Enter Surveyor*¹².

Q. Kath. I am sorry, that the duke of Buckingham
Is run in your displeasure.

K. Hen.

It grieves many:

The gentleman is learn'd, and a most rare speaker¹³,
To nature none more bound; his training such,
That he may furnish and instruct great teachers,
And never seek for aid out of himself¹⁴.

Yet see

When these so noble benefits shall prove
Not well dispos'd¹⁵, the mind growing once corrupt,
They turn to vicious forms, ten times more ugly
Than ever they were fair. This man so cômplete,
Who was enroll'd 'mongst wonders, and when we,
Almost with ravish'd list'ning, could not find

¹² Holinshed says that this surveyor's name was Charles Knyvet.

¹³ It appears from the prologue to the Romance of the Knight of the Swanne, that it was translated from the French at the request of this unfortunate nobleman. Copland, the printer, says 'Helyas the Knight of the Swanne, from whom lineally is descended my said lord.' The duke was executed on Friday the 17th of May, 1521. The book has no date.

¹⁴ i. e. beyond the treasures of his own mind.

¹⁵ Great gifts of nature and education not joined with good dispositions.

His hour of speech a minute; he, my lady,
Hath into monstrous habits put the graces
That once were his, and is become as black
As if besmear'd in hell. Sit by us; you shall hear
(This was his gentleman in trust) of him
Things to strike honour sad.—Bid him recount
The fore-recited practices; whereof
We cannot feel too little, hear too much.

Wol. Stand forth; and with bold spirit relate what
you,

Most like a careful subject, have collected
Out of the Duke of Buckingham.

K. Hen. Speak freely.

Surv. First, it was usual with him, every day
It would infect his speech, That if the king
Should without issue die, he'd carry¹⁶ it so
To make the sceptre his: These very words
I have heard him utter to his son-in-law,
Lord Aberga'ny; to whom by oath he menac'd
Revenge upon the cardinal.

Wol. Please your highness, note
This dangerous conception in this point.
Not friended by his wish, to your high person
His will is most malignant; and it stretches
Beyond you, to your friends.

Q. Kath. My learn'd lord cardinal,
Deliver all with charity.

K. Hen. Speak on:
How grounded he his title to the crown,
Upon our fail? to this point hast thou heard him
At any time speak aught?

Surv. He was brought to this
By a vain prophecy of Nicholas Hopkins.

K. Hen. What was that Hopkins?

¹⁶ Conduct, manage.

Surv.

Sir, a Chartreux friar,

His confessor; who fed him every minute

With words of sovereignty.

K. Hen.

How know'st thou this?

Surv. Not long before your highness sped to
France,The duke being at the Rose¹⁷, within the parish

Saint Lawrence Poultney, did of me demand

What was the speech amongst the Londoners

Concerning the French journey: I replied,

Men fear'd, the French would prove perfidious,

To the king's danger. Presently the duke

Said, 'Twas the fear indeed; and that he doubted,

'Twould prove the verity of certain words

Spoke by a holy monk: *That oft*, says he,*Hath sent to me, wishing me to permit**John de la Court, my chaplain, a choice hour**To hear from him a matter of some moment:**Whom after under the confession's seal¹⁸**He solemnly had sworn, that, what he spoke,**My chaplain to no creature living, but**To me, should utter, with demure confidence**This pausingly ensued,—Neither the king, nor his
heirs**(Tell you the duke), shall prosper: bid him strive**To gain the love of the commonalty; the duke**Shall govern England.**Q. Kath.*

If I know you well,

You were the duke's surveyor, and lost your office

On the complaint o'the tenants: Take good heed,

¹⁷ This house was purchased about the year 1561, by Richard Hill, sometime master of the merchant tailors' company, and is now the merchant tailors' school, in Suffolk Lane.

¹⁸ The old copy has 'commission's seal.' The emendation is Theobald's, and is warranted as well by the context as by a passage in Holinshed.

You charge not in your spleen a noble person,
And spoil your nobler soul! I say, take heed;
Yes, heartily beseech you.

K. Hen.

Let him on:—

Go forward.

Surv. On my soul, I'll speak but truth.
I told my lord the duke, By the devil's illusions
The monk might be deceiv'd; and that 'twas dang'rous
for him

To ruminate on this so far, until
It forg'd him some design, which, being believ'd,
It was much like to do: He answer'd, *Tush!*
It can do me no damage: adding further,
That, had the king in his last sickness fail'd,
The cardinal's and Sir Thomas Lovell's heads
Should have gone off.

K. Hen. Ha! what, so rank¹⁹? Ah, ha!
There's mischief in this man:—Canst thou say
further? ¹

Surv. I can, my liege.

K. Hen.

Proceed.

Surv. Being at Greenwich,
After your highness had reprov'd the duke
About Sir William Blomer²⁰,—

K. Hen.

I remember,

Of such a time:—Being my servant sworn,
The duke retain'd him his.——But on; What hence?

Surv. *If, quoth he, I for this had been committed,
As, to the Tower, I thought,—I would have play'd
The part my father meant to act upon*

¹⁹ *Rank* weeds are weeds grown up to great height and strength. 'What (says the king), was he advanced to this pitch?'

²⁰ Sir William Blomer (Holinshed calls him *Bulmer*) was reprimanded by the king in the Star Chamber, for that, being his sworn servant, he had left the king's service for the duke of Buckingham's.

*The usurper Richard: who, being at Salisbury,
Made suit to come in his presence; which if granted,
As he made semblance of his duty, would
Have put his knife into him*²¹.

K. Hen.

A giant traitor!

Wol. Now, madam, may his highness live in
freedom,

And this man out of prison?

Q. Kath.

God mend all!

K. Hen. There's something more would out of
thee; What say'st?

Surv. After—the duke his father,—with the
knife,—

He stretch'd him, and, with one hand on his dagger,
Another spread on his breast, mounting his eyes,
He did discharge a horrible oath; whose tenour
Was,—Were he evil us'd, he would outgo
His father, by as much as a performance
Does an irresolute purpose.

K. Hen.

There's his period,

To sheath his knife in us. He is attach'd;

Call him to present trial: if he may

Find mercy in the law, 'tis his; if none,

Let him not seek't of us: By day and night²²,

He's traitor to the height.

[*Exeunt.*]

²¹ The accuracy of Holinshed, from whom Shakspeare took his account of the accusations and punishment, together with the qualities of the duke of Buckingham, is proved in the most authentic manner by a very curious report of his case in East. Term. 13 Hen. VIII. in the year books published by authority, edit. 1597, f. 11, 12.

²² Steevens takes unnecessary pains to explain this phrase. I wonder he could doubt that it was an adjuration. Horatio, in Hamlet, Act i. Sc. 5, says:—

'O day and night, but this is wond'rous strange.'

SCENE III. *A Room in the Palace.*

*Enter the Lord Chamberlain, and LORD SANDS*¹.

Cham. Is it possible, the spells of France should
juggle
Men into such strange mysteries²?

Sands. New customs,
Though they be never so ridiculous,
Nay, let them be unmanly, yet are follow'd.

Cham. As far as I see, all the good our English
Have got by the late voyage, is but merely
A fit or two o' the face³; but they are shrewd ones;
For when they hold them, you would swear directly,
Their very noses had been counsellors
To Pepin, or Clotharius, they keep state so.

Sands. They have all new legs, and lame ones;
one would take it,
That never saw them pace before, the spavin,
A springhalt⁴ reign'd among them.

¹ Shakspeare has placed this scene in 1521. Charles earl of Worcester was then lord chamberlain, and continued in the office until his death, in 1526. But Cavendish, from whom this was originally taken, places this event at a later period, when Lord Sands himself was chamberlain. Sir William Sands, of the Vine, near Basingstoke, Hants, was created a peer in 1524. He succeeded the earl of Worcester as chamberlain.

² *Mysteries* are *arts*, and here *artificial* fashions.

³ A fit of the face seems to be a *grimace*, an artificial cast of the countenance. Fletcher has more plainly expressed the same thought in *The Elder Brother*:—

‘ — learn new tongues —

To vary his face as seamen do their compass.’

⁴ The *springhalt* or *stringhalt* is a disease incident to horses, which makes them limp in their paces. It is a humorous comparison of the mincing gait of the Frenchified courtiers to this convulsive motion. Ben Jonson, in his *Bartholomew Fair*, uses it:—

‘ Poor soul, she has had a *stringhalt*.’

Cham.

Death! my lord,

Their clothes are after such a pagan cut too,
That, sure, they have worn out christendom. How
now?

What news, Sir Thomas Lovell?

Enter SIR THOMAS LOVELL.

Lov.

'Faith, my lord,

I hear of none, but the new proclamation
That's clapp'd upon the court gate.

Cham.

What is't for?

Lov. The reformation of our travell'd gallants,
That fill the court with quarrels, talk, and tailors.

Cham. I am glad, 'tis there: now I would pray
our monsieurs

To think an English courtier may be wise,
And never see the Louvre.

Lov.

They must either

(For so run the conditions) leave these remnants
Of fool, and feather⁵, that they got in France,
With all their honourable points of ignorance,
Pertaining thereunto (as fights, and fireworks;

⁵ The text may receive illustration from Nashe's *Life of Jacke Wilton*, 1594:—'At that time (viz. in the court of King Henry VIII.) I was no common squire, no undertrodden torchbearer, *I had my feather in my cap as big as a flag in the foretop*, my French doublet gelte in the belly, as though (lyke a pig readie to be spitted) all my guts had beene pluckt out, a paire of side paned hose that hung down like two scales filled with Holland cheeses, my *long stock* that sate close to my dook,—my rapier pendant, like a round sticke, &c. my blacke cloake of cloth, overspreading my backe lyke a thornbacke or an elephant's eare; and in consummation of my curiositie, my handes without gloves, *all a more French*,' &c. Mr. Douce justly observes that Sir Thomas Lovell's is an allusion to the feathers which were formerly worn by fools in their caps, as may be seen in a print of Jordan's after Voert; and which is alluded to in the *Ballad of News and no News*:—

'And feathers wagging in a fool's cap.'

Abusing better men than they can be,
Out of a foreign wisdom), renouncing clean
The faith they have in tennis, and tall stockings,
Short blister'd breeches⁶, and those types of travel,
And understand again like honest men;
Or pack to their old playfellows: there, I take it,
They may, *cum privilegio*, wear away
The lag end of their lewdness, and be laugh'd at.

Sands. 'Tis time to give them physick, their diseases

Are grown so catching.

Cham. What a loss our ladies
Will have of these trim vanities!

Lov. Ay, marry,
There will be woe indeed, lords; the sly whoresons
Have got a speeding trick to lay down ladies;
A French song, and a fiddle, has no fellow.

Sands. The devil fiddle them! I am glad, they're
going
(For, sure, there's no converting of them): now
An honest country lord, as I am, beaten
A long time out of play, may bring his plain song,
And have an hour of hearing; and, by'r lady,
Held⁷ current musick too.

Cham. Well said, Lord Sands:
Your colt's tooth is not cast yet.

Sands. No, my lord;
Nor shall not, while I have a stump.

Cham. Sir Thomas,
Whither were you a going?

Lov. To the cardinal's;
Your lordship is a guest too.

Cham. O, 'tis true:

⁶ i. e. breeches puffed or swelled out like blisters.

⁷ The late edition by Mr. Boswell reads *hold*, noticing that *held* is the reading of the first folio.

This night he makes a supper, and a great one,
To many lords and ladies; there will be
The beauty of this kingdom, I'll assure you.

Loc. That churchman bears a bounteous mind indeed,

A hand as fruitful as the land that feeds us;
His dews fall every where.

Cham. No doubt, he's noble;
He had a black mouth, that said other of him.

Sands. He may, my lord, he has wherewithal;
in him,
Sparing would show a worse sin than ill doctrine:
Men of his way should be most liberal,
They are set here for examples.

Cham. True, they are so:
But few now give so great ones. My barge stays⁸;
Your lordship shall along:—Come, good Sir Thomas,
We shall be late else: which I would not be,
For I was spoke to, with Sir Henry Guildford,
This night to be comptrollers.

Sands. I am your lordship's.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

The Presence Chamber in York Place.

Hautboys. A small table under a state for the Cardinal, a longer table for the guests. Enter at one door ANNE BULLEN, and divers Lords, Ladies, and Gentlewomen, as guests; at another door, enter SIR HENRY GUILDFORD.

Guild. Ladies, a general welcome from his grace
Salutes ye all: This night he dedicates
To fair content, and you: none here, he hopes,

⁸ The speaker is now in the king's palace at *Bridewell*, from whence he is proceeding by water to York Place (Cardinal Wolsey's house), now Whitehall.

In all this noble bevy¹, has brought with her
One care abroad: he would have all as merry
As first-good company, good wine, good welcome,
Can make good people.—O, my lord, you are
tardy;

*Enter Lord Chamberlain, LORD SANDS, and SIR
THOMAS LOVELL.*

The very thought of this fair company
Clapp'd wings to me.

Cham. You are young, Sir Harry Guildford.

Sands. Sir Thomas Lovell, had the cardinal
But half my lay-thoughts in him, some of these
Should find a running banquet ere they rested,
I think, would better please them: By my life,
They are a sweet society of fair ones.

Lov. O, that your lordship were but now confessor
To one or two of these!

Sands. I would, I were;
They should find easy penance.

Lov. 'Faith, how easy?

Sands. As easy as a down bed would afford it.

Cham. Sweet ladies, will it please you sit? Sir
Harry,

Place you that side, I'll take the charge of this:
His grace is ent'ring.—Nay, you must not freeze;
Two women plac'd together makes cold weather:—
My Lord Sands, you are one will keep them waking;
Pray, sit between these ladies.

¹ A *bevy* is a company. In the curious catalogue of 'The companies of bestys and foules' in the Book of St. Albans, it is said to be the proper term for a company of ladies, of roes, and of quails. Johnson derives it from the Italian, I suspect upon no better authority than finding it in Florio translated *beva*. Its origin is yet to seek. Spenser has 'a *bevy* of ladies bright,' in his Shepherd's Calender, 'a lovely *bevy* of faire ladies' in his Faerie Queene, and Milton has 'a *bevy* of fair dames.'

Sands.

By my faith,

And thank your lordship.—By your leave, sweet ladies :

[*Sits himself between ANNE BULLEN and another Lady.*

If I chance to talk a little wild, forgive me ;
I had it from my father.

Anne.

Was he mad, sir ?

Sands. O, very mad, exceeding mad, in love too :
But he would bite none ; just as I do now,
He would kiss you twenty with a breath.

[*Kisses her.*

Cham.

Well said, my lord.—

So, now you are fairly seated :—Gentlemen,
The penance lies on you, if these fair ladies
Pass away frowning.

Sands.

For my little cure,

Let me alone.

Hautboys. *Enter* CARDINAL WOLSEY, *attended ;*
and takes his state.

Wol. You are welcome, my fair guests ; that
noble lady,

Or gentleman, that is not freely merry,

Is not my friend : This, to confirm my welcome ;

And to you all good health.

[*Drinks.*

Sands.

Your grace is noble ;—

Let me have such a bowl may hold my thanks,

And save me so much talking.

Wol.

My Lord Sands,

I am beholden to you : cheer your neighbours.—

Ladies, you are not merry ;—Gentlemen,

Whose fault is this ?

Sands.

The red wine first must rise

In their fair cheeks, my lord ; then we shall have them

Talk us to silence.

Anne. You are a merry gamester, my Lord Sands.

Sands. Yes, if I make my play².—

Here's to your ladyship : and pledge it, madam,
For 'tis to such a thing,—

Anne. You cannot show me.

Sands. I told your grace, they would talk anon.

[*Drum and trumpets within: Chambers³*
discharged.

Wol.

What's that?

Cham. Look out there, some of you.

[*Exit a Servant.*

Wol.

What warlike voice?

And to what end is this?—Nay, ladies, fear not;
By all the laws of war you are privileg'd.

Re-enter Servant.

Cham. How now? what is't?

Serv.

A noble troop of strangers;
For so they seem: they have left their barge, and
landed:

And hither make, as great ambassadors
From foreign princes.

Wol.

Good lord chamberlain,

² i. e. if I may choose my game.

³ *Chambers* are short pieces of ordnance, standing almost erect upon their breechings, chiefly used upon festive occasions, being so contrived as to carry great charges, and make a loud report. They had their name from being little more than mere *chambers* to lodge powder; that being the technical name for that cavity in a gun which contains the powder or combustible matter. Cavendish, describing this scene as it really occurred, says that against the king's coming 'were laid charged many *chambers*, and at his landing they were all shot off, which made such a rumble in the air that it was like thunder.' So in a *New Trick to Cheat the Devil*, 1636:—

' — I still think o' the Tower ordnance,
Or of the peal of *chambers*, that's still fired
When my lord mayor takes his barge.'

Go, give them welcome, you can speak the French tongue;

And, pray, receive them nobly, and conduct them
Into our presence, where this heaven of beauty
Shall shine at full upon them:—Some attend him.—

[*Exit Chamberlain, attended. All arise,
and Tables removed.*]

You have now a broken banquet; but we'll mend it.
A good digestion to you all: and, once more,
I shower a welcome on you;—Welcome all.

Hautboys. Enter the King, and twelve Others, as Maskers, habited like Shepherds, with sixteen Torchbearers: ushered by the Lord Chamberlain. They pass directly before the Cardinal, and gracefully salute him.

A noble company! what are their pleasures?

Cham. Because they speak no English, thus they pray'd

To tell your grace;—That, having heard by fame
Of this so noble and so fair assembly
This night to meet here, they could do no less,
Out of the great respect they bear to beauty,
But leave their flocks; and under your fair conduct,
Crave leave to view these ladies, and entreat
An hour of revels with them.

Wol.

Say, lord chamberlain,
They have done my poor house grace; for which I
pay them

A thousand thanks, and pray them take their pleasures.

[*Ladies chosen for the dance. The King chooses
ANNE BULLEN.*]

K. Hen. The fairest hand I ever touch'd! O,
beauty,

Till now I never knew thee. [*Musick. Dance.*]

Wol. My lord,——

Cham. Your grace?

Wol. Pray, tell them thus much from me:
There should be one amongst them, by his person,
More worthy this place than myself; to whom,
If I but knew him, with my love and duty
I would surrender it.

Cham. I will, my lord.

[*Cham. goes to the company, and returns.*]

Wol. What say they?

Cham. Such a one, they all confess,
There is, indeed; which they would have your grace
Find out, and he will take it.

Wol. Let me see then.—

[*Comes from his state.*]

By all your good leaves, gentlemen;—Here I'll make
My royal choice.

K. Hen. You have found him, cardinal⁴:
[*Unmasking.*]

You hold a fair assembly; you do well, lord:
You are a churchman, or, I'll tell you, cardinal,
I should judge now unhappily⁵.

Wol. I am glad,

Your grace is grown so pleasant.

K. Hen. My lord chamberlain,
Pr'ythee, come hither: What fair lady's that?

⁴ Cavendish, from whom Stowe and Holinshed copied their account, says that the cardinal pitched upon 'Sir Edward Neville, a comely knight of a goodly personage, that much more resembled the king's person in that mask than any other,' upon which 'the king plucked down his visor and Master Neville's also, and dashed out with such a pleasant cheer and countenance, that all noble estates there assembled, seeing the king to be there amongst them, rejoiced very much.'

⁵ i. e. waggishly, mischievously. Thus in *Andromana*, Dodsley's *Old Plays*, vol. xi. p. 49:—

'Answer me not in words, but deeds,
I know you always talk'd *unhappily*.'

Cham. An't please your grace, Sir Thomas Bullen's daughter,

The Viscount Rochford, one of her highness' women.

K. Hen. By heaven, she is a dainty one.—Sweet-heart,

I were unmannerly, to take you out,
And not to kiss you⁶.—A health, gentlemen,
Let it go round.

Wol. Sir Thomas Lovell, is the banquet ready
I' the privy chamber?

Lov. Yes, my lord.

Wol. Your grace,
I fear, with dancing is a little heated⁷.

K. Hen. I fear, too much.

Wol. There's fresher air, my lord,
In the next chamber.

⁶ A kiss was anciently the established fee of a lady's partner. Thus in A Dialogue between Custom and Veritie, concerning the Use and Abuse of Dauncing and Minstrelsie, blk. l. printed by John Alde, no date:—

' But some reply, what foole would daunce

If that when daunce is doon

He may not have at ladyes lips

That which in daunce he wooon.'

The custom is still prevalent among country people in many parts of the kingdom.

⁷ According to Cavendish, the king, on discovering himself, being desired by Wolsey to take his place under the state or seat of honour, said 'that he would go first and shift his apparel, and so departed, and went straight into my lord's bedchamber, where a great fire was made and prepared for him, and there new apparelled him with rich and princely garments. And in the time of the king's absence the dishes of the banquet were cleane taken up, and the tables spread with new and sweet perfumed cloths.—Then the king took his seat under the cloth of estate, commanding no man to remove, but set still as they did before. Then in came a new banquet before the king's majesty, and to all the rest through the tables, wherein, I suppose were served two hundred dishes or above. Thus passed they forth the whole night with banquetting,' &c.

K. Hen. Lead in your ladies, every one. — Sweet partner,
 I must not yet forsake you. — Let's be merry ; —
 Good my lord cardinal, I have half a dozen healths
 To drink to these fair ladies, and a measure
 To lead them once again; and then let's dream
 Who's best in favour. — Let the musick knock it⁸.
[Exeunt, with trumpets.

ACT II.

SCENE I. A Street.

Enter two Gentlemen, meeting.

1 *Gent.* Whither away so fast?

2 *Gent.* O, — God save you!
 Even to the hall to hear what shall become
 Of the great duke of Buckingham.

1 *Gent.* I'll save you
 That labour, sir. All's now done, but the ceremony
 Of bringing back the prisoner.

2 *Gent.* Were you there?

1 *Gent.* Yes, indeed, was I.

2 *Gent.* Pray, speak, what has happen'd?

1 *Gent.* You may guess quickly what.

2 *Gent.* Is he found guilty?

1 *Gent.* Yes, truly is he, and condemn'd upon it.

2 *Gent.* I am sorry for't.

1 *Gent.* So are a number more.

⁸ Thus in Antonio and Mellida:—

Fla. Faith the song will seem to come off hardly.

Catz. Troth, not a whit, if you seem to come off quickly.

Fla. Pert Catzo, knock it then.'

2 *Gent.* But, pray, how pass'd it?

1 *Gent.* I'll tell you in a little. The great duke
Came to the bar; where, to his accusations,
He pleaded still, not guilty, and alleg'd
Many sharp reasons to defeat the law.
The king's attorney, on the contrary,
Urg'd on the examinations, proofs, confessions
Of divers witnesses; which the duke desir'd
To have brought, *vivâ voce*, to his face:
At which appear'd against him, his surveyor;
Sir Gilbert Peck his chancellor; and John Court,
Confessor to him; with that devil-monk,
Hopkins, that made this mischief.

2 *Gent.* That was he,
That fed him with his prophecies?

1 *Gent.* The same.
All these accus'd him strongly; which he fain
Would have flung from him, but, indeed, he could not:
And so his peers, upon this evidence,
Have found him guilty of high treason. Much
He spoke, and learnedly, for life: but all
Was either pitied in him, or forgotten¹,

2 *Gent.* After all this, how did he bear himself?

1 *Gent.* When he was brought again to the bar,—
to hear

His knell rung out, his judgment,—he was stirr'd
With such an agony, he sweat extremely,
And something spoke in choler, ill, and hasty:
But he fell to himself again, and, sweetly,
In all the rest show'd a most noble patience.

2 *Gent.* I do not think, he fears death.

1 *Gent.* Sure, he does not,
He never was so womanish; the cause
He may a little grieve at.

¹ Either produced no effect, or produced only ineffectual pity.

2 *Gent.* Certainly,
The cardinal is the end of this.

1 *Gent.* 'Tis likely,
By all conjectures : First, Kildare's attainder,
Then deputy of Ireland ; who remov'd,
Earl Surrey was sent thither, and in haste too,
Lest he should help his father.

2 *Gent.* That trick of state
Was a deep envious one.

1 *Gent.* At his return,
No doubt, he will requite it. This is noted,
And generally : whoever the king favours,
The cardinal instantly will find employment,
And far enough from court too.

2 *Gent.* All the commons
Hate him perniciously, and, o' my conscience,
Wish him ten fathom deep : this duke as much
They love and dote on ; call him, bounteous Buck-
ingham,
The mirror of all courtesy² ;—

1 *Gent.* Stay there, sir,
And see the noble ruin'd man you speak of.

*Enter BUCKINGHAM from his arraignment ; Tip-
staves before him, the axe with the edge towards
him ; halberds on each side : with him, SIR THO-
MAS LOVELL, SIR NICHOLAS VAUX, SIR
WILLIAM SANDS³, and common People.*

2 *Gent.* Let's stand close, and behold him.

Buck. All good people,
You that thus far have come to pity me,

² The report in the Old Year Book, referred to above, thus describes him :—' Car il fut très noble prince et prudent, et *mirror de tout courtesie.*'

³ The old copy reads ' Sir Walter.' The correction is justified by Holinshed. Sir William Sands was at this time (May, 1521) only a knight, not being created Lord Sands till April 27, 1527.

Hear what I say, and then go home and lose me.
I have this day receiv'd a traitor's judgment,
And by that name must die; Yet, heaven bear
witness,

And, if I have a conscience, let it sink me,
Even as the axe falls, if I be not faithful!
The law I bear no malice for my death,
It has done, upon the premises, but justice:
But those, that sought it, I could wish more christians:
Be what they will, I heartily forgive them:
Yet let them look they glory not in mischief,
Nor build their evils⁴ on the graves of great men;
For then my guiltless blood must cry against them.
For further life in this world I ne'er hope,
Nor will I sue, although the king have mercies
More than I dare make faults. You few that lov'd me,
And dare be bold to weep for Buckingham,
His noble friends, and fellows, whom to leave
Is only bitter to him, only dying,
Go with me, like good angels, to my end;
And, as the long divorce⁵ of steel falls on me,
Make of your prayers one sweet sacrifice,
And lift my soul to heaven⁶.—Lead on, o'God's name.

Shakspeare probably did not know that he was the same person whom he has already introduced with that title. The error arose by placing the king's visit to Wolsey (at which time Sir William was Lord Sands) and Buckingham's condemnation in the same year; whereas the visit was made some years afterwards.

⁴ *Evils* are *forciæ*. So in *Measure for Measure*, Act ii. Sc. 2:—

‘—— having waste ground enough,
Shall we desire to raze the sanctuary,
And pitch our *evils* there?’

⁵ Thus in Lord Sterline's *Darius*:—

‘Scarce was the *lasting* last *divorcement* made
Betwixt the bodie and the soule.’

⁶ Johnson observes with great truth, that these lines are remarkably tender and pathetic.

Lov. I do beseech your grace, for charity,
If ever any malice in your heart
Were hid against me, now to forgive me frankly.

Buck. Sir Thomas Lovell, I as free forgive you,
As I would be forgiven: I forgive all;
There cannot be those numberless offences
'Gainst me, I can't take peace with: no black envy
Shall make⁷ my grave.—Commend me to his grace;
And, if he speak of Buckingham, pray, tell him
You met him half in heaven: my vows and prayers
Yet are the king's; and, till my soul forsake me,
Shall cry for blessings on him: May he live
Longer than I have time to tell his years!
Ever belov'd, and loving, may his rule be!
And, when old time shall lead him to his end,
Goodness and he fill up one monument!

Lov. To the water side I must conduct your grace;
Then give my charge up to Sir Nicholas Vaux,
Who undertakes you to your end.

Vaux. Prepare there,
The duke is coming: see, the barge be ready;
And fit it with such furniture, as suits
The greatness of his person.

Buck. Nay, Sir Nicholas,
Let it alone; my state now will but mock me.
When I came hither, I was lord high constable,
And duke of Buckingham; now, poor Edward Bo-
hun⁸:

⁷ Shakspeare, by this expression, probably meant to make the duke say, No action expressive of malice shall close my life. *Envy* is elsewhere used by Shakspeare for *malice* or *hatred*. Unless with Warburton we read 'mark my grave;' a very plausible emendation of an error easily made; and which has indeed happened in an instance in King Henry V. Act ii. Sc. 2, where the old copy erroneously reads:—

'To make the full fraught man, and best endued
With some suspicion.'

⁸ The name of the duke of Buckingham most generally known

Yet I am richer than my base accusers,
That never knew what truth meant: I now seal it⁹;
And with that blood will make them one day groan
for't.

My noble father, Henry of Buckingham,
Who first rais'd head against usurping Richard,
Flying for succour to his servant Banister,
Being distress'd, was by that wretch betray'd,
And without trial fell; God's peace be with him!
Henry the Seventh, succeeding, truly pitying
My father's loss, like a most royal prince,
Restor'd me to my honours, and, out of ruins,
Made my name once more noble. Now his son,
Henry the Eighth, life, honour, name, and all
That made me happy, at one stroke has taken
For ever from the world. I had my trial,
And, must needs say, a noble one; which makes me
A little happier than my wretched father:
Yet thus far we are one in fortunes,—Both
Fell by our servants, by those men we lov'd most;
A most unnatural and faithless service!
Heaven has an end in all: Yet, you that hear me,
This from a dying man receive as certain:
Where you are liberal of your loves, and counsels,
Be sure, you be not loose¹⁰; for those you make
friends,
And give your hearts to, when they once perceive
The least rub in your fortunes, fall away
Like water from ye, never found again

was *Stafford*; it is said that he affected the surname of *Bohun*, because he was lord high constable of England by inheritance of tenure from the Bohuns. Shakspeare follows Holinshed.

⁹ I now seal my truth, my loyalty with blood, which blood shall one day make them groan.

¹⁰ This expression occurs again in *Othello*:—

'There are a kind of men so loose of soul
That in their sleeps will mutter their affairs.'

But where they mean to sink ye. All good people,
Pray for me! I must now forsake ye; the last hour
Of my long weary life is come upon me.

Farewell:

And when you would say something that is sad ¹¹,
Speak how I fell.—I have done; and God forgive me!

[*Exeunt BUCKINGHAM and Train.*]

1 *Gent.* O, this is full of pity!—Sir, it calls,
I fear, too many curses on their heads,
That were the authors.

2 *Gent.* If the duke be guiltless,
'Tis full of woe: yet I can give you inkling
Of an ensuing evil, if it fall,
Greater than this.

1 *Gent.* Good angels keep it from us!
Where may it be? You do not doubt my faith, sir?

2 *Gent.* This secret is so weighty, 'twill require
A strong faith ¹² to conceal it.

1 *Gent.* Let me have it;
I do not talk much.

2 *Gent.* I am confident:
You shall, sir: Did you not of late days hear
A buzzing, of a separation
Between the king and Katharine?

1 *Gent.* Yes, but it held ¹³ not:
For when the king once heard it, out of anger
He sent command to the lord mayor, straight
To stop the rumour, and allay those tongues
That durst disperse it.

¹¹ Thus also in King Richard II.:—

'Tell thou the lamentable tale of me,
And send the hearers weeping to their beds.'

¹² Great fidelity.

¹³ Steevens erroneously explains this passage, saying to *hold* is to *believe*: 'it held not' here rather means 'it did not *sustain* itself,' the rumour did not *prove true*. So in King Richard III. Act ii. Sc. 2:—

'Doth the news *hold* of good King Edward's death?'

2 *Gent.* But that slander, sir,
Is found a truth now; for it grows again
Fresher than e'er it was; and held for certain,
The king will venture at it. Either the cardinal,
Or some about him near, have, out of malice,
To the good queen possess'd him with a scruple
That will undo her: To confirm this too,
Cardinal Campeius is arriv'd, and lately;
As all think, for this business.

1 *Gent.* 'Tis the cardinal;
And merely to revenge him on the emperor,
For not bestowing on him, at his asking,
The archbishoprick of Toledo, this is purpos'd.

2 *Gent.* I think, you have hit the mark: But is't
not cruel,
That she should feel the smart of this? The cardinal
Will have his will, and she must fall.

1 *Gent.* 'Tis woful.
We are too open here to argue this;
Let's think in private more. [Exeunt.

SCENE II. *An Antechamber in the Palace.*

Enter the Lord Chamberlain, reading a Letter.

Cham. *My lord,—The horses your lordship sent for, with all the care I had, I saw well chosen, ridden, and furnished. They were young, and handsome; and of the best breed in the north. When they were ready to set out for London, a man of my lord cardinal's, by commission, and main power, took 'em from me; with this reason,—His master would be served before a subject, if not before the king: which stopped our mouths, sir.*

I fear, he will, indeed: Well, let him have them:
He will have all, I think.

Enter the Dukes of NORFOLK and SUFFOLK.

Nor. Well met, my good lord chamberlain.

Cham. Good day to both your graces.

Suf. How is the king employ'd?

Cham. I left him private,
Full of sad thoughts and troubles.

Nor. What's the cause?

Cham. It seems, the marriage with his brother's wife
Has crept too near his conscience.

Suf. No, his conscience
Has crept too near another lady.

Nor. 'Tis so;
This is the cardinal's doing, the king-cardinal:
That blind priest, like the eldest son of fortune,
Turns what he list. The king will know him one day.

Suf. Pray God, he do! he'll never know himself
else.

Nor. How holily he works in all his business!
And with what zeal! For, now he has crack'd the
league

Between us and the emperor, the queen's great
nephew,

He dives into the king's soul; and there scatters
Dangers, doubts, wringing of the conscience,
Fears, and despairs, and all these for his marriage:
And, out of all these to restore the king,
He counsels a divorce; a loss of her,
That, like a jewel¹, has hung twenty years
About his neck, yet never lost her lustre;
Of her, that loves him with that excellence
That angels love good men with; even of her
That, when the greatest stroke of fortune falls,
Will bless the king: And is not this course pious?

¹ See *The Winter's Tale*, Act. ii. Sc. 2, p. 20, note 43.

Cham. Heaven keep me from such counsel ! 'Tis
most true,

These news are every where; every tongue speaks
them,

And every true heart weeps for't: All, that dare
Look into these affairs, see this main end,—

The French king's sister²: Heaven will one day open
The king's eyes, that so long have slept upon
This bold bad man.

Suf. And free us from his slavery.

Nor. We had need pray,

And heartily, for our deliverance ;

Or this imperious man will work us all

From princes into pages : all men's honours

Lie in one lump before him, to be fashion'd

Into what pitch he please³.

Suf. For me, my lords,

I love him not, nor fear him; there's my creed :

As I am made without him, so I'll stand,

If the king please; his curses and his blessings

Touch me alike, they are breath I not believe in.

I knew him, and I know him; so I leave him

To him, that made him proud, the pope.

Nor. Let's in;

And, with some other business, put the king

From these sad thoughts, that work too much upon
him:—

My lord, you'll bear us company?

Cham. Excuse me;

The king hath sent me other-where: besides,

² It was the main *end* or *object* of Wolsey to bring about a marriage between Henry and the French king's sister, the duchess of Alençon.

³ The meaning is, that the cardinal can, as he pleases, make high or low.

You'll find a most unfit time to disturb him :
Health to your lordships.

Nor. Thanks, my good lord chamberlain.
[Exit Lord Chamberlain.]

NORFOLK opens a folding door. The King is discovered sitting, and reading pensively⁴.

Suf. How sad he looks ! sure, he is much afflicted.

K. Hen. Who is there ? ha ?

Nor. 'Pray God, he be not angry.

K. Hen. Who's there, I say ? How dare you
thrust yourselves

Into my private meditations ?

Who am I ? ha ?

Nor. A gracious king, that pardons all offences
Malice ne'er meant ; our breach of duty, this way,
Is business of estate ; in which, we come
To know your royal pleasure.

K. Hen. You are too bold ;
Go to ; I'll make ye know your times of business :
Is this an hour for temporal affairs ? ha ?—

⁴ The stage direction in the old copy is singular—'Exit Lord Chamberlain, and the King draws the curtain and sits reading pensively.'—This was calculated for the state of the theatre in Shakspeare's time. When a person was to be discovered in a different apartment from that in which the original speakers in the scene are exhibited, the artless mode of that time was, to place such person in the back part of the stage, behind the curtains which were occasionally suspended across it. These the person who was to be discovered (as Henry in the present case), drew back just at the proper time. Norfolk has just said 'Let's in ;' and therefore should himself do some act in order to visit the king. This indeed, in the simple state of the old stage, was not attended to ; the king very civilly discovering himself. See Malone's account of the Old Theatres in Mr. Boswell's edition, vol. ii.

Enter WOLSEY and CAMPEIUS.

Who's there? my good lord cardinal?—O, my
Wolsey,

The quiet of my wounded conscience,
Thou art a cure fit for a king.—You're welcome,
[*To CAMPEIUS.*

Most learned reverend sir, into our kingdom;
Use us, and it:—My good lord, have great care
I be not found a talker⁵. [*To WOLSEY.*

Wol. Sir, you cannot.

I would, your grace would give us but an hour
Of private conference.

K. Hen. We are busy; go.
[*To NORFOLK and SUFFOLK.*

Nor. This priest has no pride in him?

Suf. Not to speak of;

I would not be so sick though⁶, for his
place:

But this cannot continue.

Nor. If it do,

I'll venture one have at him⁷.

Suf. I another.

[*Exeunt NORFOLK and SUFFOLK.*

⁵ The meaning appears to be, 'Let care be taken that my promise be performed, that my professions of welcome be not found empty talk.' Thus in King Richard III. :—

' ——— we will not stand to prate,
'Talkers are no great doers.'

⁶ i. e. so sick as he is proud.

⁷ Steevens reads 'one *heave* at him;' but surely without necessity. To *have* at any thing or person meant to *attack* it, in ancient phraseology. Surrey afterwards says :—

' ——— *have* at you,
First that without the king,' &c.

The phrase is derived (like many other old popular phrases) from gaming: 'to *have* at all' was to throw for all that was staked on the board, adventuring on the *cast* an equal stake.

Wol. Your grace has given a precedent of wisdom
Above all princes, in committing freely
Your scruple to the voice of Christendom:
Who can be angry now? what envy reach you?
The Spaniard, tied by blood and favour to her,
Must now confess, if they have any goodness,
The trial just and noble. All the clerks,
I mean, the learned ones, in Christian kingdoms,
Have their free voices; Rome, the nurse of judgment,

Invited by your noble self, hath sent
One general tongue unto us, this good man,
This just and learned priest, Cardinal Campeius;
Whom, once more, I present unto your highness.

K. Hen. And, once more, in mine arms I bid
him welcome,
And thank the holy conclave for their loves;
They have sent me such a man I would have wish'd
for.

Cam. Your grace must needs deserve all strangers'
loves,
You are so noble: To your highness' hand
I tender my commission; by whose virtue,
(The court of Rome commanding),—you, my lord
Cardinal of York, are join'd with me their servant,
In the impartial judging of this business.

K. Hen. Two equal men. The queen shall be
acquainted
Forthwith, for what you come:—Where's Gardiner?

Wol. I know, your majesty has always lov'd her
So dear in heart, not to deny her that
A woman of less place might ask by law,
Scholars, allow'd freely to argue for her.

K. Hen. Ay, and the best, she shall have; and
my favour
To him that does best; God forbid else. Cardinal,

Pr'ythee, call Gardiner to me, my new secretary;
I find him a fit fellow. *[Exit WOLSEY.]*

Re-enter WOLSEY, with GARDINER.

Wol. Give me your hand: much joy and favour
to you;

You are the king's now.

Gard. But to be commanded
For ever by your grace, whose hand has rais'd me.
[Aside.]

K. Hen. Come hither, Gardiner.

[They converse apart.]

Cam. My lord of York, was not one Doctor Pace
In this man's place before him?

Wol. Yes, he was.

Cam. Was he not held a learned man?

Wol. Yes, surely.

Cam. Believe me, there's an ill opinion spread then
Even of yourself, lord cardinal.

Wol. How! of me?

Cam. They will not stick to say, you envied him;
And, fearing he would rise, he was so virtuous,
Kept him a foreign man⁸ still; which so griev'd him,
That he ran mad, and died⁹.

Wol. Heaven's peace be with him!
That's Christian care enough: for living murmurers,
There's places of rebuke. He was a fool;
For he would needs be virtuous: That good fellow,

⁸ i. e. kept him out of the king's presence, employed in foreign embassies.

⁹ 'Aboute this time the king received into favour Doctor Stephen Gardiner, whose service he used in matters of great secrecie and weight, admitting him in the room of Doctor Pace, the which being continually abrode in ambassades, and the same oftentimes not much necessarie, by the Cardinales appointment, at length he toke such greefe therewith, that he fell out of his right wittes.'—*Holinshed.*

If I command him, follows my appointment;
 I will have none so near else, Learn this, brother,
 We live not to be grip'd by meaner persons.

K. Hen. Deliver this with modesty to the queen.

[*Exit GARDINER.*]

The most convenient place that I can think of,
 For such receipt of learning, is Black-Friars;
 There ye shall meet about this weighty business:—
 My Wolsey, see it furnish'd.—O, my lord,
 Would it not grieve an able man, to leave
 So sweet a bedfellow? But, conscience, consci-
 ence,—

O, 'tis a tender place, and I must leave her.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

An Antechamber in the Queen's Apartments.

Enter ANNE BULLEN, and an old Lady.

Anne. Not for that neither;—Here's the pang
 that pinches:

His highness having liv'd so long with her: and she
 So good a lady, that no tongue could ever
 Pronounce dishonour of her,—by my life,
 She never knew harm-doing;—O now, after
 So many courses of the sun enthron'd,
 Still growing in a majesty and pomp,—the which
 To leave is a thousand-fold more bitter, than
 'Tis sweet at first to acquire,—after this process,
 To give her the avaunt¹! it is a pity
 Would move a monster.

Old L. Hearts of most hard temper
 Melt and lament for her.

¹ To send her away contemptuously; to pronounce against her
 a sentence of ejection.

Anne. O, God's will! much better,
 She ne'er had known pomp: though it be temporal,
 Yet, if that quarrel, fortune, do divorce²
 It from the bearer, 'tis a sufferance, panging
 As soul and body's severing³.

Old L. Alas, poor lady!
 She's a stranger now again⁴.

Anne. So much the more
 Must pity drop upon her. Verily,
 I swear, 'tis better to be lowly born,
 And range with humble livers in content,
 Than to be perk'd up in a glistening grief,
 And wear a golden sorrow.

Old L. Our content
 Is our best having⁵.

Anne. By my troth, and maidenhead,
 I would not be a queen.

Old L. Beshrew me, I would,
 And venture maidenhead for't; and so would you,
 For all this spice of your hypocrisy:
 You, that have so fair parts of woman on you,

² I think with Steevens that we should read:—

'Yet if that quarrel, fortune to divorce
 It from the bearer,' &c.

i. e. if any quarrel happen or chance to divorce it from the
 bearer. To *fortune* is a verb, used by Shakspeare in *The Two
 Gentlemen of Verona*:—

'—— I'll tell you as we pass along
 That you will wonder what hath *fortuned*.'

³ Thus in *Antony and Cleopatra*:—

'The soul and body rive not more at parting
 Than greatness going off.'

To *pang* is used as a verb active by Skelton, in his book of *Philip
 Sparrow*, 1568, sig. R v.:—

'What heaviness did me *pange*.'

⁴ The revocation of her husband's love has reduced her to
 the condition of an unfriended stranger. Thus in *Lear*:—

'Dower'd with our curse, and stranger'd with our oath.'

⁵ Our best *possession*. See vol. i. p. 236, note 4.

Have too a woman's heart; which ever yet
 Affected eminence, wealth, sovereignty;
 Which, to say sooth, are blessings: and which gifts
 (Saving your mincing) the capacity
 Of your soft cheveril⁶ conscience would receive,
 If you might please to stretch it.

Anne. Nay, good troth,—

Old L. Yes, troth, and troth,—You would not
 be a queen?

Anne. No, not for all the riches under heaven.

Old L. 'Tis strange; a threepence bowed would
 hire me,

Old as I am, to queen it: But, I pray you,
 What think you of a duchess? have you limbs
 To bear that load of title?

Anne. No, in truth.

Old L. Then you are weakly made: Pluck off a
 little⁷;

I would not be a young count in your way,
 For more than blushing comes to: if your back
 Cannot vouchsafe this burden, 'tis too weak
 Ever to get a boy.

Anne. How you do talk!
 I swear again, I would not be a queen
 For all the world.

Old L. In faith, for little England
 You'd venture an emballing⁸: I myself

⁶ *Cheveril* is kid leather, which, being of a soft yielding nature, is often alluded to in comparisons for any thing *pliant* or *flexible*. We have this epithet applied in the same way in *Histriomastix*, 1610:—

'The *cheveril* conscience of corrupted law.'

⁷ *Anne Bullen* declining to be either a *queen* or a *duchess*, the old lady says, 'pluck off a little:' let us descend a little lower, and so diminish the glare of preferment by bringing it nearer your own quality.

⁸ i. e. you would venture to be distinguished by the *ball*, the ensign of royalty, used with the sceptre at coronations.—*Johnson*.

Would for Carnarvonshire, although there 'long'd
No more to the crown but that. Lo, who comes here?

Enter the Lord Chamberlain.

Cham. Good morrow, ladies. What wer't worth
to know

The secret of your conference?

Anne.

My good lord,

Not your demand; it values not your asking:

Our mistress' sorrows we were pitying.

Cham. It was a gentle business, and becoming
The action of good women: there is hope,
All will be well.

Anne.

Now I pray God, amen!

Cham. You bear a gentle mind, and heavenly
blessings

Follow such creatures. That you may, fair lady,

Perceive I speak sincerely, and high note's

Ta'en of your many virtues, the king's majesty

Commends his good opinion to you⁹, and

Does purpose honour to you no less flowing

Than marchioness of Pembroke; to which title

Malone suggests that we might read 'an *empalling*,' i. e. being invested with the *pall* of royalty or robe of state. The verb is used by Chapman in his version of the eighth book of the *Odyssey*:—

' ——— such a radiance as doth round *empall*
Crown'd Cytherea.'

⁹ I cannot but be surprised that Malone should have made any difficulty about the reading of the text:—

' ——— the king's majesty
Commends his good opinion to you.'

It is one of the most common forms of epistolary and colloquial *compliment* of our ancestors, whose letters frequently terminate with 'and so I *commend* me to you,' or begin with 'After my hartie commendacions to you,' &c. The instances cited by Steevens from *Lear* and *Antony and Cleopatra* are not exactly in point; for the word *commend*, in both those instances, signifies *commit*.

A thousand pound a year, annual support,
Out of his grace he adds.

Anne. I do not know,
What kind of my obedience I should tender;
More than my all is nothing¹⁰: nor my prayers
Are not words duly hallow'd, nor my wishes
More worth than empty vanities; yet prayers, and
wishes,

Are all I can return. 'Beseech your lordship,
Vouchsafe to speak my thanks, and my obedience,
As from a blushing handmaid, to his highness;
Whose health, and royalty, I pray for.

Cham. Lady,
I shall not fail to approve the fair conceit¹¹,
The king hath of you.—I have perus'd her well;
[*Aside.*

Beauty and honour in her are so mingled,
That they have caught the king: and who knows yet,
But from this lady may proceed a gem,
To lighten all this isle¹²?—I'll to the king,
And say, I spoke with you.

Anne. My honour'd lord.
[*Exit Lord Chamberlain.*

Old L. Why, this it is; see, see!
I have been begging sixteen years in court

¹⁰ Not only my all is nothing; but if my all were more than it is, it were still nothing. Thus in *Macbeth*:—

'More is thy due than more than all can pay.'

¹¹ To approve is not, as Johnson explains it, here to strengthen by commendation, but to confirm (by the report he shall make) the good opinion the king has formed.

¹² The carbuncle was supposed by our ancestors to have intrinsic light, and to shine in the dark: any other gem may reflect light, but cannot give it. Thus in a Palace described in *Amadis de Gaule*, 1619, fol. p. 5:—'In the roofo of a chamber hung two lampes of gold, at the hottomes whereof were enchas'd two carbuncles, which gave so bright a splendour round about the roome, that there was no neede of any other light.'

(Am yet a courtier beggarly), nor could
Come pat betwixt too early and too late,
For any suit of pounds: and you, (O fate!)
A very fresh-fish here, (fye, fye upon
This compell'd fortune!) have your mouth fill'd up,
Before you open it.

Anne. This is strange to me.

Old L. How tastes it? is it bitter? forty pence¹³, no.
There was a lady once ('tis an old story),
That would not be a queen, that would she not,
For all the mud in Egypt¹⁴:—Have you heard it?

Anne. Come, you are pleasant.

Old L. With your theme, I could
O'ermount the lark. The marchioness of Pembroke!
A thousand pounds a year! for pure respect;
No other obligation: By my life,
That promises more thousands: Honour's train
Is longer than his foreskirt. By this time,
I know, your back will bear a duchess;—Say,
Are you not stronger than you were?

Anne. Good lady,
Make yourself mirth with your particular fancy,
And leave me out on't. 'Would I had no being,
If this salute my blood a jot; it faints me,
To think what follows.
The queen is comfortless, and we forgetful

¹³ *Forty pence* was in those days the proverbial expression of a small wager. Thus in *The Story of King Darius*, an interlude:—

'Nay, that I will not for *forty pence*.'

Again in *The Longer thou Livest the more Fool Thou art*, 1570:

'I dare *wage* with any man *forty pence*.'

Money was then reckoned by *pounds*, *marks*, and *nobles*. Forty pence, or three and fourpence, is half a noble, and is still an established legal fee.

¹⁴ The fertility of Egypt is derived from the mud and slime of the Nile.

In our long absence: Pray, do not deliver
What here you have heard, to her.

Old L.

What do you think me?

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. *A Hall in Black-Friars.*

Trumpets sennet¹, and cornets. Enter two Vergers, with short silver wands; next them, two Scribes, in the habits of doctors; after them, the Archbishop of Canterbury alone; after him the Bishops of Lincoln, Ely, Rochester, and Saint Asaph; next them, with some small distance, follows a Gentleman bearing the purse, with the great seal, and a cardinal's hat; then two Priests, bearing each a silver cross; then a Gentleman Usher bare-headed, accompanied with a Sergeant at Arms, bearing a silver mace; then two Gentlemen, bearing two great silver pillars²; after them, side by side, the two Cardinals, WOLSEY and CAMPEIUS; two Noblemen with the sword and mace. Then enter the King and Queen, and their Trains. The King takes place under the cloth of state; the two Cardinals sit under him as judges. The

¹ This word *sennet*, about which there has been so much discussion to little purpose, is nothing more than the *senne* of the old French, or the *segno* or *segnata* of the Italians, a *signal* given by sound of trumpet—'signum dare buccina.' We find it spelt *signate*, *signet*, and even *synnet* or *cynet*. It was distinct from a *flourish*, with which Malone and others have confounded it, as appears from Decker's *Satiromastix*, in which one of the stage directions is 'Trumpets sound a *flourish*, and then a *sennet*.' Some have derived it from the Italian *sonata*; and to this etymology the following passage of *Berni*, which I have met with, may give some colour:—

'Senza indugiar si mette a bocca il corno
Per far la terza et ultima *sonata*.'

Orl. Inam. lib. i. c. xxiv. st. 62.

² Ensigns of dignity carried before cardinals.

Queen takes place at some distance from the King. The Bishops place themselves on each side the court, in manner of a consistory; between them, the Scribes. The Lords sit next the Bishops. The Crier and the rest of the Attendants stand in convenient order about the stage.

Wol. Whilst our commission from Rome is read,
Let silence be commanded.

K. Hen. What's the need?

It hath already publicly been read,
And on all sides the authority allow'd;
You may then spare that time.

Wol. Be't so:—Proceed.

Scribe. Say, Henry king of England, come into
the court.

Crier. Henry king of England, &c.

K. Hen. Here.

Scribe. Say, Katharine queen of England, come
into court.

Crier. Katharine queen of England, &c.

[*The Queen makes no answer, rises out of her chair, goes about the court, comes to the King, and kneels at his feet; then speaks*³.]

Q. Kath. Sir, I desire you, do me right and justice⁴;
And to bestow your pity on me: for
I am a most poor woman, and a stranger,
Born out of your dominions; having here

³ 'Because she could not come directly to the king for the distance which severed them, she took pain to go about unto the king, kneeling down at his feet,' &c.—*Cavendish's Life of Wolsey*, vol. i. p. 149, ed. 1825.

⁴ This speech is taken from Holinshed (who copies from Cavendish) with the most trifling variations. Hall has given a different report of the queen's speech, which, he says, was made in French, and translated by him from notes taken by Campeggio's secretary.

No judge indifferent, nor no more assurance
Of equal friendship and proceeding. Alas, sir,
In what have I offended you? what cause
Hath my behaviour given to your displeasure,
That thus you should proceed to put me off,
And take your good grace from me? Heaven witness,
I have been to you a true and humble wife,
At all times to your will conformable:
Ever in fear to kindle your dislike,
Yea, subject to your countenance; glad, or sorry,
As I saw it inclin'd. When was the hour,
I ever contradicted your desire,
Or made it not mine too? Or which of your friends
Have I not strove to love, although I knew
He were mine enemy? what friend of mine
That had to him deriv'd your anger, did I
Continue in my liking? nay, gave notice
He was from thence discharg'd? Sir, call to mind
That I have been your wife, in this obedience,
Upward of twenty years, and have been blest
With many children by you: If, in the course
And process of this time, you can report,
And prove it too, against mine honour aught,
My bond to wedlock, or my love and duty,
Against your sacred person⁵, in God's name,
Turn me away; and let the foul'st contempt
Shut door upon me, and so give me up
To the sharpest kind of justice. Please you, sir,
The king, your father, was reputed for
A prince most prudent, of an excellent
And unmatch'd wit and judgment: Ferdinand,
My father, king of Spain, was reckon'd one
The wisest prince, that there had reign'd by many

⁵ That is, 'If you can report and prove aught against mine honour, my love and duty, or *aught* against your sacred person,' &c.

A year before: It is not to be question'd
That they had gather'd a wise council to them
Of every realm, that did debate this business,
Who deem'd our marriage lawful: Wherefore I
humbly

Beseech you, sir, to spare me, till I may
Be by my friends in Spain advis'd; whose counsel
I will implore: if not; i' the name of God,
Your pleasure be fulfill'd⁶!

Wol. You have here, lady,
(And of your choice), these reverend fathers; men
Of singular integrity and learning,
Yea, the elect of the land, who are assembled
To plead your cause: It shall be therefore bootless,
That longer you desire the court⁷; as well .
For your own quiet, as to rectify
What is unsettled in the king.

Cam. His grace
Hath spoken well, and justly: Therefore, madam,
It's fit this royal session do proceed;
And that, without delay, their arguments
Be now produc'd, and heard.

Q. Kath. Lord cardinal,—
To you I speak.

Wol. Your pleasure, madam?

Q. Kath. _____ **Sir,**

I am about to weep; but, thinking that
We are a queen (or long have dream'd so), certain,

⁶ The historical fact is, that the queen staid for no reply to this speech. Cavendish says, 'And with that she rose up, making a low courtesy to the king, and so departed from thence. Many supposed that she would have resorted again to her former place; but she took her way straight out of the house, leaning (as she was wont always to do) upon the arm of her general receiver Master Griffiths.'—*Life of Wolsey*, p. 152.

⁷ That you desire to *protract* the business of the court. 'To pray for a *longer day*,' i. e. a more distant one, is yet the language of the bar in criminal trials.

The daughter of a king; my drops of tears
I'll turn to sparks of fire.

Wol. Be patient yet.

Q. Kath. I will, when you are humble; nay, before,
Or God will punish me. I do believe,
Induc'd by potent circumstances, that
You are mine enemy; and make my challenge⁸,
You shall not be my judge: for it is you
Have blown this coal betwixt my lord and me,—
Which God's dew quench!—Therefore, I say again,
I utterly abhor, yea, from my soul,
Refuse you for my judge⁹; whom, yet once more,
I hold my most malicious foe, and think not
At all a friend to truth.

Wol. I do profess,
You speak not like yourself; who ever yet
Have stood to charity, and display'd the effects
Of disposition gentle, and of wisdom
O'ertopping woman's power. Madam, you do me
wrong:

I have no spleen against you; nor injustice
For you, or any: how far I have proceeded,
Or how far further shall, is warranted
By a commission from the consistory,
Yea, the whole consistory of Rome. You charge me,
That I have blown this coal: I do deny it:
The king is present: if it be known to him,
That I gainsay¹⁰ my deed, how may he wound,
And worthily, my falsehood? yea, as much
As you have done my truth. But if he know

⁸ *Challenge* here (says Johnson) is a law term. The criminal, when he refuses a juryman, says 'I challenge him.'

⁹ These are not the mere words of passion, but technical terms of the canon law: *detestor* and *recuso*. The former, in the language of canonists, signifies no more than I protest against.

Blackstone.

¹⁰ Deny.

That I am free of your report, he knows,
 I am not of your wrong. Therefore in him
 It lies, to cure me; and the cure is, to
 Remove these thoughts from you: The which before
 His highness shall speak in, I do beseech
 You, gracious madam, to unthink your speaking,
 And to say so no more.

Q. Kath. My lord, my lord,
 I am a simple woman, much too weak
 To oppose your cunning. You are meek, and humble
 mouth'd;

You sign your place and calling, in full seeming¹¹,
 With meekness and humility; but your heart
 Is cramm'd with arrogance, spleen, and pride.
 You have, by fortune, and his highness' favours,
 Gone slightly o'er low steps; and now are mounted
 Where powers are your retainers: and your wards¹²,
 Domesticks to you, serve your will, as't please.
 Yourself pronounce their office. I must tell you,
 You tender more your person's honour, than
 Your high profession spiritual: That again
 I do refuse you for my judge; and here,
 Before you all, appeal unto the pope,

¹¹ You show in *appearance* meekness and humility, as a *taken* or *outward sign* of your place and calling; but your heart is crammed with arrogance, &c.

¹² The old copy reads:—

'Where *powers* are your retainers; and your *words*,
 Domesticks to you,' &c.

I think with Mr. Tyrwhitt that we should read *wards* instead of *words*. The queen means to say, That the *great and powerful* were among his retainers, and that his *wards* (generally young nobility) were placed in domestic offices about his person to swell his state and retinue. This was the fact, and is made one of the principal charges against him.

'I must have notice where their *wards* must dwell;
 I car'd not for the gentry, for I had
 Young nobles of the land,' &c.

Storer's Metrical Life of Wolsey, 1599.

To bring my whole cause 'fore his holiness,
And to be judg'd by him.

[*She curtsies to the King, and offers to depart.*

Cam. The queen is obstinate,
Stubborn to justice, apt to accuse it, and
Disdainful to be try'd by it; 'tis not well.
She's going away.

K. Hen. Call her again.

Crier. Katharine queen of England, come into
the court.

Grif. Madam, you are call'd back.

Q. Kath. What need you note it? pray you,
keep your way:

When you are call'd, return.—Now the Lord help,
They vex me past my patience!—pray you, pass on:
I will not tarry: no, nor ever more,
Upon this business, my appearance make
In any of their courts.

[*Exeunt Queen, GRIFFITH, and other
Attendants.*

K. Hen. Go thy ways, Kate:

That man i' the world, who shall report he has
A better wife, let him in nought be trusted,
For speaking false in that; Thou art, alone,
(If thy rare qualities, sweet gentleness,
Thy meekness saint-like, wife-like government,—
Obeying in commanding,—and thy parts
Sovereign and pious else, could speak thee out¹³),
The queen of earthly queens:—She is noble born;
And, like her true nobility, she has
Carried herself towards me.

¹³ If thy several qualities had tongues capable of speaking out thy merits, i. e. of doing them extensive justice. In Cymbeline we have a similar expression:—

‘ ——— you speak him far
—— although not there.’

Wol.

Most gracious sir,

In humblest manner I require your highness,
That it shall please you to declare, in hearing
Of all these ears (for where I am robb'd and bound,
There must I be unloos'd; although not there
At once and fully satisfied¹⁴), whether ever I
Did broach this business to your highness; or
Laid any scruple in your way, which might
Induce you to the question on't? or ever
Have to you;—but with thanks to God for such
A royal lady,—spake one the least word, might
Be to the prejudice of her present state,
Or touch of her good person?

K. Hen.

My lord cardinal,

I do excuse you; yea, upon mine honour,
I free you from't. You are not to be taught
That you have many enemies, that know not
Why they are so, but, like to village curs,
Bark when their fellows do: by some of these
The queen is put in anger. You are excus'd:
But will you be more justified? you ever
Have wish'd the sleeping of this business; never
Desir'd it to be stirr'd; but oft have hinder'd; oft
The passages made toward it:—on my honour,
I speak my good lord cardinal to this point¹⁵,
And thus far clear him. Now, what mov'd me to't,—
I will be bold with time, and your attention:—
Then mark the inducement. Thus it came;—give
heed to't:—

¹⁴ The sense, which is encumbered with words, is no more than this:—I must be *loosed*, though when so *loosed* I shall not be satisfied fully and *at once*; that is, I shall not be immediately satisfied.

¹⁵ The king, having first addressed Wolsey, breaks off; and declares upon his honour to the whole court, that he speaks the cardinal's sentiments upon the point in question; and clears him from any attempt or wish to stir that business.

My conscience first receiv'd a tenderness,
 Scruple, and prick¹⁶, on certain speeches utter'd
 By the bishop of Bayonne, then French ambassador;
 Who had been hither sent on the debating
 A marriage, 'twixt the duke of Orleans and
 Our daughter Mary: I'the progress of this business,
 Ere a determinate resolution, he
 (I mean, the bishop) did require a respite;
 Wherein he might the king his lord advèrtise
 Whether our daughter were legitimate,
 Respecting this our marriage with the dowager,
 Sometimes our brother's wife. This respite shook
 The bosom of my conscience¹⁷, enter'd me,
 Yea, with a splitting power, and made to tremble
 The region of my breast; which forc'd such way,
 That many maz'd considerings did throng,
 And press'd in with this caution. First, methought,
 I stood not in the smile of heaven; who had
 Commanded nature, that my lady's womb,
 If it conceiv'd a male child by me, should
 Do no more offices of life to't, than
 The grave does to the dead: for her male issue
 Or died where they were made, or shortly after
 This world had air'd them: Hence I took a thought,
 This was a judgment on me; that my kingdom,

¹⁶ The words of Cavendish are—'The special cause that moved me hereunto was a scrupulosity that *pricked my conscience*.'—See also *Holinshed*, p. 907.

¹⁷ Theobald thought we should read 'The *bottom* of his conscience.' Thus *Holinshed*, whom the poet follows pretty accurately:—'Which words, once conceived within the secret *bottom* of my conscience, ingendred such a 'scrupulous doubt, that my conscience was incontinently accembred and vexed, and disquieted.'—*Henry VIII.* p. 907.

Shakspeare uses the phrase in *King Henry VI. Part I.*:—

'The very *bottom* and the soul of hope.'

It is repeated in *King Henry VI. Part II.*; in *Measure for Measure*; *All's Well that Ends Well*; *Coriolanus*, &c.

Well worthy the best heir o' the world, should not
 Be gladdened in't by me: Then follows, that
 I weigh'd the danger which my realms stood in
 By this my issue's fail; and that gave to me
 Many a groaning throe. Thus hulling¹⁸ in
 The wild sea of my conscience, I did steer
 Toward this remedy, whereupon we are
 Now present here together; that's to say,
 I meant to rectify my conscience,—which
 I then did feel full sick, and yet not well,—
 By all the reverend fathers of the land,
 And doctors learn'd,—First, I began in private
 With you, my lord of Lincoln; you remember
 How under my oppression I did reek¹⁹,
 When I first mov'd you.

Lin. Very well, my liege.

K. Hen. I have spoke long; be pleas'd yourself
 to say

How far you satisfied me.

Lin. So please your highness,
 The question did at first so stagger me,—
 Bearing a state of mighty moment in't,
 And consequence of dread,—that I committed
 The daring'st counsel which I had, to doubt;
 And did entreat your highness to this course,
 Which you are running here.

K. Hen. I then mov'd you,
 My lord of Canterbury; and got your leave
 To make this present summons:—Unsolicited
 I left no reverend person in this court;
 But by particular consent proceeded,

¹⁸ The phrase belongs to navigation. A ship is said to *hull* when she is dismasted, and only her *hull* or *hulk* is left at the direction and mercy of the waves. Thus in *The Alarm* for London, 1602:—

'And they lye *hulling up and down* the stream.'

¹⁹ Waste, or wear away.

Under your hands and seals. Therefore, go on :
 For no dislike i' the world against the person
 Of the good queen, but the sharp thorny points
 Of my alleged reasons, drive this forward :
 Prove but our marriage lawful, by my life,
 And kingly dignity, we are contented
 To wear our mortal state to come, with her,
 Katharine our queen, before the primest creature.
 That's paragon'd²⁰ o' the world.

Cam. So please your highness,
 The queen being absent, 'tis a needful fitness
 That we adjourn this court till further day :
 Mean while must be an earnest motion
 Made to the queen, to call back her appeal
 She intends unto his holiness. [*They rise to depart.*]

K. Hen. I may perceive, [*Aside.*]
 These cardinals trifle with me : I abhor
 This dilatory sloth, and tricks of Rome.
 My learn'd and well beloved servant, Cranmer,
 Pr'ythee return²¹ ! with thy approach, I know,
 My comfort comes along. Break up the court :
 I say, set on. [*Exeunt, in manner as they entered.*]

²⁰ Shakspeare uses the verb to *paragon* both in Antony and Cleopatra and Othello :—

' If thou with Cæsar *paragon* again
 My man of men.'

' ————— a maid
 That *paragons* description and wild fame.'

²¹ This is only an apostrophe to the absent bishop of that name.

ACT III.

SCENE I. *Palace at Bridewell.**A Room in the Queen's Apartment.**The Queen, and some of her Women, at work¹.*

Q. Kath. Take thy lute, wench: my soul grows
sad with troubles;
Sing, and disperse them, if thou canst: leave working.

SONG.

*Orpheus with his lute made trees,
And the mountain tops, that freeze,
Bow themselves, when he did sing
To his musick, plants, and flowers,
Ever sprung; as sun, and showers,
There had been a lasting spring.*

*Every thing that heard him play,
Even the billows of the sea,
Hung their heads, and then lay by.
In sweet musick is such art;
Killing care, and grief of heart,
Fall asleep, or, hearing, die.*

*Enter a Gentleman.**Q. Kath.* How now?

¹ Cavendish, who appears to have been present at this interview of the cardinal's with the queen, says—'She came out of her privy chamber with a skein of white thread about her neck into the chamber of presence.' A subsequent speech of the queen's is nearly conformable to what is related in Cavendish, and copied by Holinshed.

Gent. An't please your grace, the two great cardinals

Wait in the presence².

Q. Kath. Would they speak with me?

Gent. They will'd me say so, madam.

Q. Kath. Pray their graces

To come near. [*Exit Gent.*] What can be their business

With me, a poor weak woman, fallen from favour?

I do not like their coming, now I think on't.

They should be good men; their affairs³ as righteous:

But all hoods make not monks.

Enter WOLSEY and CAMPRIUS.

Wol. Peace to your highness!

Q. Kath. Your graces find me here part of a housewife;

I would be all, against the worst may happen.

What are your pleasures with me, reverend lords?

Wol. May it please you, noble madam, to withdraw
Into your private chamber, we shall give you
The full cause of our coming.

Q. Kath. Speak it here;

There's nothing I have done yet, o' my conscience,

Deserves a corner: 'Would, all other women

Could speak this with as free a soul as I do!

My lords, I care not (so much I am happy

Above a number), if my actions

Were tried by every tongue, every eye saw them,

² Presence chamber.

³ 'Being churchmen they should be virtuous, and every business they undertake as righteous as their sacred office: but all hoods make not monks.' In allusion to the Latin proverb—*Cucullus non facit monachum*, to which Chaucer also alludes:—

'*Habite ne maketh monke ne frere;*

But a clene life and devotion,

Maketh gode men of religion.'

Envy and base opinion set against them⁴,
 I know my life so even: If your business
 Seek me out, and that way I am wife in⁵,
 Out with it boldly; Truth loves open dealing.

Wol. *Tanta est erga te mentis integritas, regina
 serenissima,—*

Q. Kath. O, good my lord, no Latin⁶;
 I am not such a truant since my coming,
 As not to know the language I have liv'd in:
 A strange tongue makes my cause more strange,
 suspicious;
 Pray, speak in English: here are some will thank you,
 If you speak truth, for their poor mistress' sake;
 Believe me, she has had much wrong: Lord car-
 dinal,
 The willing'st sin I ever yet committed,
 May be absolv'd in English.

Wol.

Noble lady,

I am sorry, my integrity should breed
 (And service to his majesty and you⁷)
 So deep suspicion, where all faith was meant.
 We come not by the way of accusation,
 To taint that honour every good tongue blesses;
 Nor to betray you any way to sorrow;

⁴ I would be glad that my conduct were in some public trial confronted with mine enemies, that malice and corrupt judgment might try their utmost power against me.

⁵ This is obscurely expressed, but seems to mean, 'If your business is with me, and relates to the question of my marriage, out with it boldly.'

⁶ 'Then began my lord to speak to her in Latin.—"Nay, good my lord (quoth she), speak to me in English, I beseech you, though I understand Latin"'.—*Cavendish*.

⁷ This line stands so awkwardly, and out of its place, that Mr. Edwards's proposition to transpose it should be adopted, thus:—

'I am sorry my integrity should breed
 So deep suspicion, where all faith was meant,
 And service to his majesty and you.'

You have too much, good lady : but to know
How you stand minded in the weighty difference
Between the king and you ; and to deliver,
Like free and honest men, our just opinions,
And comforts to your cause.

Cam. Most honour'd madam,
My lord of York,—out of his noble nature,
Zeal and obedience he still bore your grace ;
Forgetting, like a good man, your late censure
Both of his truth and him (which was too far),—
Offers, as I do, in a sign of peace,
His service and his counsel.

Q. Kath. To betray me. [*Aside.*
My lords, I thank you both for your good wills,
Ye speak like honest men, (pray God, ye prove so !)
But how to make you suddenly an answer,
In such a point of weight, so near mine honour
(More near my life, I fear), with my weak wit,
And to such men of gravity and learning,
In truth, I know not. I was set at work
Among my maids ; full little, God knows, looking
Either for such men, or such business.
For her sake that I have been ^a (for I feel
The last fit of my greatness), good your graces,
Let me have time, and counsel, for my cause ;
Alas ! I am a woman, friendless, hopeless.

Wol. Madam, you wrong the king's love with
these fears ;
Your hopes and friends are infinite.

Q. Kath. In England,
But little for my profit : Can you think, lords,
That any Englishman dare give me counsel ?
Or be a known friend, 'gainst his highness' pleasure
(Though he be grown so desperate to be honest),

^a For the sake of that royalty which I have heretofore possessed.

And live a subject? Nay, forsooth, my friends,
They that must weigh⁹ out my afflictions,
They that my trust must grow to, live not here;
They are, as all my other comforts, far hence,
In mine own country, lords.

Cam.

I would, your grace

Would leave your griefs, and take my counsel.

Q. Kath.

How, sir?

Cam. Put your main cause into the king's protection;

He's loving, and most gracious; 'twill be much
Both for your honour better, and your cause;
For, if the trial of the law o'ertake you,
You'll part away disgrac'd.

Wol.

He tells you rightly.

Q. Kath. Ye tell me what ye wish for both, my ruin:

Is this your Christian counsel? out upon ye!
Heaven is above all yet; there sits a judge,
That no king can corrupt.

Cam.

Your rage mistakes us.

Q. Kath. The more shame for ye¹⁰; holy men I thought ye,

Upon my soul, two reverend cardinal virtues:
But cardinal sins, and hollow hearts, I fear ye:
Mend them for shame, my lords. Is this your comfort?

The cordial that ye bring a wretched lady?
A woman lost among ye, laugh'd at, scorn'd?
I will not wish ye half my miseries,
I have more charity: But say, I warn'd ye;

⁹ *Weigh out for out-weigh.* In *Macbeth* we have *overcome* for *come over*.

¹⁰ If I mistake you, it is by your fault, not mine; for I thought you good.

Take heed, for heaven's sake, take heed, lest at once
The burden of my sorrows fall upon ye.

Wol. Madam, this is a mere distraction;
You turn the good we offer into envy.

Q. Kath. Ye turn me into nothing: Woe upon ye,
And all such false professors! Would ye have me
(If you have any justice, any pity;
If ye be any thing but churchmen's habits)
Put my sick cause into his hands that hates me?
Alas! he has banish'd me his bed already;
His love too long ago: I am old, my lords,
And all the fellowship I hold now with him
Is only my obedience. What can happen
To me, above this wretchedness? all your studies
Make me a curse like this.

Cam. Your fears are worse.

Q. Kath. Have I liv'd thus long—(let me speak
myself,
Since virtue finds no friends),—a wife, a true one?
A woman (I dare say, without vain-glory),
Never yet branded with suspicion?
Have I with all my full affections
Still met the king? lov'd him next heaven? obey'd
him?

Been, out of fondness, superstitious to him¹¹?
Almost forgot my prayers to content him?
And am I thus rewarded? 'tis not well, lords.
Bring me a constant woman to her husband,
One that ne'er dream'd a joy beyond his pleasure;
And to that woman, when she has done most,
Yet will I add an honour,—a great patience.

Wol. Madam, you wander from the good we
aim at.

Q. Kath. My lord, I dare not make myself so guilty,

¹¹ Served him with superstitious attention.

To give up willingly that noble title
 Your master wed me to: nothing but death
 Shall e'er divorce my dignities.

Wol.

'Pray, hear me.

Q. Kath. 'Would I had never trod this English
 earth,

Or felt the flatteries that grow upon it!

Ye have angels' faces¹², but heaven knows your
 hearts.

What will become of me now, wretched lady?

I am the most unhappy woman living.—

Alas! poor wenches, where are now your fortunes?

[*To her Women.*

Shipwreck'd upon a kingdom, where no pity,
 No friends, no hope; no kindred weep for me,
 Almost, no grave allow'd me:—Like the lily,
 That once was mistress of the field¹³, and flourish'd,
 I'll hang my head, and perish.

Wol.

If your grace

Could but be brought to know, our ends are honest,
 You'd feel more comfort: why should we, good lady,
 Upon what cause, wrong you? alas! our places,
 The way of our profession is against it;

We are to cure such sorrows, not to sow them.

For goodness' sake, consider what you do;

How you may hurt yourself, ay, utterly

Grow from the king's acquaintance, by this carriage.

The hearts of princes kiss obedience,

So much they love it; but to stubborn spirits,

¹² This is an allusion to the old jingle of *Angli* and *Angeli*. Thus Nashe in his *Anatomy of Absurdity*, 1589:—'For my part I meane to suspend my sentence, and let an author of late memorie be my speaker; who affirmeth that they carry *angels* in their faces, and *devils* in their devices.'

¹³ The lily, lady of the flow'ring field.'

Spenser, F. Q. b. ii. c. vi. st. 16.

They swell, and grow as terrible as storms¹⁴.

I know, you have a gentle, noble temper,

A soul as even as a calm; Pray, think us

Those we profess, peace-makers, friends, and servants.

Cam. Madam, you'll find it so. You wrong your virtues

With these weak women's fears. A noble spirit,

As yours was put into you, ever casts

Such doubts, as false coin, from it. The king loves you;

Beware, you lose it not: For us, if you please

To trust us in your business, we are ready

To use our utmost studies in your service.

Q. Kath. Do what ye will, my lords: And, pray, forgive me,

If I have us'd¹⁵ myself unmannerly;

You know, I am a woman, lacking wit

To make a seemly answer to such persons.

Pray, do my service to his majesty:

He has my heart yet; and shall have my prayers,

While I shall have my life. Come, reverend fathers,

Bestow your counsels on me: she now begs,

That little thought, when she set footing here,

She should have bought her dignities so dear.

[*Exeunt.*]

¹⁴ It was one of the charges brought against Lord Essex, in the year before this play was written, by his ungrateful kinsman Sir Francis Bacon, when that nobleman, to the disgrace of humanity, was obliged by a junto of his enemies to kneel at the end of the council table for several hours, that in a letter written during his retirement in 1598 to the lord keeper, he had said, 'There is no tempest to the passionate indignation of a prince.'

¹⁵ Behaved.

SCENE II.

Antechamber to the King's Apartment.

*Enter the DUKE of NORFOLK, the DUKE of SUF-
FOLK, the EARL of SURREY, and the Lord
Chamberlain.*

Nor. If you will now unite in your complaints
And force¹ them with a constancy, the cardinal
Cannot stand under them: If you omit
The offer of this time, I cannot promise,
But that you shall sustain more new disgraces,
With these you bear already.

Sur. I am joyful
To meet the least occasion, that may give me
Remembrance of my father-in-law, the duke,
To be reveng'd on him.

Suf. Which of the peers
Have uncontrovert'd gone by him, or at least
Strangely neglected²? when did he regard
The stamp of nobleness in any person,
Out of himself?

Cham. My lord, you speak your pleasures:
What he deserves of you and me, I know;
What we can do to him (though now the time
Gives way to us), I much fear. If you cannot
Bar his access to the king, never attempt
Any thing on him; for he hath a witchcraft
Over the king in his tongue.

¹ *Force is enforce, urge.* So in Measure for Measure:—

‘——— Has he affections in him

That thus can make him bite the law by the nose
When he would *force* it.’

² ‘Which of the peers has not gone by him contemned or
neglected?’ When did he regard the stamp of nobleness in any
person, though attentive to his own dignity?

Nor. O, fear him not;
His spell in that is out: the king hath found
Matter against him, that for ever mars
The honey of his language. No, he's settled,
Not to come off, in his displeasure.

Sur. Sir,
I should be glad to hear such news as this
Once every hour.

Nor. Believe it, this is true.
In the divorce, his contrary proceedings³
Are all unfolded; wherein he appears,
As I could wish mine enemy.

Sur. How came
His practices to light?

Suf. Most strangely.

Sur. O, how, how?

Suf. The cardinal's letter to the pope miscarried,
And came to the eye o' the king: wherein was read,
How that the cardinal did entreat his holiness
To stay the judgment o' the divorce: For if
It did take place, *I do*, quoth he, *perceive*
My king is tangled in affection to
A creature of the queen's, Lady Anne Bullen.

Sur. Has the king this?

Suf. Believe it.

Sur. 'Will this work?

Cham. The king in this perceives him, how he
coasts,
And hedges, his own way⁴. But in this point
All his tricks founder, and he brings his physick
After his patient's death; the king already
Hath married the fair lady.

³ i. e. his secret endeavours to counteract the divorce.

⁴ To *coast* is to hoyer about, to pursue a sidelong course about a thing. To *hedge* is to creep along by the hedge, not to take the direct and open path, but to steal covertly through circumvolutions.

Sur. 'Would he had!

Suf. May you be happy in your wish, my lord!
For, I profess, you have it.

Sur. Now all my joy
Trace⁵ the conjunction!

Suf. My amen to't!

Nor. All men's.

Suf. There's order given for her coronation:
Marry, this is yet but young⁶, and may be left
To some ears unrecounted.—But, my lords,
She is a gallant creature, and complete
In mind and feature: I persuade me, from her
Will fall some blessing to this land, which shall
In it be memoriz'd⁷.

Sur. But, will the king
Digest this letter of the cardinal's?
The Lord forbid!

Nor. Marry, amen!

Suf. No, no;
There be more wasps that buz about his nose,
Will make this sting the sooner. Cardinal Campeius
Is stolen away to Rome; hath ta'en no leave;
Has left the cause o' the king unhandled; and
Is posted, as the agent of our cardinal,

⁵ To trace is to follow. Thus in Macbeth:—

' ——— all unfortunate souls
That trace him in his line.'

The form of Surrey's wish had been anticipated by Richmond
in King Richard III. sc. ult.:—

' Smile heaven upon this fair conjunction!

⁶ This same phrase occurs again in *Romeo and Juliet*, Act i.
Sc. 1:—

' Good morrow, cousin.

Is the day so young?"

⁷ To memorize is to make memorable. Thus in Macbeth,
Act i. Sc. 2:—

' Or memorize another Golgotha.'

To second all this plot. I do assure you
The king cry'd, ha! at this.

Cham. Now, God incense him,
And let him cry ha, louder!

Nor. But, my lord,
When returns Cranmer?

Suf. He is return'd, in his opinions; which
Have satisfied the king for his divorce,
Together with all famous colleges
Almost in Christendom⁸: shortly, I believe,
His second marriage shall be publish'd, and
Her coronation. Katharine no more
Shall be call'd, queen; but princess dowager,
And widow to Prince Arthur.

Nor. This same Cranmer's
A worthy fellow, and hath ta'en much pain
In the king's business.

Suf. He has: and we shall see him
For it, an archbishop.

Nor. So, I hear.

Suf. 'Tis so.
The cardinal—

Enter WOLSEY and CROMWELL.

Nor. Observe, observe, he's moody.

Wol. The packet, Cromwell, gave it you the king?

Crom. To his own hand, in his bedchamber.

Wol. Look'd he o' the inside of the paper?

Crom. Presently

⁸ Suffolk means to say Cranmer is returned in his opinions, i. e. with the same sentiments which he entertained before he went abroad, which (sentiments) have satisfied the king, together with all the famous colleges referred to on the occasion. Or perhaps the passage (as Mr. Tyrwhitt observes) may mean, He is returned in effect, having sent his opinions, i. e. the opinions of divines, &c. collected by him.

He did unseal them; and the first he view'd,
He did it with a serious mind; a heed
Was in his countenance: You, he bade
Attend him here this morning.

Wol. Is he ready
To come abroad?

Crom. I think, by this he is.

Wol. Leave me a while.— [*Exit CROMWELL.*]
It shall be to the duchess of Alençon,
The French king's sister: he shall marry her.—
Anne Bullen! No; I'll no Anne Bullens for him:
There is more in it than fair visage.—Bullen!
No, we'll no Bullens.—Speedily I wish
To hear from Rome.—The marchioness of Pem-
broke!

Nor. He's discontented.

Suf. May be, he hears the king
Does whet his anger to him.

Sur. Sharp enough,
Lord, for thy justice!

Wol. The late queen's gentlewoman; a knight's
daughter,
To be her mistress' mistress! the queen's queen!—
This candle burns not clear: 'tis I must snuff it;
Then, out it goes.—What though I know her virtuous,
And well deserving? yet I know her for
A spleeny Lutheran; and not wholesome to
Our cause, that she should lie i' the bosom of
Our hard-rul'd king. Again, there is sprung up
An heretick, an arch one, Cranmer; one
Hath crawl'd into the favour of the king,
And is his oracle.

Nor. He is vex'd at something.

Suf. I would 'twere something that would fret
the string,
The master-cord of his heart!

*Enter the King, reading a Schedule*⁹; and **LOVELL**.

Suf.

The king, the king.

K. Hen. What piles of wealth hath he accumulated
To his own portion! and what expense by the hour
Seems to flow from him! How, i' the name of thrift,
Does he rake this together!—Now, my lords;
Saw you the cardinal?

Nor.

My lord, we have

Stood here observing him: Some strange commotion
Is in his brain: he bites his lip, and starts;
Stops on a sudden, looks upon the ground,
Then lays his finger on his temple; straight,
Springs out into fast gait; then, stops again¹⁰,
Strikes his breast hard; and anon, he casts
His eye against the moon: in most strange postures
We have seen him set himself.

K. Hen.

It may well be;

There is a mutiny in his mind. This morning
Papers of state he sent me to peruse,
As I requir'd: And, wot¹¹ you what I found
There; on my conscience, put unwittingly?
Forsooth, an inventory, thus importing,—
The several parcels of his plate, his treasure,
Rich stuffs, and ornaments of household; which
I find at such proud rate, that it outspeaks
Possession of a subject.

⁹ That the cardinal gave the king an inventory of his own private wealth; by mistake, and thereby ruined himself, is a known variation from the truth of history. Shakspeare, however, has not injudiciously represented the fall of that great man as owing to an incident which he had once improved to the destruction of another. See the story related of Thomas Ruthall, bishop of Durham, in Holinshed, p. 796 and 797.

¹⁰ Sallust, describing the disturbed state of Cataline's mind, takes notice of the same circumstance:—'Citius modo, modo tardus incessus.'

¹¹ Know.

Nor. It's heaven's will;
Some spirit put this paper in the packet,
To bless your eye withal.

K. Hen. If we did think
His contemplation were above the earth,
And fix'd on spiritual object, he should still
Dwell in his musings: but, I am afraid,
His thinkings are below the moon, not worth
His serious considering.

[He takes his seat, and whispers LOVELL, who goes to WOLSEY.]

Wol. Heaven forgive me!
Ever God bless your highness!

K. Hen. Good my lord,
You are full of heavenly stuff, and bear the inventory
Of your best graces in your mind; the which
You were now running o'er; you have scarce time
To steal from spiritual leisure a brief span,
To keep your earthly audit: Sure, in that
I deem you an ill husband; and am glad
To have you therein my companion.

Wol. Sir,
For holy offices I have a time; a time
To think upon the part of business, which
I bear i' the state; and nature does require
Her times of preservation, which, perforce,
I her frail son, amongst my brethren mortal,
Must give my tendance to.

K. Hen. You have said well.

Wol. And ever may your highness yoke together,
As I will lend you cause, my doing well
With my well saying!

K. Hen. 'Tis well said again;
And 'tis a kind of good deed, to say well:
And yet words are no deeds. My father lov'd you:
He said, he did; and with his deed did crown

His word upon you¹². Since I had my office,
I have kept you next my heart; have not alone
Employ'd you where high profits might come home,
But par'd my present havings, to bestow
My bounties upon you.

Wol. What should this mean?

Sur. The Lord increase this business! [*Aside.*

K. Hen. Have I not made you

The prime man of the state? I pray you, tell me,
If what I now pronounce, you have found true:
And, if you may confess it, say withal,
If you are bound to us or no. What say you?

Wol. My sovereign, I confess, your royal graces,
Shower'd on me daily, have been more than could
My studied purposes requite; which went
Beyond all man's endeavours¹³;—my endeavours
Have ever come too short of my desires,
Yet, fil'd with my abilities: Mine own ends
Have been mine so, that evermore they pointed
To the good of your most sacred person, and
The profit of the state. For your great graces
Heap'd upon me, poor undeserver, I
Can nothing render but allegiant thanks;
My prayers to heaven for you; my loyalty,
Which ever has, and ever shall be growing,
Till death, that winter, kill it.

K. Hen. Fairly answer'd;

A loyal and obedient subject is
Therein illustrated: The honour of it
Does pay the act of it: as, i'the contrary,

¹² So in *Macbeth*:—

‘To crown my thoughts with acts.’

¹³ Your royal benefits, showered upon me daily, have been more than all my studied purpose could do to requite, for they went beyond all that man could effect in the way of gratitude. My endeavours have ever come too short of my desires, though they have *fil'd*, i. e. equalled or kept pace with my abilities.

The foulness is the punishment. I presume,
That, as my hand has open'd bounty to you,
My heart dropp'd love, my power rain'd honour,
more

On you¹⁴, than any; so your hand and heart,
Your brain, and every function of your power,
Should, notwithstanding that your bond of duty,
As 'twere in love's particular, be more
To me, your friend, than any¹⁵.

Wol.

I do profess,

That for your highness' good I ever labour'd
More than mine own; that am, have, and will be¹⁶.
Though all the world should crack their duty to you,
And throw it from their soul: though perils did
Abound, as thick as thought could make them, and
Appear in forms more horrid; yet my duty,
As doth a rock against the chiding flood,
Should the approach of this wild river break,
And stand unshaken yours¹⁷.

¹⁴ Steevens says, as Jonson is supposed to have made some alterations in this play, it may not be amiss to compare the passage before us with another on the same subject in *The New Inn*:—

‘He gave me my first breeding, I acknowledge;
Then *shower'd* his *bounties* on me like the hours
That *open-handed* sit upon the clouds,
And press the liberality of heaven
Down to the laps of thankful men.

¹⁵ Beside your bond of duty as a loyal and obedient servant, you owe a particular devotion to me as your especial benefactor.

¹⁶ This is expressed with great obscurity; but seems to mean ‘that or *such* a man I am, have been, and will ever be.’

¹⁷ ‘Ille velut pelagi rupes remota, resistit.’

Æn. vii. 586.

Thus in Shakspeare's 116th Sonnet:—

‘—— it is an ever-fixed mark

That looks on tempests, and is never shaken.’

The *chiding* flood is the resounding flood. To *chide*, to *babble*,

K. Hen. 'Tis nobly spoken:
 Take notice, lords, he has a loyal breast,
 For you have seen him open't.—Read o'er this;
[Giving him papers.]
 And, after, this: and then to breakfast, with
 What appetite you have.

[*Exit King, frowning upon CARDINAL WOLSEY: the Nobles throng after him, smiling, and whispering.*

Wol. What should this mean?
 What sudden anger's this? how have I reap'd it?
 He parted frowning from me, as if ruin
 Leap'd from his eyes: So looks the chafed lion
 Upon the daring huntsman that has gall'd him;
 Then makes him nothing. I must read this paper;
 I fear, the story of his anger.—'Tis so;
 This paper has undone me:—'Tis the account
 Of all that world of wealth I have drawn together
 For mine own ends; indeed, to gain the popedom,
 And fee my friends in Rome. O negligence,
 Fit for a fool to fall by! What cross devil
 Made me put this main secret in the packet

and to *brawl*, were synonymous. Thus in *As You Like It*, Act ii. Sc. 1:—

'Upon the brook that *brawls* along this wood.'

In the verses in commendation of the poet, by I. M. S. prefixed to the folio edition of 1632:—

'—— there plays a fair
 But *chiding* fountain.'

And in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, Act iv. Sc. 1:—

'—— hounds of Sparta: never did I hear
 Such gallant *chiding*, for besides the groves,
 The skies, the fountains, every region near
 Seem'd all one mutual cry.'

So in *King Henry V.* Act ii. Sc. 4:—

'—— caves and womby vaultages of France
 Shall *hide* your trespass.

I sent the king? Is there no way to cure this?
No new device to beat this from his brains?
I know, 'twill stir him strongly: Yet I know
A way, if it take right, in spite of fortune
Will bring me off again. What's this—*To the Pope?*
The letter, as I live, with all the business
I writ to his holiness. Nay then, farewell!
I have touch'd the highest point of all my greatness¹⁸;
And, from that full meridian of my glory,
I haste now to my setting: I shall fall
Like a bright exhalation in the evening,
And no man see me more.

*Re-enter the DUKES of NORFOLK¹⁹ and SUFFOLK,
the EARL of SURREY, and the Lord Chamberlain.*

Nor. Hear the king's pleasure, cardinal: who
 commands you
To render up the great seal presently

¹⁸ Thus in Marlowe's King Edward II.:—

'Base fortune, now I see that in thy wheel
There is a point to which when men aspire
They tumble headlong down. *That point I touch'd;*
And seeing there was no place to mount up higher,
Why should I grieve at my declining fall?'

¹⁹ The time of this play is from 1521, just before the duke of Buckingham's commitment, to 1533, when Elizabeth was born and christened. The duke of Norfolk, therefore, who is introduced in the first scene of the first act, or in 1522, is not the same person who here, or in 1529, demands the great seal from Wolsey; for the former died in 1525. Having thus made two persons into one, so the poet has on the contrary made one person into two. The earl of Surrey here is the same who married the duke of Buckingham's daughter, as he himself tell us: but Thomas Howard, earl of Surrey, who married the duke of Buckingham's daughter, was at this time the individual above mentioned, duke of Norfolk. Cavendish, and the chroniclers who copied from him, mention only the dukes of Norfolk and Suffolk being sent to demand the great seal. The reason for adding a third and fourth person is not very apparent.

Into our hands; and to confine yourself
To Asher-house²⁰, my lord of Winchester's,
Till you hear further from his highness.

Wol.

Stay,

Where's your commission, lords? words cannot carry
Authority so weighty.

Suf.

Who dare cross them?

Bearing the king's will from his mouth expressly?

Wol. Till I find more than will, or words to do it²¹,
(I mean your malice), know, officious lords,
I dare, and must deny it. Now I feel
Of what coarse metal ye are moulded,—envy.
How eagerly ye follow my disgraces,
As if it fed ye? and how sleek and wanton
Ye appear in every thing may bring my ruin!
Follow your envious courses, men of malice;
You have Christian warrant for them, and, no doubt,
In time will find their fit rewards. That seal
You ask with such a violence, the king
(Mine, and your master) with his own hand gave me:
Bade me enjoy it, with the place and honours,
During my life; and, to confirm his goodness,
Tied it by letters patents: Now, who'll take it?

Sur. The king that gave it.

Wol.

It must be himself then.

Sur. Thou art a proud traitor, priest.

Wol.

Proud lord, thou liest;

Within these forty hours Surrey durst better
Have burnt that tongue, than said so.

Sur.

Thy ambition,

²⁰ *Asher* was the ancient name of *Esher*, in Surrey. Shakespeare forgot that Wolsey was himself Bishop of Winchester, having succeeded Bishop Fox in 1528, holding the see in commendam. *Esher* was one of the episcopal palaces belonging to that see.

²¹ That is, 'Till I find more than (your malicious) will and words to do it, I dare and must deny it.'

Thou scarlet sin, robb'd this bewailing land
 Of noble Buckingham, my father-in-law :
 The heads of all thy brother cardinals
 (With thee, and all thy best parts bound together)
 Weigh'd not a hair of his. Plague of your policy !
 You sent me deputy for Ireland ;
 Far from his succour, from the king, from all
 That might have mercy on the fault thou gav'st him ;
 Whilst your great goodness, out of holy pity,
 Absolv'd him with an axe.

Wol.

This, and all else

This talking lord can lay upon my credit,
 I answer, is most false. The duke by law
 Found his deserts : how innocent I was
 From any private malice in his end,
 His noble jury and foul cause can witness.
 If I lov'd many words, lord, I should tell you,
 You have as little honesty as honour ;
 That I, in the way of loyalty and truth
 Toward the king, my ever royal master,
 Dare mate²² a sounder man than Surrey can be,
 And all that love his follies.

Sur.

By my soul,

Your long coat, priest, protects you ; thou should'st
 feel

My sword i' the life-blood of thee else.—My lords,
 Can ye endure to hear this arrogance ?
 And from this fellow ? If we live thus tamely,
 To be thus jaded²³ by a piece of scarlet,

²² i. e. *equal*.

²³ i. e. *overcrowded, overmastered*. The force of this term may be best understood from a proverb given by Cotgrave, in v. *Rosae*, a *jade*. ' Il n'est si bon cheval qui n'en deviendrait *rosse* : It would anger a saint, or *crestfall* the best man living to be so used.' Thus in Antony and Cleopatra, Act iii. Sc. 1 :—

' The ne'er-yet-beaten horse of Parthia
 We have jaded out o' the field.'

Farewell nobility; let his grace go forward,
And dare us with his cap, like larks²⁴.

Wol. All goodness
Is poison to thy stomach.

Sur. Yes, that goodness
Of gleaning all the land's wealth into one,
Into your own hands, cardinal, by extortion;
The goodness of your intercepted packets,
You writ to the pope, against the king: your goodness,

Since you provoke me, shall be most notorious.—
My lord of Norfolk, as you are truly noble,
As you respect the common good, the state
Of our despis'd nobility, our issues,
Who, if he live, will scarce be gentlemen,—
Produce the grand sum of his sins, the articles
Collected from his life:—I'll startle you
Worse than the sacring bell²⁵, when the brown wench
Lay kissing in your arms, lord cardinal²⁶.

Wol. How much, methinks, I could despise this
man,
But that I am bound in charity against it!

²⁴ A cardinal's hat is scarlet, and the method of daring larks is by small mirrors on scarlet cloth, which engages the attention of the birds while the fowler draws his nets over them. The same thought occurs in Skelton's *Why come ye not to Court?* a satire on Wolsey:—

'The red hat with his lure'
Bringeth all things under cure.'

²⁵ The little bell which is rung to give notice of the elevation of the Host, and other offices of the Romish Church, is called the *sacring* or consecration bell. Thus in Reginald Scot's *Discovery of Witchcraft*, 1584:—'He heard a little *sacring* bell ring to the elevation of a to-morrow mass.'

²⁶ The amorous propensities of Cardinal Wolsey are much dwelt upon in Roy's *Satire* against him, printed in the Supplement to Mr. Park's edition of the *Harleian Miscellany*. But it was a common topic of invective against the clergy; all came under the censure, and many no doubt richly deserved it.

Nor. Those articles, my lord, are in the king's hand :
But, thus much, they are foul ones.

Wol. So much fairer,
And spotless, shall mine innocence arise,
When the king knows my truth.

Sur. This cannot save you ;
I thank my memory, I yet remember
Some of these articles ; and out they shall.
Now, if you can blush, and cry guilty, cardinal,
You'll show a little honesty.

Wol. Speak on, sir :
I dare your worst objection : if I blush,
It is, to see a nobleman want manners.

Sur. I'd rather want those, than my head. Have
at you.

First, that without the king's assent, or knowledge,
You wrought to be a legate ; by which power
You main'd the jurisdiction of all bishops.

Nor. Then, that, in all you writ to Rome, or else
To foreign princes, *Ego et Rex meus*
Was still inscrib'd ; in which you brought the king
To be your servant.

Suf. Then, that, without the knowledge
Either of king or council, when you went
Ambassador to the emperor, you made bold
To carry into Flanders the great seal.

Sur. Item, you sent a large commission
To Gregory de Cassalis, to conclude,
Without the king's will, or the state's allowance,
A league between his highness and Ferrara.

Suf. That, out of mere ambition, you have caus'd
Your holy hat to be stamp'd on the king's coin ²⁷.

²⁷ ' This was one of the articles exhibited against Wolsey, but rather with a view to swell the catalogue than from any serious cause of accusation ; inasmuch as the Archbishops Cramer, Bainbridge, and Warham were indulged with the same privilege. See Snelling's View of the Silver Coin of England.—*Douce.*

Sur. Then, that you have sent innumerable substance

(By what means got, I leave to your own conscience),

To furnish Rome, and to prepare the ways
You have for dignities; to the mere²⁸ undoing
Of all the kingdom. Many more there are;
Which, since they are of you, and odious,
I will not taint my mouth with.

Cham.

O my lord,

Press not a falling man too far; 'tis virtue:
His faults lie open to the laws; let them,
Not you, correct him. My heart weeps to see him
So little of his great self.

Sur.

I forgive him.

Suf. Lord cardinal, the king's further pleasure is;—
Because all those things, you have done of late
By your power legatine²⁹ within this kingdom,
Fall into the compass of a *præmunire*³⁰,—
That therefore such a writ be sued against you;
To forfeit all your goods, lands, tenements,
Chattels, and whatsoever, and to be
Out of the king's protection:—This is my charge.

Nor. And so we'll leave you to your meditations
How to live better. For your stubborn answer,
About the giving back the great seal to us,
The king shall know it, and, no doubt, shall thank
you.

So fare you well, my little good lord cardinal.

[*Exeunt all but WOLSEY.*]

²⁸ Absolute.

²⁹ As the pope's legate.

³⁰ The judgment in a writ of *præmunire* (a barbarous word used instead of *præmonere*) is, that the defendant shall be out of the king's protection; and his lands and tenements, goods and chattels forfeited to the king; and that his body shall remain in prison at the king's pleasure. The old copy reads, erroneously, *castles*, instead of *cattels*, the old word for *chattels*, as it is found in Holinshed, p. 909.

Wol. So farewell to the little good you bear me.
 Farewell, a long farewell, to all my greatness!
 This is the state of man; To-day he puts forth
 The tender leaves of hope, to-morrow blossoms,
 And bears his blushing honours thick upon him³¹:
 The third day, comes a frost, a killing frost;
 And,—when he thinks, good easy man, full surely
 His greatness is a ripening,—nips his root,
 And then he falls, as I do. I have ventur'd,
 Like little wanton boys that swim on bladders,
 This many summers in a sea of glory;
 But far beyond my depth; my high-blown pride
 At length broke under me; and now has left me,
 Weary, and old with service, to the mercy
 Of a rude stream, that must for ever hide me.
 Vain pomp, and glory of this world, I hate ye;
 I feel my heart new open'd: O, how wretched
 Is that poor man, that hangs on princes' favours!
 There is, betwixt that smile we would aspire to,
 That sweet aspect of princes, and their ruin³²,
 More pangs and fears than wars or women have;
 And when he falls, he falls like Lucifer,
 Never to hope again³³.—

³¹ Thus in Shakspeare's twenty-fifth Sonnet:—

'Great princes' favourites their fair leaves spread,
 But as the marigold in the sun's eye;
 And in themselves their pride lies buried,
 For at a frown they in their glory die.'

³² 'Their ruin' is 'their displeasure,' producing the downfall and ruin of him on whom it lights. Thus in a former passage:—

'He parted frowning from me as if ruin
 Leap'd from his eyes.'

³³ Thomas Storer, in his *Metrical Life of Wolsey*, 1599, has a similar image:—

'If once we fall, we fall Colossus-like,
 We fall at once, like pillars of the sunne.'

And Churchyard, in his *Legend of Cardinal Wolsey*, *Mirror for Magistrates*, 1587:—

'Your fault not half so great as was my pride,
 For which offence fell *Lucifer* from the skies.'

Enter CROMWELL, amazedly.

Why, how now, Cromwell?

Crom. I have no power to speak, sir.

Wol.

What, amaz'd

At my misfortunes? can thy spirit wonder,
A great man should decline? Nay, an you weep,
I am fallen indeed.

Crom. How does your grace?

Wol.

Why, well;

Never so truly happy, my good Cromwell.
I know myself now; and I feel within me
A peace above all earthly dignities,
A still and quiet conscience. The king has cur'd me,
I humbly thank his grace; and from these shoulders,
These ruin'd pillars, out of pity, taken
A load would sink a navy, too much honour:
O, 'tis a burden, Cromwell, 'tis a burden,
Too heavy for a man that hopes for heaven.

Crom. I am glad, your grace has made that right
use of it.

Wol. I hope, I have: I am able now, methinks
(Out of a fortitude of soul I feel),
To endure more miseries, and greater far,
Than my weak-hearted enemies dare offer³⁴.
What news abroad?

Crom. The heaviest, and the worst,
Is your displeasure with the king.

Wol.

God bless him!

Crom. The next is, that Sir Thomas More is chosen
Lord Chancellor in your place.

³⁴ So in King Henry VI. Part II.:—

'More can I bear, than you dare execute.'

And in Othello:—

'Thou hast not half the power to do me harm,
As I have to be hurt.'

Wol. That's somewhat sudden:
But he's a learned man. May he continue
Long in his highness' favour, and do justice
For truth's sake, and his conscience; that his bones,
When he has run his course, and sleeps in blessings,
May have a tomb of orphans' tears³⁵ wept on 'em!
What more?

Crom. That Cranmer is return'd with welcome,
Install'd lord archbishop of Canterbury.

Wol. That's news indeed.

Crom. Last, that the Lady Anne,
Whom the king hath in secrecy long married,
This day was view'd in open³⁶, as his queen,
Going to chapel; and the voice is now
Only about her coronation.

Wol. There was the weight that pull'd me down.

O Cromwell,
The king has gone beyond me, all my glories
In that one woman I have lost for ever:
No sun shall ever usher forth mine honours,
Or gild again the noble troops that waited
Upon my smiles³⁷. Go, get thee from me, Cromwell;

³⁵ The chancellor is the general guardian of orphans. 'A tomb of tears (says Johnson) is very harsh.' Steevens has adduced an Epigram of Martial, in which the Heliades are said to 'weep a tomb of tears' over a viper. V. Lib. iv. Epig. 59. Drummond, in his *Teares for the Death of Moeliades*, has the same conceit:—

'The Muses, Phoebus, Love, have raised of their *teares*
A crystal tomb to him, through which his worth appears.'

There is a similar conceit in *King Richard II.* Act iii. Sc. 3.

³⁶ *In open* is a Latinism. 'Et castris *in aperto* positis,' Liv. i. 33; i. e. in a place exposed on all sides to view.

³⁷ The number of persons who composed Cardinal Wolsey's household, according to the authentic copy of Cavendish, was *five hundred*. Cavendish's work, though written soon after the death of Wolsey, was not printed till 1641, and then in a most unfaithful and garbled manner, the object of the publication having been to render Laud odious, by showing how far church

I am a poor fallen man, unworthy now
 To be thy lord and master: Seek the king;
 That sun, I pray, may never set! I have told him
 What, and how true thou art: he will advance thee;
 Some little memory of me will stir him
 (I know his noble nature) not to let
 Thy hopeful service perish too: Good Cromwell,
 Neglect him not; make use³⁸ now, and provide
 For thine own future safety.

Crom. O, my lord,
 Must I then leave you? Must I needs forego
 So good, so noble, and so true a master?
 Bear witness, all that have not hearts of iron,
 With what a sorrow Cromwell leaves his lord.—
 The king shall have my service; but my prayers
 For ever, and for ever, shall be yours.

Wol. Cromwell, I did not think to shed a tear
 In all my miseries; but thou hast forc'd me
 Out of thy honest truth to play the woman.
 Let's dry our eyes: and thus far hear me, Cromwell;
 And,—when I am forgotten, as I shall be;
 And sleep in dull cold marble, where no mention
 Of me more must be heard of,—say, I taught thee;
 Say, Wolsey,—that once trod the ways of glory,
 And sounded all the depths and shoals of honour,—
 Found thee a way, out of his wreck, to rise in;
 A sure and safe one, though thy master miss'd it.
 Mark but my fall, and that that ruin'd me.

power had been extended by Wolsey, and how dangerous that prelate was, who, in the opinion of many, followed his example. In that spurious copy we read that the number of his household was *eight hundred persons*. In other MSS. and in Dr. Wordsworth's edition, we find it stated at *one hundred and eighty persons*.

³⁸ i. e. *interest*. So in *Much Ado About Nothing*:—

‘—— I gave him *use* for it.’

Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away ambition³⁹;
By that sin fell the angels, how can man then,
The image of his Maker, hope to win by't?
Love thyself last: cherish those hearts that hate thee;
Corruption wins not more than honesty⁴⁰;
Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,
To silence envious tongues. Be just, and fear not:
Let all the ends, thou aim'st at, be thy country's,
Thy God's, and truth's; then if thou fall'st, O
Cromwell,

Thou fall'st a blessed martyr. Serve the king;
And,—Pr'ythee, lead me in:
There take an inventory of all I have⁴¹,
To the last penny: 'tis the king's: my robe,
And my integrity to heaven, is all
I dare now call mine own. O Cromwell, Cromwell,
Had I but serv'd my God with half the zeal
I serv'd my king, he would not in mine age
Have left me naked to mine enemies⁴².

Crom. Good sir, have patience.

Wol.

So I have. Farewell

The hopes of court! my hopes in heaven do dwell.

[*Exeunt.*]

³⁹ *Ambition* here means a criminal and inordinate ambition, that endeavours to obtain honours unsuited to the state of a subject. Wolsey does not mean to condemn every kind of ambition, for in a preceding line he says he will instruct Cromwell how to rise.

⁴⁰ Wolsey speaks here not as a *statesman* but as a *Christian*. Nothing makes the hour of disgrace more irksome than the reflection that we have been deaf to offers of reconciliation, and perpetuated that enmity which we might have converted into friendship.

⁴¹ This inventory is still to be seen among the Harleian MSS. No. 599. Some of the particulars may be seen in Stowe's Chronicle, p. 546, ed. 1631. See also Mr. Ellis's Historical Letters, vol. ii. p. 15.

⁴² This was actually said by the cardinal when on his deathbed in a conversation with Sir William Kingston. The whole of which

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *A Street in Westminster.*

Enter Two Gentlemen, meeting.

1 *Gent.* You are well met once again.

2 *Gent.* And so are you.

1 *Gent.* You come to take your stand here, and behold

The Lady Anne pass from her coronation?

2 *Gent.* 'Tis all my business. At our last encounter,

The duke of Buckingham came from his trial.

1 *Gent.* 'Tis very true: but that time offer'd sorrow;
This, general joy.

2 *Gent.* 'Tis well: The citizens,

is very interesting:—'Well, well, Master Kingston,' quoth he, 'I see the matter against me how it is framed; but if I had served my God as diligently as I have served my king, he would not have given me over in my grey hairs. Howbeit this is the just reward that I must receive for my worldly diligence and pains that I have had to do him service; only to satisfy his vain pleasure, not regarding my godly duty.'

When Samrah, deputy governor of Bassorah, was deposed by Moawryah, the sixth caliph, he is reported to have expressed himself in the same manner:—'If I had served God so well as I served him, he would never have condemned me to all eternity.' A similar sentiment also occurs in *The Earle of Murton's Tragedie*, by Churchyard, 1593. Antonio Perez, the disgraced favourite, made the same complaint. Mr. Douce has also pointed out a remarkable passage in Pittscottie's *History of Scotland*, p. 261, edit. 1788, in which there is a great resemblance to these pathetic words of the cardinal. James V. imagined that Sir James Hamilton addressed him thus in a dream:—'Though I was a sinner against God, I failed not to thee. Had I been as good a servant to the Lord my God as I was to thee, I had not died that death.'

I am sure, have shown at full their royal minds¹,
(As, let them have their rights, they are ever forward)
In celebration of this day with shows,
Pageants, and sights of honour.

1 *Gent.* Never greater,
Nor, I'll assure you, better taken, sir.

2 *Gent.* May I be bold to ask what that contains,
That paper in your hand?

1 *Gent.* Yes; 'tis the list
Of those, that claim their offices this day,
By custom of the coronation.

The duke of Suffolk is the first, and claims
To be high steward; next, the duke of Norfolk,
He to be earl marshal: you may read the rest.

2 *Gent.* I thank you, sir; had I not known those
customs,

I should have been beholden to your paper.
But, I beseech you, what's become of Katharine,
The princess dowager? how goes her business?

1 *Gent.* That I can tell you too. The archbishop
Of Canterbury, accompanied with other
Learned and reverend fathers of his order,
Held a late court at Dunstable, six miles off
From Amptill, where the princess lay; to which
She oft was cited by them, but appear'd not:
And, to be short, for not appearance, and
The king's late scruple, by the main assent
Of all these learned men she was divorc'd,
And the late marriage² made of none effect:
Since which, she was removed to Kimbolton,
Where she remains now, sick.

¹ Malone's explanation of this passage is entirely erroneous: royal minds are high minds, or as we still say, princely dispositions. 'To avaunt himself royally: Magnifice se efferre.' *Baret*.

² i. e. the marriage lately considered as valid.

2 *Gent.*

Alas, good lady!—

[*Trumpets.*

The trumpets sound: stand close, the queen is coming.

THE ORDER OF THE PROCESSION.

A lively flourish of Trumpets; then, enter

1. *Two Judges.*
2. *Lord Chancellor, with the purse and mace before him.*
3. *Choristers singing.* [Musick.
4. *Mayor of London, bearing the mace. Then Garter, in his coat of arms³, and on his head a gilt copper crown.*
5. *Marquis Dorset, bearing a sceptre of gold, on his head a demi-coronal of gold. With him, the Earl of Surrey, bearing the rod of silver with the dove, crowned with an earl's coronet. Collars of SS.*
6. *Duke of Suffolk, in his robe of estate, his coronet on his head, bearing a long white wand, as high-steward. With him, the Duke of Norfolk, with the rod of marshalship, a coronet on his head. Collars of SS.*
7. *A canopy borne by four of the Cinque-ports; under it, the Queen in her robe; in her hair richly adorned with pearl, crowned. On each side of her, the Bishops of London and Winchester.*
8. *The old Duchess of Norfolk, in a coronal of gold, wrought with flowers, bearing the Queen's train.*
9. *Certain Ladies or Countesses, with plain circlets of gold without flowers.*

³ i. e. in his coat of office, emblazoned with the royal arms.

2 *Gent.* A royal train, believe me.—These I know ;—

Who's that, that bears the sceptre ?

1 *Gent.* Marquis Dorset :

And that the earl of Surrey with the rod.

2 *Gent.* A bold brave gentleman : And that should be
The duke of Suffolk.

1 *Gent.* 'Tis the same ; high steward.

2 *Gent.* And that my lord of Norfolk ?

1 *Gent.* Yes.

2 *Gent.* Heaven bless thee !

[*Looking on the Queen.*

Thou hast the sweetest face I ever look'd on.—

Sir, as I have a soul, she is an angel ;

Our king has all the Indies in his arms,

And more, and richer, when he strains⁴ that lady ;

I cannot blame his conscience.

1 *Gent.* They, that bear

The cloth of honour over her, are four barons

Of the Cinque-ports.

2 *Gent.* Those men are happy ; and so are all, are
near her,

I take it, she that carries up the train,

Is that old noble lady, duchess of Norfolk.

1 *Gent.* It is ; and all the rest are countesses.

2 *Gent.* Their coronets say so. These are stars,
indeed ;

And, sometimes, falling ones.

1 *Gent.* No more of that.

[*Exit Procession, with a great flourish of
Trumpets.*

⁴ *Strain* is here used in the sense of the Latin *comprimere* :
'*Virgo ex eo compressu gravida facta est.*' So Chapman in his
version of the Twenty-first Iliad :—

'Bright Peribœa, whom the flood, &c.
Compress'd.'

Enter a third Gentleman.

God save you, sir! Where have you been broiling?

3 *Gent.* Among the crowd i'the abbey; where a finger

Could not be wedg'd in more; I am stifled
With the mere rankness of their joy.

2 *Gent.*

You saw

The ceremony?

3 *Gent.* That I did.

1 *Gent.* How was it?

3 *Gent.* Well worth the seeing.

2 *Gent.* Good sir, speak it to us.

3 *Gent.* As well as I am able. The rich stream⁵
Of lords, and ladies, having brought the queen
To a prepar'd place in the choir, fell off
A distance from her; while her grace sat down
To rest a while, some half an hour, or so,
In a rich chair of state, opposing freely
The beauty of her person to the people.
Believe me, sir, she is the goodliest woman
That ever lay by man: which when the people
Had the full view of, such a noise arose
As the shrouds make at sea in a stiff tempest,
As loud, and to as many tunes: hats, cloaks
(Doublets, I think) flew up; and had their faces
Been loose, this day they had been lost. Such joy
I never saw before. Great bellied women,

⁵ ' ——— ingentem foribus domus alta superbis
Mane salutantum totis vomit ædibus undam.'
Virg. Georg. ii. 461.

' ——— foribus cum immissa superbis
Unda fremit vulgi.'
Statius Theb. v. 223.

Thus in Timon of Athens:—

' ——— this confluence, this great flood of visitors.'

That had not half a week to go, like rams⁶
 In the old time of war, would shake the press,
 And make them reel before them. No man living
 Could say, *This is my wife*, there; all were woven
 So strangely in one piece.

2 *Gent.*

But what follow'd?

3 *Gent.* At length her grace rose, and with modest paces

Came to the altar; where she kneel'd, and, saintlike,
 Cast her fair eyes to heaven, and pray'd devoutly.
 Then rose again, and bow'd her to the people:
 When by the archbishop of Canterbury
 She had all the royal makings of a queen;
 As holy oil, Edward Confessor's crown,
 The rod, and bird of peace, and all such emblems
 Laid nobly on her: which perform'd, the choir,
 With all the choicest musick of the kingdom,
 Together sung *Te Deum*. So she parted,
 And with the same full state pac'd back again
 To York Place, where the feast is held.

1 *Gent.*

Sir, you

Must no more call it York Place, that is past:
 For, since the cardinal fell, that title's lost;
 'Tis now the king's, and call'd—Whitehall.

3 *Gent.*

I know it;

But 'tis so lately altered, that the old name
 Is fresh about me.

2 *Gent.*

What two reverend bishops
 Were those that went on each side of the queen?

3 *Gent.* Stokesly and Gardiner; the one, of Winchester

(Newly preferr'd from the king's secretary),
 The other, London.

⁶ i. e. battering rams:—

' ——— labat *ariete* crebro
 Janua——.'

2 *Gent.* He of Winchester
Is held no great good lover of the archbishop's,
The virtuous Cranmer.

3 *Gent.* All the land knows that:
However, yet there's no great breach; when it comes,
Cranmer will find a friend will not shrink from him.

2 *Gent.* Who may that be, I pray you?

3 *Gent.* Thomas Cromwell;
A man in much esteem with the king, and truly
A worthy friend.—The king
Has made him master o'the jewel-house,
And one, already, of the privy council.

2 *Gent.* He will deserve more.

3 *Gent.* Yes, without all doubt.
Come, gentlemen, ye shall go my way, which
Is to the court, and there ye shall be my guests;
Something I can command. As I walk thither,
I'll tell ye more.

Both. You may command us, sir.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II¹. Kimbolton.

Enter KATHARINE, *Dowager, sick; led between*
GRIFFITH and PATIENCE.

Grif. How does your grace?

Kath. O, Griffith, sick to death:
My legs, like loaden branches, bow to the earth,
Willing to leave their burden: Reach a chair;—
So,—now, methinks, I feel a little ease.
Didst thou not tell me, Griffith, as thou led'st me,

¹ This scene is above any other part of Shakspeare's tragedies, and perhaps above any scene of any other poet, tender and pathetick, without gods, or furies, or poisons, or precipices, without the help of romantick circumstances, without improbable sallies of poetical lamentation, and without any throes of tumultuous misery.—JOHNSON.

That the great child of honour, cardinal Wolsey,
Was dead?

Grif. Yes, madam; but, I think, your grace,
Out of the pain you suffer'd, gave no ear to't.

Kath. Pr'ythee, good Griffith, tell me how he died:
If well, he stepp'd before me, happily²,
For my example.

Grif. Well, the voice goes, madam:
For after the stout Earl Northumberland
Arrested him at York, and brought him forward
(As a man sorely tainted) to his answer,
He fell sick suddenly, and grew so ill,
He could not sit his mule³.

Kath. Alas! poor man!

Grif. At last, with easy roads⁴, he came to Leicester,
Lodg'd in the Abbey; where the reverend abbot,
With all his convent, honourably receiv'd him;
To whom he gave these words,—*O father abbot,
An old man, broken with the storms of state,
Is come to lay his weary bones among ye;
Give him a little earth for charity!*
So went to bed: where eagerly his sickness
Pursu'd him still; and, three nights after this,
About the hour of eight (which he himself

² *Happily* is sometimes used by Shakspeare for *haply*, *peradventure*; as in *The Taming of the Shrew*, Act iv. Sc. 4:—

‘—— old Gremio is heark'ning still,

And *happily* we might be interrupted.’

But it here more probably means *opportunistly*.

³ Cardinals generally rode on mules, as a mark perhaps of humility. Cavendish says that Wolsey ‘rode like a cardinal sumptuously upon his mule, trapped altogether in crimson velvet and gilt stirrups.’ And Roy, in the *Satire* already quoted, says:—

‘Doth he then use on mules to ride?

Ye, and that with so shameful pride

That to tell it is not possible.’

⁴ *Roads*, or *rodes*, here, is the same as *courses*, *stages*, or *journeys*. From whence also was formed *out-rodes*, *in-rodes*, &c.

Foretold, should be his last), full of repentance,
Continual meditations, tears, and sorrows,
He gave his honours to the world again,
His blessed part to heaven, and slept in peace.

Kath. So may he rest; his faults lie gently on him!
Yet thus far, Griffith, give me leave to speak him,
And yet with charity,—He was a man
Of an unbounded stomach⁵, ever ranking
Himself with princes; one, that by suggestion
Ty'd all the kingdom⁶: simony was fair play;
His own opinion was his law: I'the presence
He would say untruths; and be ever double,
Both in his words and meaning: He was never,
But where he meant to ruin, pitiful:
His promises were, as he then was, mighty;
But his performance, as he is now, nothing.
Of his own body he was ill⁷, and gave
The clergy ill example.

⁵ i. e. of unbounded pride or haughtiness. Thus Holinshed—
'This cardinal was of a great *stomach*, for he computed himself
equal with princes, and by crafty *suggestions* got into his hands
innumerable treasure: he forced little on simony, and was not
pitifull, and stood affectionate in his own opinion: in open pre-
sence he would lie and seie untruth, and was double both in
speech and meaning: he would promise much and perform little:
he was vicious of his bodie, and gave the clergie evil example.'
Ed. 1587, p. 922.

⁶ — one that by *suggestion*
Ty'd all the kingdom —.

Suggestion here, I think, means wicked *prompting*. It is used in
this sense in *The Tempest*. I have no doubt that we should read
tyth'd instead of *ty'd*, as Dr. Farmer proposed, and as the pas-
sage quoted from Holinshed warrants. The word *tythes* was not
exclusively used to signify the emoluments of the clergy. Thus
in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Queen of Corinth*:—

'Why, sir, the kingdom's his; and no man now
Can come to Corinth, or from Corinth go,
Without his licence; he puts up *the tithes*
Of every office through Achaia.'

⁷ To be *ill, evil, or naught of body*, was to be addicted to
women: to be lewd in life and manners.

Grif.

Noble madam,

Men's evil manners live in brass; their virtues
We write in water. May it please your highness
To hear me speak his good now?

Kath.

Yes, good Griffith;

I were malicious else.

Grif.

This cardinal,

Though from an humble stock, undoubtedly
Was fashion'd to much honour from his cradle⁸.
He was a scholar, and a ripe, and good one;
Exceeding wise, fair spoken, and persuading:
Lofty, and sour, to them that lov'd him not;
But, to those men that sought him, sweet as summer.
And though he were unsatisfied in getting
(Which was a sin), yet in bestowing, madam,
He was most princely: Ever witness for him
Those twins of learning, that he rais'd in you,
Ipswich, and Oxford! one of which fell with him,
Unwilling to outlive the good that did it⁹;
The other, though unfinish'd, yet so famous,
So excellent in art, and still so rising,
That Christendom shall ever speak his virtue.
His overthrow heap'd happiness upon him;
For then, and not till then, he felt himself,
And found the blessedness of being little:
And, to add greater honours to his age
Than man could give him, he died, fearing God¹⁰.

⁸ This passage has been absurdly pointed in all the modern editions:—

_____ This cardinal, &c.

Was fashion'd to much honour. From his cradle

He was a scholar, and a ripe and good one.'

⁹ 'Unwilling to outlive the *good* that did it.'

Good appears here to be put for *goodness*, as in the passage just above:—

'May it please your highness

To hear me speak his *good* now?'

¹⁰ This speech is formed on the following passage in Holinshed:—'This cardinal (as Edmund Campion in his *Historie* of

Kath. After my death I wish no other herald,
 No other speaker of my living actions,
 To keep mine honour from corruption,
 But such an honest chronicler as Griffith.
 Whom I most hated living, thou hast made me,
 With thy religious truth, and modesty,
 Now in his ashes honour: Peace be with him!—
 Patience, be near me still; and set me lower:
 I have not long to trouble thee.—Good Griffith,
 Cause the musicians play me that sad note
 I nam'd my knell, whilst I sit meditating
 On that celestial harmony I go to.

Sad and solemn musick.

Grif. She is asleep: Good wench, let's sit down
 quiet,
 For fear we wake her;—Softly, gentle Patience.

Ireland described him) was a man undoubtedly born to honour; I think (saith he) some prince's bastard, no butcher's sonne; exceeding wise, faire-spoken, high-minded, full of revenge, vitious of his bodie, loftie to his enemies, were they never so bigge, to those that accepted and sought his friendship wonderful courteous; a ripe schooleman, thrall to affections, brought a bed with flatterie; insaciabable to get, and more princelie in bestowing, as appeareth by his two colleges at Ipswich and Oxenford, the one overthrown with his fall, the other unfinished, and yet as it lyeth, for an house of studentes (considering all the appurtenances) incomparable throughout Christendome.—He held and inioied at once the bishoprickes of Yorke, Duresme, and Winchester, the dignities of lord cardinall, legatt, and chanoellor, the abbaie of St. Albans, diverse priories, sundrie fat benefices in *commendam*; a great preferrer of his servants, an advauncer of learning, stoute in every quarrel, never happy till this his overthrow: wherin he shewed such moderation, and ended so perfectlie, that the houre of his death did him more honour than all the pomp of his life passed.' We have a similar thought in *Macbeth*:—

' ——— nothing in his life
 Became him like the leaving it.'

The Vision. Enter, solemnly tripping one after another, six Personages, clad in white robes, wearing on their heads garlands of bays, and golden vizards on their faces; branches of bays, or palm, in their hands. They first congee unto her, then dance; and, at certain changes, the first two hold a spare garland over her head; at which, the other four make reverend court'sies; then the two that held the garland, deliver the same to the other next two, who observe the same order in their changes, and holding the garland over her head: which done, they deliver the same garland to the last two, who likewise observe the same order: at which (as it were by inspiration) she makes in her sleep signs of rejoicing, and holdeth up her hands to heaven: and so in their dancing they vanish, carrying the garland with them. The musick continues.

Kath. Spirits of peace, where are ye? Are ye all gone?

And leave me here in wretchedness behind ye¹¹?

Grif. Madam, we are here.

Kath. It is not you I call for:

Saw ye none enter, since I slept?

Grif. None, madam.

Kath. No? Saw you not, even now, a blessed troop

Invite me to a banquet; whose bright faces

Cast thousand beams upon me, like the sun?

They promis'd me eternal happiness;

And brought me garlands, Griffith, which I feel

I am not worthy yet to wear: I shall,

Assuredly.

¹¹ Gray had probably this passage in his mind when he made his bard exclaim on a similar occasion:—

'Stay, O stay! nor thus forlorn

Leave me unblest, unpitied, here to mourn.'

Grif. I am most joyful, madam, such good dreams
Possess your fancy.

Kath. Bid the musick leave,
They are harsh and heavy to me. [*Musick ceases.*

Pat. Do you note,
How much her grace is alter'd on the sudden?
How long her face is drawn? How pale she looks,
And of an earthly cold? Mark you her eyes?

Grif. She is going, wench; pray, pray.

Pat. Heaven comfort her!

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. An't like your grace,—

Kath. You are a saucy fellow:
Deserve we no more reverence?

Grif. You are to blame,
Knowing, she will not lose her wonted greatness,
To use so rude behaviour: go to, kneel¹².

Mess. I humbly do entreat your highness' pardon;
My haste made me unmannerly: There is staying
A gentleman, sent from the king, to see you.

Kath. Admit him entrance, Griffith: But this
fellow
Let me ne'er see again.

[*Exeunt GRIFFITH and Messenger.*

Re-enter GRIFFITH, with CAPUCIUS.

If my sight fail not,
You should be lord ambassador from the emperor,
My royal nephew, and your name Capucius.

¹² Queen Katharine's servants, after the divorce at Dunstable, and the Pope's curse stuck up at Dunkirk, were directed to be sworn to serve her not as *queen* but as *princess dowager*. Some refused to take the oath, and so were forced to leave her service; and as for those who took it and stayed, she would not be served by them, by which means she was almost destitute of attendants. See Hall's Chronicle, fol. 219. Bishop Burnet says that all the women about her still called her queen. *Hist. of the Reformation*, p. 162.

Cap. Madam, the same, your servant.

Kath. O my lord,
The times, and titles, now are alter'd strangely
With me, since first you knew me. But, I pray you,
What is your pleasure with me?

Cap. Noble lady,
First, mine own service to your grace; the next,
The king's request that I would visit you;
Who grieves much for your weakness, and by me
Sends you his princely commendations,
And heartily entreats you take good comfort.

Kath. O my good lord, that comfort comes too late;
'Tis like a pardon after execution:
That gentle physick, given in time, had cur'd me;
But now I am past all comforts here, but prayers.
How does his highness?

Cap. Madam, in good health.*

Kath. So may he ever do! and ever flourish,
When I shall dwell with worms, and my poor name
Banish'd the kingdom!—Patience, is that letter,
I caus'd you write, yet sent away?

Pat. No, madam.

[Giving it to KATHARINE.]

Kath. Sir, I most humbly pray you to deliver
This to my lord the king¹³.

Cap. Most willing, madam.

¹³ '—— perceiving hir selfe to waxe verie weake and feeble, and to feelee death approaching at hand, caused one of hir gentlewomen to write a letter to the king, commending to him hir daughter and his, beseeching him to stand good father unto hir; and further desired him to have consideration of hir gentlewomen that had served hir, and to see them bestowed in marriage. Further, that it would please him to appoint that hir servants might have their due wages, and a yeares wages beside.' Holinshed, p. 939. This letter probably fell into the hands of Polydore Virgil, who was then in England, and has preserved it in the twenty-seventh book of his history. Lord Herbert has given a translation of it in his History of King Henry VIII.

Kath. In which I have commended to his goodness
The model¹⁴ of our chaste loves, his young daughter¹⁵:—

The dews of heaven fall thick in blessings on her!—
Beseeching him, to give her virtuous breeding
(She is young, and of a noble modest nature;
I hope, she will deserve well); and a little
To love her for her mother's sake, that lov'd him,
Heaven knows how dearly. My next poor petition
Is that his noble grace would have some pity
Upon my wretched women, that so long,
Have follow'd both my fortunes faithfully:
Of which there is not one, I dare avow
(And now I should not lie), but will deservé,
For virtue, and true beauty of the soul,
For honesty, and decent carriage,
A right good husband, let him be¹⁶ a noble;
And, sure, those men are happy that shall have them.
The last is, for my men: they are the poorest,
But poverty could never draw them from me;—
That they may have their wages duly paid them,
And something over to remember me by;
If heaven had pleas'd to have given me longer life,
And able means, we had not parted thus.
These are the whole contents;—And, good my lord,
By that you love the dearest in this world,
As you wish christian peace to souls departed,
Stand these poor people's friend, and urge the king
To do me this last right.

¹⁴ *Model*, it has been already observed, signified, in the language of our ancestors, a *representation* or *image*. Thus in *The London Prodigal*, 1609:—

'Dear copy of my husband! O let me kiss thee!

[*Kissing a picture.*

How like him is this *model*?"

See note on *All's Well that Ends Well*, Act iv. Sc. 3, p. 303, and *King John*, Act v. Sc. 7.

¹⁵ Afterwards Queen Mary.

¹⁶ Even if he should be.

Cap. By heaven, I will;
Or let me lose the fashion of a man!

Kath. I thank you, honest lord. Remember me
In all humility unto his highness;
Say, his long trouble now is passing
Out of this world: tell him, in death I bless'd him,
For so I will.—Mine eyes grow dim.—Farewell,
My lord.—Griffith, farewell.—Nay, Patience,
You must not leave me yet. I must to bed;
Call in more women.—When I am dead, good wench,
Let me be us'd with honour; strew me over
With maiden flowers, that all the world may know
I was a chaste wife to my grave: embalm me,
Then lay me forth: although unqueen'd, yet like
A queen, and daughter to a king, inter me.
I can no more.——

[*Exeunt, leading KATHARINE.*]

ACT V.

SCENE I. *A Gallery in the Palace.*

*Enter GARDINER, Bishop of Winchester, a Page
with a Torch before him, met by SIR THOMAS
LOVELL.*

Gar. It's one o'clock, boy, is't not?

Boy. It hath struck.

Gar. These should be hours for necessities,
Not for delights¹: times to repair our nature
With comforting repose, and not for us

¹ Gardiner himself is not much delighted. The delights at which he hints seem to be the king's diversions, which keep him in attendance.

To waste these times.—Good hour of night, Sir
Thomas!

Whither so late?

Lov. Came you from the king, my lord?

Gar. I did, Sir Thomas; and left him at primero²
With the duke of Suffolk.

Lov. I must to him too,
Before he go to bed. I'll take my leave.

Gar. Not yet, Sir Thomas Lovell. What's the
matter?

It seems, you are in haste: an if there be
No great offence belongs to't, give your friend
Some touch³ of your late business: Affairs, that walk
(As they say, spirits do) at midnight, have
In them a wilder nature, than the business
That seeks despatch by day.

Lov. My lord, I love you;
And durst commend a secret to your ear
Much weightier than this work. The queen's in
labour,
They say, in great extremity; and fear'd,
She'll with the labour end.

Gar. The fruit, she goes with,
I pray for heartily; that it may find
Good time, and live; but for the stock, Sir Thomas,
I wish it grubb'd up now.

Lov. Methinks, I could
Cry the amen; and yet my conscience says

² *Primero*, prime, or primavista. A game at cards, said by some writers to be one of the oldest known in England. It is described by Duchat in his notes on Rabelais, Mr. Daines Barrington in the *Archæologia*, vol. viii. p. 132, and more fully by Mr. Nares in his Glossary, and in an Essay on the Origin of Playing Cards, 1816, to which our limits oblige us to refer the reader desirous of further information.

³ i. e. some hint of the business that keeps you awake so late.

She's a good creature, and, sweet lady, does
Deserve our better wishes.

Gar.

But, sir, sir,—

Hear me, Sir Thomas: You are a gentleman
Of mine own way⁴; I know you wise, religious;
And, let me tell you, it will ne'er be well,—
'Twill not, Sir Thomas Lovell, take't of me,
Till Cranmer, Cromwell, her two hands, and she,
Sleep in their graves.

Lov.

Now, sir, you speak of two

The most remark'd i'the kingdom. As for Crom-
well,—

Beside that of the jewel-house, he's made master
O'the rolls, and the king's secretary: further, sir,
Stands in the gap and trade⁵ of more preferments,
With which the time will load him: The archbishop
Is the king's hand and tongue; And who dare speak
One syllable against him?

Gar.

Yes, yes, Sir Thomas,

There are that dare; and I myself have ventur'd
To speak my mind of him: and, indeed, this day,
Sir (I may tell it you), I think, I have
Incens'd⁶ the lords o'the council, that he is

⁴ Of mine own opinion in religion.

⁵ i. e. *course* or *way*. 'Iter pro incepto et instituto, a way, trade, or course. COOPER. Again, in Udal's Apothegms, p. 75, '— althoughe it repent them of the *trade* or way that they have chosen.' So in a letter from the earl of Leicester to Sir Nicholas Throckmorton, among the Conway Papers:—'But methinks she had rather you followed the *trade* you take, and did what you with your credit might.' See King Richard II. Act iii. Sc. 3:—

'Some way of common trade.'

⁶ *Incens'd* or *insensed* in this instance, and in some others, only means *instructed, informed*: still in use in Staffordshire. It properly signifies to *infuse into the mind*, to *prompt* or *instigate*. 'Invidiæ stimulo mentes Patrum fodit Saturnia: Juno incenseth the senators' minds with secret envy against,' &c. COOPER.

(For so I know he is, they know he is)

A most arch heretick, a pestilence

That does infect the land: with which they moved,

Have broken⁷ with the king; who hath so far

Given ear to our complaint (of his great grace

And princely care; foreseeing those fell mischiefs

Our reasons laid before him), he hath commanded

To-morrow morning to the council board

He be convented⁸. He's a rank weed, Sir Thomas,

And we must root him out. From your affairs,

I hinder you too long: good night, Sir Thomas.

Lov. Many good nights, my lord: I rest your servant.
[*Exeunt GARDINER and Page.*]

*As LOVELL is going out, enter the King, and the
DUKE of SUFFOLK.*

K. Hen. Charles, I will play no more to-night;
My mind's not on't, you are too hard for me.

Suf. Sir, I did never win of you before.

K. Hen. But little, Charles;
Nor shall not, when my fancy's on my play.—
Now, Lovell, from the queen what is the news?

Lov. I could not personally deliver to her
What you commanded me, but by her woman
I sent your message; who return'd her thanks
In the greatest humbleness, and desir'd your highness
Most heartily to pray for her.

K. Hen. What say'st thou? ha!
To pray for her? what, is she crying out?

⁷ That is, have broken silence; told their minds to the king.
So in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*:—

'I am to *break* with thee of some affairs.'

⁸ i. e. summoned, convened. Thus in *Coriolanus*:—

'————— We are *convented*

Upon a pleasing treaty ———.'

Lov. So said her woman; and that her sufferance made

Almost each pang a death⁹.

K. Hen. Alas, good lady!

Suf. God safely quit her of her burden, and
With gentle travail, to the gladding of
Your highness with an heir!

K. Hen. 'Tis midnight, Charles,
Pr'ythee, to bed; and in thy prayers remember
The estate of my poor queen. Leave me alone;
For I must think of that, which company
Would not be friendly to.

Suf. I wish your highness
A quiet night, and my good mistress will
Remember in my prayers.

K. Hen. Charles, good night.—
[*Exit SUFFOLK.*]

*Enter SIR ANTONY DENNY*¹⁰.

Well, sir, what follows?

Den. Sir, I have brought my lord the archbishop,
As you commanded me.

K. Hen. Ha! Canterbury?

Den. Ay, my good lord.

K. Hen. 'Tis true: Where is he, Denny?

Den. He attends your highness' pleasure.

K. Hen. Bring him to us.

[*Exit DENNY.*]

Lov. This is about that which the bishop spake:
I am happily¹¹ come hither. [*Aside.*]

⁹ We have almost the same sentiment before in Act ii. Sc. 3:—

'—— it is a sufferance panging

As soul and body's severing.'

¹⁰ The substance of this and the two following scenes is taken from Fox's Acts and Monuments of the Christian Martyrs, &c. 1563.

¹¹ i. e. *luckily, opportunely*. Vide note 2, p. 269, and p. 231, line 16.

Re-enter DENNY, with CRANMER.

K. Hen.

Avoid the gallery.

[*LOVELL seems to stay.*

Ha!—I have said.—Be gone.

What!—

[*Exeunt LOVELL and DENNY.*

Cran. I am fearful:—Wherefore frowns he thus?
'Tis his aspect of terror. All's not well.

K. Hen. How now, my lord? You do desire to
know

Wherefore I sent for you.

Cran.

It is my duty

To attend your highness' pleasure.

K. Hen.

'Pray you, arise,

My good and gracious lord of Canterbury.

Come, you and I must walk a turn together;

I have news to tell you: Come, come, give me your
hand.

Ah, my good lord, I grieve at what I speak,

And am right sorry to repeat what follows:

I have, and most unwillingly, of late

Heard many grievous, I do say, my lord,

Grievous complaints of you: which, being consider'd,

Have mov'd us and our council, that you shall

This morning come before us; where, I know,

You cannot with such freedom purge yourself,

But that, till further trial, in those charges

Which will require your answer, you must take

Your patience to you, and be well contented

To make your house our Tower: You a brother of us¹²,

It fits we thus proceed, or else no witness

Would come against you.

Cran.

I humbly thank your highness;

And am right glad to catch this good occasion

Most thoroughly to be winnow'd, where my chaff

¹² You being one of the council, it is necessary to imprison
ou, that the witnesses against you may not be deterred.

And corn shall fly asunder : for, I know,
There's none stands under more calumnious tongues,
Than I myself, poor man.

K. Hen. Stand up, good Canterbury ;
Thy truth, and thy integrity, is rooted
In us, thy friend : Give me thy hand, stand up ;
Pr'ythee, let's walk. Now, by my holy dame,
What manner of man are you ? My lord, I look'd
You would have given me your petition ; that
I should have ta'en some pains to bring together
Yourself and your accusers ; and to have heard you
Without indurance¹³, further.

Cran. Most dread liege,
The good I stand on is my truth, and honesty ;
If they shall fail, I, with mine enemies,
Will triumph o'er my person ; which I weigh¹⁴ not,
Being of those virtues vacant. I fear nothing
What can be said against me.

K. Hen. Know you not how
Your state stands i'the world, with the whole world ?
Your enemies are many, and not small : their prac-
tices

Must bear the same proportion : and not ever¹⁵
The justice and the truth o'the question carries
The due o'the verdict with it : At what ease
Might corrupt minds procure knaves as corrupt
To swear against you ? such things have been done.
You are potently opposed ; and with a malice

¹³ *Indurance*, which Shakspeare found in Fox's narrative, means here *imprisonment* : ' one or two of the chiefest of the council, making their excuse, declared, that in requesting his *indurance*, it was rather meant for his trial and his purgation—than for any malice conceived against him.'

¹⁴ i. e. have no value for. Thus in *Love's Labour's Lost* :—
' You weigh me not,—O that's you care not for me.'

¹⁵ *Not ever* is an uncommon expression, and here means not *always*.

Of as great size. Ween¹⁶ you of better luck,
 I mean, in perjur'd witness, than your master,
 Whose minister you are, whiles here he liv'd
 Upon this naughty earth? Go to, go to;
 You take a precipice for no leap of danger,
 And woo your own destruction.

Cran. God, and your majesty,
 Protect mine innocence, or I fall into
 The trap is laid for me!

K. Hen. Be of good cheer;
 They shall no more prevail, than we give way to.
 Keep comfort to you; and this morning see
 You do appear before them; if they shall chance,
 In charging you with matters, to commit you,
 The best persuasions to the contrary
 Fail not to use, and with what vehemency
 The occasion shall instruct you: if entreaties
 Will render you no remedy, this ring
 Deliver them, and your appeal to us
 There make before them.—Look, the good man
 weeps!

He's honest, on mine honour. God's blest mother!
 I swear, he is true hearted; and a soul
 None better in my kingdom.—Get you gone,
 And do as I have bid you.—[*Exit CRANMER.*]

He has strangled
 His language in his tears.

*Enter an old Lady*¹⁷.

Gent. [*Within.*] Come back; What mean you?

Lady. I'll not come back: the tidings that I bring

¹⁶ To *ween* is to *think* or *imagine*. Though now obsolete, the word was common to all our ancient writers. *Overweening*, its derivative, is still retained in the modern vocabulary.

¹⁷ This, says Steevens, is I suppose the same old cat that appears with Anne Boleyn in a former scene.

Will make my boldness manners.—Now, good angels
Fly o'er thy royal head, and shade thy person
Under their blessed wings!

K. Hen. Now, by thy looks
I guess thy message. Is the queen deliver'd?
Say, ay; and of a boy.

Lady. Ay, ay, my liege;
And of a lovely boy: The God of heaven
Both now and ever bless her¹⁸!—'tis a girl,
Promises boys hereafter. Sir, your queen
Desires your visitation, and to be
Acquainted with this stranger; 'tis as like you,
As cherry is to cherry.

K. Hen. Lovell,—

Enter LOVELL.

Lov. Sir,

K. Hen. Give her an hundred marks. I'll to the
queen. [*Exit King.*

Lady. An hundred marks! By this light I'll have
more.

An ordinary groom is for such payment.
I will have more, or scold it out of him.
Said I for this, the girl is like to him?
I will have more, or else unsay't: and now
While it is hot, I'll put it to the issue. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *Lobby before the Council Chamber.*

Enter CRANMER; Servants, Doorkeeper, &c.
attending.

Cran. I hope, I am not too late; and yet the gentleman,
That was sent to me from the council, pray'd me

¹⁸ The humour of this passage consists in the talkative old lady, who in her hurry said it was a boy, adding bless *her* before she corrects her mistake.

To make great haste. All fast? what means this?—

Hoa!

Who waits there?—Sure you know me?

D. Keep.

Yes, my lord;

But yet I cannot help you.

Cran.

Why?

D. Keep. Your grace must wait till you be call'd for.

Enter DOCTOR BUTTS.

Cran.

So.

Butts. This is a piece of malice. I am glad,
I came this way so happily. The king
Shall understand it presently. [*Exit BUTTS.*]

Cran. [*Aside.*]

'Tis Butts,

The king's physician; As he past along,
How earnestly he cast his eyes upon me!
Pray heaven, he sound not my disgrace! For certain,
This is of purpose lay'd by some that hate me
(God turn their hearts! I never sought their malice),
To quench mine honour: they would shame to
make me

Wait else at door; a fellow counsellor,
Among boys, grooms, and lackeys. But their plea-
sures

Must be fulfilled, and I attend with patience.

Enter, at a Window above¹, the King and BUTTS.

Butts. I'll show your grace the strangest sight,—

K. Hen.

What's that, Butts?

¹ The suspicious vigilance of our ancestors contrived windows which overlooked the insides of chapels, halls, kitchens, passages, &c. Some of these convenient peepholes may still be seen in colleges, and such ancient houses as have not suffered from the reformations of modern architecture. In a letter from Matthew Parker, archbishop of Canterbury, 1573, printed in Seward's *Anecdotes*, vol. iv. p. 270, ed. 1796:—'And if it please her majestie, she may come in through my gallerie, and see the disposition of the hall in dynner time, at a window opening there-into.' Without a previous knowledge of this custom Shakespeare's scenery in the present instance would be obscure.

Butts. I think, your highness saw this many a day.

K. Hen. Body o'me, where is it?

Butts. There, my lord:

The high promotion of his grace of Canterbury;
Who holds his state at door, 'mongst pursuivants,
Pages, and footboys.

K. Hen. Ha! 'Tis he, indeed:

Is this the honour they do one another?

'Tis well, there's one above them yet. I had thought
They had parted² so much honesty among them
(At least, good manners) as not thus to suffer
A man of his place, and so near our favour,
To dance attendance on their lordships' pleasures,
And at the door too, like a post with packets.
By holy Mary, Butts, there's knavery:
Let them alone, and draw the curtain close³;
We shall hear more anon.— [Exeunt.

THE COUNCIL CHAMBER.

Enter the Lord Chancellor, the DUKE of SUFFOLK, EARL of SURREY, Lord Chamberlain, GARDINER, and CROMWELL. The Chancellor places himself at the upper end of the table on the left hand; a seat being left void above him, as for the Archbishop of Canterbury. The rest seat themselves in order on each side. CROMWELL at the lower end, as Secretary.

Chan. Speak to the business, master secretary:
Why are we met in council?

Crom. Please your honours,
The chief cause concerns his grace of Canterbury.

² i. e. shared, possessed.

³ That is, the curtain of the balcony or upper stage, where the king now is. See Malone's Account of the early English Stage, vol. iii. of the late edition by Mr. Boswell.

Gar. Has he had knowledge of it?

Crom.

Yes.

Nor.

Who waits there?

D. Keep. Without, my noble lords?

Gar.

Yes.

D. Keep.

My lord archbishop;

And has done half an hour, to know your pleasures.

Chan. Let him come in.

D. Keep.

Your grace may enter now⁴.

[CRANMER approaches the Council-table.]

Chan. My good lord archbishop, I am very sorry

To sit here at this present, and behold

That chair stand empty: But we all are men,

In our own natures frail, and capable⁵

Of our flesh, few are angels: out of which frailty,

And want of wisdom, you, that best should teach us,

Have misdemean'd yourself, and not a little,

Toward the king first, then his laws, in filling

The whole realm, by your teaching, and your chap-
lains

(For so we are inform'd), with new opinions,

⁴ The old stage direction at the commencement of this scene is 'A counsell table brought in with chayres and stooles and placed under the state.' Our ancestors were contented to be told that the same spot, without any change of its appearance (except perhaps the drawing back of a curtain) was at once the outside and the inside of the council chamber. The modern reader will easily conceive how this scene might now be represented on the stage, who has witnessed some of the ingenious and prompt scenes of metamorphoses by that admirable comedian Matthews..

⁵ 'Capable of our flesh,' probably means 'susceptible of the failings inherent in humanity.' Malone reads and points thus:—

But we are all men,

In our natures frail, incapable;

Of our flesh, few are angels: &c.

This is a larger deviation from the text of the old copy than he usually allows himself, and I am not convinced that it should be admitted.

Divers, and dangerous; which are heresies,
And, not reform'd, may prove pernicious.

Gar. Which reformation must be sudden too,
My noble lords: for those that tame wild horses,
Pace them not in their hands to make them gentle;
But stop their mouths with stubborn bits, and spur
them,

Till they obey the manage. If we suffer
(Out of our easiness, and childish pity
To one man's honour) this contagious sickness,
Farewell, all physick: And what follows then?
Commotions, uproars, with a general taint
Of the whole state: as of late days, our neighbours,
The upper Germany⁶, can dearly witness,
Yet freshly pitied in our memories.

Cran. My good lords, hitherto, in all the progress
Both of my life and office, I have labour'd,
And with no little study, that my teaching,
And the strong course of my authority,
Might go one way, and safely! and the end
Was ever, to do well: nor is there living
(I speak it with a single heart⁷, my lords)
A man, that more detests, more stirs against,
Both in his private conscience, and his place,
Defacers of a public peace, than I do.
'Pray heaven, the king may never find a heart
With less allegiance in it! Men, that make
Envy and crooked malice, nourishment,
Dare bite the best. I do beseech your lordships,
That, in this case of justice, my accusers,

⁶ Alluding to the heresy of Thomas Muntzer, which sprung up in Saxony in the years 1521 and 1522.

⁷ i. e. without duplicity or guile. Thus in Acts, ii. 46, 'In singleness of heart.' I have before had occasion to observe that *single* and *simple* were synonymous.

Be what they will, may stand forth face to face,
And freely urge against me.

Suf.

Nay, my lord,

That cannot be; you are a counsellor,
And, by that virtue, no man dare accuse you.

Gar. My lord, because we have business of more
moment,

We will be short with you. 'Tis his highness' pleasure,
And our consent, for better trial of you,
From hence you be committed to the Tower;
Where, being but a private man again,
You shall know many dare accuse you boldly,
More than, I fear, you are provided for.

Cran. Ah, my good lord of Winchester, I thank
you,

You are always my good friend; if your will pass,
I shall both find your lordship judge and juror,
You are so merciful: I see your end,
'Tis my undoing: Love, and meekness, lord,
Become a churchman better than ambition;
Win straying souls with modesty again,
Cast none away. That I shall clear myself,
Lay all the weight ye can upon my patience,
I make as little doubt, as you do conscience,
In doing daily wrongs. I could say more,
But reverence to your calling makes me modest.

Gar. My lord, my lord, you are a sectary,
That's the plain truth; your painted gloss discovers,
To men that understand you, words and weakness⁸.

Crom. My lord of Winchester, you are a little,
By your good favour, too sharp; men so noble,
However faulty, yet should find respect
For what they have been: 'tis a cruelty,
To load a falling man.

⁸ Those that understand you, under this painted gloss, this fair outside, discover your empty talk and your false reasoning.

Gar. Good master secretary,
I cry your honour mercy; you may, worst
Of all this table, say so.

Crom. Why, my lord?

Gar. Do not I know you for a favourer
Of this new sect? ye are not sound.

Crom. Not sound?

Gar. Not sound, I say.

Crom. 'Would you were half so honest;
Men's prayers then would seek you, not their fears.

Gar. I shall remember this bold language.

Crom. Do.
Remember your bold life too.

Chan. This is too much;
Forbear, for shame, my lords.

Gar. I have done.

Crom. And I.

Chan. Then thus for you, my lord,—It stands
agreed,
I take it, by all voices, that forthwith
You be convey'd to the Tower a prisoner;
There to remain, till the king's further pleasure
Be known unto us: Are you all agreed, lords?

All. We are.

Cran. Is there no other way of mercy,
But I must needs to the Tower, my lords?

Gar. What other
Would you expect? You are strangely troublesome!
Let some of the guard be ready there.

Enter Guard.

Cran. For me?
Must I go like a traitor thither?

Gar. Receive him,
And see him safe i'the Tower.

Cran. Stay, good my lords,

I have a little yet to say. Look there, my lords ;
By virtue of that ring, I take my cause
Out of the gripes of cruel men, and give it
To a most noble judge, the king my master.

Chan. This is the king's ring⁹.

Sur. 'Tis no counterfeit.

Suf. 'Tis the right ring, by heaven : I told ye all,
When we first put this dangerous stone a rolling,
'Twould fall upon ourselves.

Nor. Do you think, my lords,
The king will suffer but the little finger
Of this man to be vex'd?

Chan. 'Tis now too certain :
How much more is his life in value with him ?
'Would I were fairly out on't.

Crom. My mind gave me,
In seeking tales, and informations,
Against this man (whose honesty the devil
And his disciples only envy at),
Ye blew the fire that burns ye : Now have at ye.

Enter the King, frowning on them ; takes his seat.

Gar. Dread sovereign, how much are we bound
to heaven
In daily thanks, that gave us such a prince ;

⁹ It seems to have been a custom, began probably in the dark ages, before literature was generally diffused, and before the regal power experienced the restraints of law, for every monarch to have a ring, the temporary possession of which invested the holder with the same authority as the owner himself could exercise. The production of it was sufficient to suspend the execution of the law ; it procured indemnity for offences committed, and imposed acquiescence and submission to whatever was done under its authority. See Procopius de Bell. Vandal. l. i. p. 15. The traditional story of the earl of Essex, Queen Elizabeth, and the countess of Nottingham, long considered as an incident of a romance, is generally known, and now as generally credited. See Birch's Negotiations, p. 206.

Not only good and wise, but most religious :
One that, in all obedience, makes the church
The chief aim of his honour; and, to strengthen
That holy duty, out of dear respect,
His royal self in judgment comes to hear
The cause betwixt her and this great offender.

K. Hen. You were ever good at sudden commendations,

Bishop of Winchester. But know, I come not
To hear such flattery now, and in my presence;
They are too thin and bare to hide offences¹⁰.
To me you cannot reach, you play the spaniel,
And think with wagging of your tongue to win me;
But, whatsoe'er thou tak'st me for, I am sure,
Thou hast a cruel nature, and a bloody.—
Good man, [*To CRANMER.*] sit down. Now let
me see the proudest

He, that dares most, but wag his finger at thee:
By all that's holy, he had better starve,
Than but once think his place becomes thee not¹¹.

Sur. May it please your grace,—

K. Hen. No, sir, it does not please me.
I had thought, I had had men of some understanding
And wisdom of my council; but I find none.
Was it discretion, lords, to let this man,
This good man (few of you deserve that title),
This honest man, wait like a lousy footboy
At chamber door? and one as great as you are?
Why, what a shame was this? Did my commission
Bid ye so far forget yourselves? I gave ye

¹⁰ i. e. the commendations abovementioned are too thin and bare, the intention of them is too palpably seen through. The old copy reads 'thin and base;' the emendation was suggested by Malone.

¹¹ Who dares to suppose that the place or situation in which he is, is not suitable to thee also? Who supposes that thou art not as fit for the office of a privy counsellor as he is?

Power as he was a counsellor to try him,
Not as a groom; There's some of ye, I see,
More out of malice than integrity,
Would try him to the utmost, had ye mean;
Which ye shall never have, while I live.

Chan.

Thus far,

My most dread sovereign, may it like your grace
To let my tongue excuse all. What was purpos'd
Concerning his imprisonment, was rather
(If there be faith in men) meant for his trial,
And fair purgation to the world, than malice;
I am sure, in me.

K. Hen. Well, well, my lords, respect him;
Take him, and use him well, he's worthy of it.
I will say thus much for him, If a prince
May be beholden to a subject, I
Am, for his love and service, so to him.
Make me no more ado, but all embrace him:
Be friends, for shame, my lords.—My lord of Can-
terbury,

I have a suit which you must not deny me;
That is, a fair young maid that yet wants baptism,
You must be godfather, and answer for her¹².

Cran. The greatest monarch now alive may glory
In such an honour; how may I deserve it,
That am a poor and humble subject to you?

K. Hen. Come, come, my lord, you'd spare your
spoons¹³; you shall have

¹² i. e. 'You must be godfather [to] and answer for her.' Our prelates formerly were often employed on like occasions. Cranmer was godfather to Edward VI. See Hall, fo. 232. Archbishop Warham to Henry's eldest son by Queen Katharine; and the bishop of Winchester to Henry himself. See Sandford, 479. 495.

¹³ It was an ancient custom (which is not yet quite out of use) for the sponsors at christenings to offer silver or silver gilt spoons as a present to the child. The ancient offerings upon such occasions were called *Apostle-spoons*, because the extremity of the

Two noble partners with you; the old duchess of
Norfolk,

And lady marquis Dorset; Will these please you?
Once more, my lord of Winchester, I charge you,
Embrace, and love this man.

Gar. With a true heart,
And brother-love, I do it.

Cran. And let heaven
Witness, how dear I hold this confirmation.

K. Hen. Good man, those joyful tears show thy
true heart.

The common voice, I see, is verified
Of thee, which says thus, *Do my lord of Canterbury*
A shrewd turn, and he is your friend for ever.—
Come, lords, we trifle time away; I long

handle was formed into the figure of one or other of the apostles. Such as were opulent and generous gave the whole *twelve*; those who were more moderately rich or liberal, escaped at the expense of the four evangelists; or even sometimes contented themselves with presenting one spoon only, which exhibited the figure of any saint, in honour of whom the child received its name. Thus in The Noble Gentleman of Beaumont and Fletcher:—

‘ I’ll be a gossip, Bewford,
I have an odd *apostle-spoon*.’

And in Middleton’s Chaste Maid of Cheapside:—

2 *Goss.* What has he given her?—what is it, gossip?

3 *Goss.* A fair high standing cup, and two great *postle spoons*, one of them gilt.’

The following story is related of Shakspeare and Ben Jonson in a collection of anecdotes, entitled Merry Passages and Jeasts. MSS. Harl. 6395:—

‘ Shakspeare was godfather to one of Ben Jonson’s children; and after the christening, being in deepe study, Jonson came to cheer him up, and ask’d him why he was so melancholy? No faith, Ben, says he, not I; but I have been considering a great while what should be the fittest gift for me to bestow upon my godchild, and I have resolved at last. I prythee what? says he. I’faith, Ben, I’ll give him a douzen good *latten* [Latin] spoons, and thou shalt translate them.’ The collector of these anecdotes appears to have been a nephew of Sir Roger L’Estrange. He names *Donne* as the relater of this story.

To have this young one made a Christian.
 As I have made ye one, lords, one remain;
 So I grow stronger, you more honour gain.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *The Palace Yard.*

Noise and Tumult within. Enter Porter and his Man.

Port. You'll leave your noise anon, ye rascals:
 Do you take the court for Paris-garden¹? ye rude
 slaves, leave your gaping².

[*Within.*] Good master porter, I belong to the
 larder.

Port. Belong to the gallows, and be hanged,
 you rogue: Is this a place to roar in?—Fetch me
 a dozen crab-tree staves, and strong ones; these

¹ This celebrated bear garden, on the Bankside, was so called
 from Robert de Paris, who had a house and garden there in the
 time of King Richard II. Rot. Claus. 16 R. II. dors. ii. Blount's
 Glossography. So in Sir W. D'Avenant's News from Plimouth:

'—do you take this mansion for Pict-hatch?

You would be suitors: yes, to a she-deer,

And keep your marriages in *Paris garden*?

Again in Ben Jonson's Execration on Vulcan:—

'And cried, it was a threatening to the *bears*

And that accursed ground the *Paris garden*.'

The *Globe* Theatre, in which Shakspeare was a performer, stood
 on the southern side of the river Thames, and was contiguous to
 this noted place of tumult and disorder. St. Mary Overy's
 church is not far from London Bridge, and almost opposite to
 Fishmongers' Hall; Winchester House was over against Cole
 Harbqur; *Paris Garden* was in a line with Bridewell; and the
Globe playhouse faced Blackfriars, Fleet Ditch, or St. Paul's.
 It was an hexagonal building of stone or brick. Its roof was
 of rushes, with a flag on the top. In the preliminary remarks
 is a representation of it, from an old View of London, as it ap-
 peared in 1599.

² i. e. shouting or roaring; a sense the word has now lost.
 Littleton, in his Dictionary, has 'To *gape* or *bawl*: vociferor.'
 So in Roscommon's Essay on Translation:—

'That noisy, nauseous *gaping* fool was he.'

are but switches to them.—I'll scratch your heads : You must be seeing christenings ? Do you look for ale and cakes here, you rude rascals ?

Man. Pray, sir, be patient ; 'tis as much impossible

(Unless we sweep them from the door with cannons), To scatter them, as 'tis to make them sleep On May-day morning ; which will never be³ :

We may as well push against Paul's, as stir them.

Port. How got they in, and be hang'd ?

Man. Alas, I know not ; How gets the tide in ? As much as one sound cudgel of four foot (You see the poor remainder) could distribute, I made no spare, sir.

Port. You did nothing, sir. :

Man. I am not Samson, nor Sir Guy, nor Colbrand⁴, to mow them down before me : but, if I spared any, that had a head to it, either young or old, he or she, cuckold or cuckold-maker, let me never hope to see a chine again ; and that I would not for a cow, God save her.

[*Within*] Do you hear, master Porter ?

Port. I shall be with you presently, good master puppy.—Keep the door close, sirrah.

Man. What would you have me do ?

Port. What should you do, but knock them

³ Our ancestors, young and old, rich and poor, all concurred, as Shakspeare in another place says :—

' To do observance to a morn of May.'

Stowe says that 'in the month of May, namely on May-day in the morning, every man would walk into the sweet meadows and green woods ; there to rejoice their spirits with the beauty and savour of sweet flowers, and with the noise [i. e. music] of birds, praising God in their kind.' It is upon record that King Henry VIII. and Queen Katharine partook of this diversion. See Brand's Popular Antiquities, by Ellis.

⁴ *Guy* of Warwick, nor *Colbrand* the Danish giant, whom Guy subdued at Winchester.

down by the dozens? Is this Moorfields to muster in⁵? or have we some strange Indian with the great tool come to court, the women so besiege us? Bless me, what a fry of fornication is at door! On my Christian conscience, this one christening will beget a thousand; here will be father, god-father, and all together.

Man. The spoons will be the bigger, sir. There is a fellow somewhat near the door, he should be a brazier⁶ by his face, for, o' my conscience, twenty of the dog-days now reign in's nose: all that stand about him are under the line, they need no other penance: That fire-drake⁷ did I hit three times on the head, and three times was his nose discharged against me: he stands there, like a mortar-piece, to blow us. There was a haberdasher's wife of small wit near him, that railed upon me till her pink'd porringer⁸ fell off her head, for kindling such a combustion in the state. I miss'd the meteor⁹

⁵ The trained bands of the city were exercised in Moorfields.

⁶ A *brazier* signifies a man that manufactures brass, and a reservoir for charcoal occasionally heated to convey warmth. Both these senses are understood.

⁷ 'Fire-drake; a fire sometimes seen flying in the night like a dragon. Common people think it a spirit that keepeth some treasure hid; but philosophers affirme it to be a great unequal exhalation inflamed between two clouds, the one hot, the other cold, which is the reason that it also smoketh; the middle part whereof, according to the proportion of the hot cloud, being greater than the rest, maketh it seeme like a bellie, and both ends like unto a head and taile.'—*Bullockar's Expositor*, 1616. A *fire-drake* appears to have been also an artificial *firework*. Thus in *Your Five Gallants*, by Middleton:—

'——— but like *fire-drakes*

Mounted a little, gave a crack, and fell.'

⁸ Her pink'd cap, which looked as if it had been moulded on a porringer. So in *The Taming of the Shrew*:—

'*Hab.* Here is the cap your worship did bespeak.

Pet. Why, this was moulded on a porringer.'

⁹ The brazier.

once, and hit that woman, who cried out, *clubs*¹⁰! when I might see from far some forty truncheoneers draw to her succour, which were the hope of the Strand, where she was quartered. They fell on; I made good my place; at length they came to the broomstaff with me, I defied them still; when suddenly a file of boys behind them, loose shot¹¹, delivered such a shower of pebbles, that I was fain to draw mine honour in, and let them win the work¹². The devil was amongst them, I think, surely.

Port. These are the youths that thunder at a play-house, and fight for bitten apples; that no audience, but the Tribulation of Tower-hill, or the limbs of Limehouse¹³, their dear brothers, are able to endure. I have some of them in *Limbo Patrum*¹⁴, and there they are like to dance these three days; besides the running banquet of two beadles¹⁵, that is to come.

¹⁰ See note on the First Part of King Henry VI. Act i. Sc. 3; and As You Like It, Act v. Sc. 2, p. 201, note 4.

¹¹ i. e. loose or random shooters. See King Henry IV. Part II. Act iii. Sc. 2.

¹² i. e. the fortress: it is a term in fortification.

¹³ By the tribulation of Tower-hill and the limbs of Limehouse it is evident that Shakspeare meant noisy rabble frequenting the theatres, supposed to come from those places. It appears from Stowe that the inhabitants of Tower-hill were remarkably turbulent. The word *limb*, in the sense of a turbulent person, is not uncommon in London even at this day. A mischievous unruly boy is called 'a limb of the devil.' That the puritans were aimed at under these appellations seems to me doubtful.

¹⁴ i. e. in confinement. In *limbo* continues to be a cant phrase in the same sense to this day. The *Limbus Patrum* is, properly, the place where the old fathers and patriarchs are supposed to be waiting for the resurrection. See Titus Andronicus, Act iii. Sc. 1.

¹⁵ A public whipping. A banquet here is used figuratively, for a dessert. To the confinement of these rioters a whipping was to be the dessert.

Enter the Lord Chamberlain.

Cham. Mercy o' me, what a multitude are here !
They grow still too, from all parts they are coming,
As if we kept a fair here ! Where are these porters,
These lazy knaves ?—Ye have made a fine hand,
fellows.

There's a trim rabble let in : Are all these
Your faithful friends o' the suburbs ? We shall have
Great store of room, no doubt, left for the ladies,
When they pass back from the christening.

Port. An't please your honour
We are but men ; and what so many may do,
Not being torn a pieces, we have done :
An army cannot rule them.

Cham. As I live,
If the king blame me for't, I'll lay ye all
By the heels, and suddenly ; and on your heads
Clap round fines, for neglect : You are lazy knaves ;
And here ye lie baiting of bumbards¹⁶, when
Ye should do service. Hark, the trumpets sound ;
They are come already from the christening :
Go, break among the press, and find a way out
To let the troop pass fairly ; or I'll find
A Marshalsea, shall hold you play these two months.

Port. Make way there for the princess.

Man. You great fellow, stand close up, or I'll
make your head ake.

Port. You i'the camblet, get up o'the rail ; I'll
pick¹⁷ you o'er the pales else. *[Exeunt.]*

¹⁶ It has already been observed that a *bumbard* was a large black jack of leather (*Tempest*, Act ii. Sc. 2, p. 47), used to carry beer to soldiers upon duty, or upon any occasion where a quantity was required. See note on *King Henry IV. Part i.* Act ii. Sc. 4, p. 181.

¹⁷ To *pick* is to *pitch*, cast, or throw. Thus *Baret* :—' To *picke*

SCENE IV. *The Palace*¹.

Enter Trumpets, sounding; then two Aldermen, Lord Mayor, Garter, CRANMER, DUKE of NORFOLK, with his Marshal's Staff, DUKE of Suffolk, two Noblemen bearing great standing-bowls² for the christening gifts; then four Noblemen bearing a canopy, under which the DUCHESS of NORFOLK, godmother, bearing the Child richly habited in a mantle, &c. Train borne by a Lady; then follows the MARCHIONESS of DORSET, the other godmother, and Ladies. The Troop pass once about the stage, and Garter speaks.

Gart. Heaven, from thy endless goodness, send prosperous life, long, and ever happy, to the high and mighty princess of England, Elizabeth.

Flourish. Enter King and Train.

Cran. [*Kneeling.*] And to your royal grace, and the good queen,
My noble partners, and myself, thus pray:—
All comfort, joy, in this most gracious lady,
Heaven ever laid up to make parents happy,
May hourly fall upon ye!

K. Hen. Thank you, good lord archbishop;
What is her name?

Cran. Elizabeth.

or cast.' And in Cole's Dictionary, 1679:—'To pick a dart: *jaculor.*' So Stubbes, in his Anatomy of Abuses:—'To catch him on the hip, and to picks him on his necke:' and in another place, 'to picke him on his nose.'

¹ At Greenwich, where this procession was made from the church of the Friars.—*Hall*, fo. 217.

² *Standing-bowls* were bowls elevated on feet or pedestals.

K. Hen.

Stand up, lord.—

[*The King kisses the Child.*]

With this kiss take my blessing: God protect thee!
Into whose hands I give thy life.

Cran.

Amen.

K. Hen. My noble gossips, ye have been too
prodigal:

I thank ye heartily; so shall this lady,
When she has so much English.

Cran.

Let me speak, sir,

For heaven now bids me; and the words I utter
Let none think flattery, for they'll find them truth.
This royal infant (heaven still move about her!)
Though in her cradle, yet now promises
Upon this land a thousand thousand blessings,
Which time shall bring to ripeness: She shall be
(But few now living can behold that goodness),
A pattern to all princes living with her,
And all that shall succeed: Sheba was never
More covetous of wisdom, and fair virtue,
Than this pure soul shall be: all princely graces,
That mould up such a mighty piece as this is,
With all the virtues that attend the good,
Shall still be doubled on her: truth shall nurse her,
Holy and heavenly thoughts still counsel her:
She shall be lov'd, and fear'd; Her own shall bless her:
Her foes shake like a field of beaten corn,
And hang their heads with sorrow: Good grows
with her:

In her days, every man shall eat in safety
Under his own vine³, what he plants; and sing

³ The thought is borrowed from Scripture. See Micah, iv. 4. 1 Kings, c. iv. The first part of the prophecy is apparently burlesqued in the Beggar's Bush of Beaumont and Fletcher; where Orator Higgin is making his congratulatory speech to the new king of the beggars:—

'Each man shall eat his stolen eggs and butter
In his own shade, or sunshine,' &c.

The merry songs of peace to all his neighbours :
God shall be truly known; and those about her
From her shall read the perfect ways of honour,
And by those claim their greatness, not by blood.
[Nor⁴ shall this peace sleep with her: But as when
The bird of wonder dies, the maiden phoenix,
Her ashes new create another heir,
As great in admiration as herself :
So shall she leave her blessedness to one,
(When heaven shall call her from this cloud of
darkness),
Who, from the sacred ashes of her honour,
Shall star-like rise, as great in fame as she was,
And so stand fix'd: Peace, plenty, love, truth,
terror,
That were the servants to this chosen infant,
Shall then be his, and like a vine grow to him ;
Wherever the bright sun of heaven shall shine,
His honour and the greatness of his name
Shall be, and make new nations⁵: He shall flourish,
And, like a mountain cedar, reach his branches
To all the plains about him;—Our children's
children
Shall see this, and bless heaven.

K. Hen. Thou speakest wonders.]

Cran. She shall be, to the happiness of England,
An aged princess ; many days shall see her,

⁴ Some of the commentators think that this and the following seventeen lines were probably written by Ben Jonson, after the accession of King James. We have before observed Mr. Gifford is of opinion that Ben Jonson had no hand in the additions to this play.

⁵ On a picture of King James, which formerly belonged to the great Bacon, and is now in the possession of Lord Grimston, he is styled *imperii Atlantici conditor*. The year before the revival of this play there was a lottery for the plantation of Virginia. The lines probably allude to the settlement of that colony.

And yet no day without a deed to crown it.
'Would I had known no more! but she must die,
She must, the saints must have her; yet a virgin,
A most unspotted lily shall she pass
To the ground, and all the world shall mourn her.

K. Hen. O lord archbishop,
Thou hast made me now a man; never, before
This happy child, did I get any thing:
This oracle of comfort has so pleas'd me,
That, when I am in heaven, I shall desire
To see what this child does, and praise my Maker.—
I thank ye all,—To you, my good lord mayor,
And your good brethren, I am much beholden;
I have received much honour by your presence,
And ye shall find me thankful. Lead the way,
lords;—

Ye must all see the queen, and she must thank ye,
She will be sick else. This day, no man think
He has business at his house; for all shall stay,
This little one shall make it holiday. [*Exeunt.*

EPILOGUE.

'Tis ten to one, this play can never please
All that are here: Some come to take their ease,
And sleep an act or two; but those, we fear,
We have frightened with our trumpets; so, 'tis clear,
They'll say, 'tis naught: others, to hear the city
Abus'd extremely, and to cry,—*that's witty!*
Which we have not done neither: that, I fear,
All the expected good we are like to hear
For this play at this time, is only in
The merciful construction of good women¹;
For such a one we show'd them; If they smile,
And say, 'twill do, I know, within a while
All the best men are ours; for 'tis ill hap,
If they hold, when their ladies bid them clap.

¹ A verse with as unmusical a close may be found in Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy*, Part III. sect. ii.:—

‘Rose the pleasure of fine *women*.’

In Ben Jonson's *Alchemist* there is also a line in which the word *woman* is accented on the last syllable:—

‘And then your red man, and your white *woman*.’

THE play of Henry VIII. is one of those which still keeps possession of the stage by the splendour of its pageantry. The coronation, about forty years ago, drew the people together in multitudes for a great part of the winter. Yet pomp is not the only merit of this play. The meek sorrows and virtuous distress of Katharine have furnished some scenes which may be justly numbered among the greatest efforts of tragedy. But the genius of Shakspeare comes in and goes out with Katharine. Every other part may be easily conceived and easily written.

The historical dramas are now concluded, of which the two parts of Henry IV. and Henry V. are among the happiest of our author's compositions; and King John, Richard III. and Henry VIII. deservedly stand in the second class. Those whose curiosity would refer the historical scenes to their original, may consult Holinshed, and sometimes Hall. From Holinshed, Shakspeare has often inserted whole speeches with no more alteration than was necessary to the numbers of his verse. To transcribe them into the margin was unnecessary, because the original is easily examined, and they are seldom less perspicuous in the poet than in the historian.

To play histories, or to exhibit a succession of events by action and dialogue, was a common entertainment among our rude ancestors upon great festivities*. The parish clerks once performed at Clerkenwell a play which lasted three days, containing the History of the World.

JOHNSON.

* It appears that the tradesmen of Chester were three days employed in the representation of twenty-four Whitsun plays or mysteries. See Mr. Markland's *Disquisition*, prefixed to his very elegant and interesting selection from the Chester Mysteries, printed for private distribution; which may be consulted in the third volume of the late edition of Malone's *Shakspeare*, by Mr. Boswell. The Coventry Mysteries must have taken up a longer time, as they were no less than forty in number.

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.



Priam. But thou shalt not go.

Hector. I must not break my faith.

ACT v. SC. 3.

FROM THE CHISWICK PRESS.

1826.



Troilus and Cressida.

PRELIMINARY REMARKS.

MR. Steevens informs us that Shakspeare received the greater part of the materials that were used in the construction of this play from the *Troy Book of Lydgate*. It is presumed that the learned commentator would have been nearer the fact had he substituted the *Troy Book*, or *Recueyl*, translated by *Caxton* from *Raoul Le Fevre*; which, together with a translation of *Homer*, supplied the incidents of the Trojan war. *Lydgate's* work was becoming obsolete, whilst the other was at this time in the prime of its vigour. From its first publication, to the year 1619, it had passed through six editions, and continued to be popular even in the eighteenth century. Mr. Steevens is still less accurate in stating *Le Fevre's* work to be a translation from *Guido of Colonna*; for it is only in the latter part that he has made any use of him. Yet *Guido* actually had a French translation before the time of *Raoul*; which translation, though never printed, is remaining in MS. under the whimsical title of "*La Vie de la pitieuse Destruction de la noble et superlative Cité de Troye le grant. Translatée en François l'an MCCCCLXXX.*" Such part of the present play as relates to the loves of *Troilus* and *Cressida* was most probably taken from *Chaucer*, as no other work, accessible to *Shakspeare*, could have supplied him with what was necessary.' This account is by MR. DOUCE, from whom also what follows on this subject is abstracted.

Chaucer, in his *Troilus and Cresseide*, asserts that he followed *Lollius*, and that he translated from the *Latin*; but who *Lollius* was, and when he lived, we have no certain indication, though *Dryden* boldly asserts that he was an historiographer of *Urbino*,

in Italy, and wrote in Latin verse. Nothing can be more apparent than that the *Filostrato* of Boccaccio afforded Chaucer the fable and characters of his poem, and even numerous passages appear to be mere literal translations; but there are large additions in Chaucer's work, so that it is possible he may have followed a free Latin version, which may have had for its author Lollius.

Boccaccio does not give his poem as a translation, and we must therefore suppose him to have been the inventor of the fable, until we have more certain indications respecting Lollius. So much of it as relates to the departure of Cressida from Troy, and her subsequent amour with Diomed, is to be found in the *Troy Book* of Guido of Colonna, composed in 1287, and, as he states, from Dares Phrygius, and Dicty's *Cretensis*, neither of whom mention the name of Cressida. Mr. Tyrwhitt conjectured, and Mr. Douce confirmed the conjecture, that Guido's Dares was in reality an old Norman poet, named *Benoit de Saint More*, who wrote in the reign of our Henry the Second, and who himself made use of Dares. Guido is said to have come into England, where he found the *Metrical Romance of Benoit*, and translated it into Latin prose; and, following a practice too prevalent in the middle ages, he dishonestly suppressed the mention of his real original. Benoit's work exists also in a prose French version. And there is a compilation also in French prose, by Pierre de Beauvau, from the *Filostrato*.

Lydgate professedly followed Guido of Colonna, occasionally making use of and citing other authorities. In a short time after Raoul le Fevre compiled from various materials his *Recueil des Histoires de Troye*, which was translated into English and published by Caxton: but neither of these authors have given any more of the story of *Troilus and Cressida* than any of the other romances on the war of Troy; Lydgate contenting himself with referring to Chaucer.

Chaucer having made the loves of *Troilus and Cressida* famous, Shakspeare was induced to try their fortunes on the stage. Lydgate's *Troy Book* was printed by Pynson in 1519. In the books of the Stationers' Company, anno 1581, is entered

A proper Ballad dialoguewise between *Troilus and Cressida*. Again, by J. Roberts, Feb. 7, 1602: 'The Booke of *Troilus and Cressida*, as it is acted by my Lord Chamberlain's men.' And

in Jan. 28, 1608, entered by Richard Bonian and Hen. Whalley: 'A Booke called the History of Troilus and Cressida.' This last entry is made by the booksellers, who published this play in 4to. in 1609. To this edition is prefixed a preface, showing that the play was printed before it had been acted; and that it was published, without the author's knowledge, from a copy that had fallen into the booksellers' hands. This preface, as bestowing just praise on Shakspeare, and showing that the original proprietors of his plays thought it their interest to keep them unprinted, is prefixed to the play in the present edition. It appears from some entries in the accounts of Henslowe the player, that a drama on this subject, by Decker and Chettle, at first called *Troyelles and Cressida*, but, before its production, altered in its title to *The Tragedy of Agamemnon*, was in existence anterior to Shakspeare's play, and that it was licensed by the Master of the Revels on the 3d of June, 1599. Malone places the date of the composition of Shakspeare's play in 1602; Mr. Chalmers in 1600; and Dr. Drake in 1601. They have been led to this conclusion by the supposed ridicule of the circumstance of Cressid receiving the sleeve of Troilus and giving him her glove in the comedy of *Histriomastix*, 1610. I think that the satire was pointed at the older drama of Decker and Chettle; and should certainly give a later date to the play of Shakspeare than that which has been assigned to it. If we may credit the preface to the 4to. of 1609, this play had not then appeared on the stage, and could not therefore have been ridiculed in a piece written previous to the death of Queen Elizabeth (see note on Act iv. Sc. 4). Malone says, 'Were it not for the entry in the Stationers' books [of which there is no proof that it relates to this play], I should have been led, both by the colour of the style, and from this preface, to class it in the year 1608.'

There is no reason for concluding with Schlegel that Shakspeare intended his drama as 'one continued irony of the crown of all heroic tales—the tale of Troy.' The poet abandoned the classic and followed the gothic or romantic authorities; and this influenced the colour of his performance. The fact probably is, that he pursued the manner in which parts of the story had been before dramatised. There is an interlude on the sub-

ject of *Thersites**, resembling the Old Mysteries in its structure, but full of the lowest buffoonery. If the drama of Decker and Chettle were now to be found, I doubt not we should see that the present play was at least founded on it, if not a mere *rifacimento*†.

The whole catalogue of the *Dramatis Personæ* in the play of *Troilus and Cressida* (says Mr. Godwin), so far as they depend upon a rich and original vein of humour in the author, are drawn with a felicity which never was surpassed. The genius of Homer has been a topic of admiration to almost every generation of men since the period in which he wrote. But his characters will not bear the slightest comparison with the delineation of the same characters as they stand in Shakspeare. This is a species of honour which ought by no means to be forgotten when we are making the eulogium of our immortal bard, a sort of illustration of his greatness which cannot fail to place it in a very conspicuous light. The dispositions of men perhaps had not been sufficiently unfolded in the very early period of intellectual refinement when Homer wrote; the rays of humour had not been dissected by the glass, or rendered perdurable by the rays of the poet. Homer's characters are drawn with a laudable portion of variety and consistency; but his Achilles, his Ajax, and his Nestor are, each of them, rather a species

* This interlude, together with another not less curious called *Jack Juggler*, was reprinted from a unique copy by Mr. Haslewood for the Roxburgh club. I owe to the friendly kindness of that gentleman the marked distinction of possessing one of four additional copies printed for friends not members of that society. These rude dramas are not mere literary curiosities, they form a prominent feature in the history of the progress of the stage, and are otherwise valuable as illustrating the state of manners and language in the reign of Henry the Eighth. I have found colloquial phrases and words explained by them, of which it would be vain to seek illustrations elsewhere.

† Mr. Tyrwhitt has observed that there are more hard bombastical phrases in this play than can be picked out of any other six plays of Shakspeare. Would not this be an additional argument in favour of what I have here advanced, that it may be a mere alteration of the older play above mentioned?

than an individual, and can boast more of the propriety of abstraction than of the vivacity of the moving scene of absolute life. The Achilles, Ajax, and the various Grecian heroes of Shakspeare, on the other hand, are absolutely men deficient in nothing which can tend to individualise them, and already touched with the Promethean fire that might infuse a soul into what, without it, were lifeless form. From the rest, perhaps, the character of Thersites deserves to be selected (how cold and schoolboy a sketch in Homer), as exhibiting an appropriate vein of sarcastic humour amidst his cowardice, and a profoundness and truth in his mode of laying open the foibles of those about him, impossible to be excelled.'

' Shakspeare possessed, no man in a higher perfection, the true dignity and loftiness of the poetical afflatus, which he had displayed in many of the finest passages of his works with miraculous success. But he knew that no man ever was, or ever can be always dignified. He knew that those subtler traits of character which identify a man are familiar and relaxed, pervaded with passion, and not played off with an eye to external decorum. In this respect the peculiarities of Shakspeare's genius are no where more forcibly illustrated than in the play we are here considering.'

' The champions of Greece and Troy, from the hour in which their names were first recorded, had always worn a certain formality of attire, and marched with a slow and measured step. No poet, till this time, had ever ventured to force them out of the manner which their epic creator had given them. Shakspeare first supplied their limbs, took from them the classic stiffness of their gait, and enriched them with an entire set of those attributes which might render them completely beings of the same species with ourselves*.'

* Life of Chaucer, vol. i. p. 509-12, 8vo. ed.

PREFACE

TO THE QUARTO EDITION OF THIS PLAY, 1609.

A never writer, to an ever reader. Neues.

ETERNALL reader, you have heere a new play, never stal'd with the stage, never clapper-claw'd with the palmes of the vulger, and yet passing full of the palme comicall; for it is a birth of your braine, that never under-tooke any thing commicall, vainely: and were but the vaine names of commedies changde for the titles of commodities, or of playes for pleas; you should see all those grand censors, that now stile them such vanities, flock to them for the maine grace of their gravities; especially this authors commedies, that are so fram'd to the life, that they serve for the most common commentaries of all the actions of our lives, shewing such a dexteritie and power of witte, that the most displeased with playes, are pleasd with his commedies. And all such dull and heavy witted worldlings, as were never capable of the witte of a commedie, comming by report of them to his representations, have found that witte there, that they never found in them-selves, and have parted better-wittied then they came: feeling an edge of witte set upon them, more than ever they dreamd they had braine to grind it on. So much and such

flavored salt of witte is in his commedies, that they seem (for their height of pleasure) to be borne in that sea that brought forth Venus. Amongst all there is none more witty than this: and had I time I would comment upon it, though I know it needs not (for so much as will make you think your testern well bestowd), but for so much worth, as even poore I know to be stuff in it. It deserves such a labour, as well as the best commedy in Terence or Plautus. And beleewe this, that when hee is gone, and his commedies out of sale, you will scramble for them, and set up a new English inquisition. Take this for a warning, and at the perill of your pleasures losse, and judgements, refuse not, nor like this the lesse, for not being sullied with the smoaky breath of the multitude; but thank fortune for the scape it hath made amongst you. Since by the grand possessors wills I believe you should have prayd for them rather then beene prayd. And so I leave all such to bee prayd for (for the states of their wits healths) that will not praise it. *Vale.*

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

PRIAM, *King of Troy.*

HECTOR,

TROILUS,

PARIS,

DEIPHOBUS,

HELENUS,

ÆNEAS,

ANTENOR,

CALCHAS, *a Trojan Priest, taking part with the Greeks.*

PANDARUS, *Uncle to Cressida.*

MARGARELON, *a bastard Son of PRIAM.*

AGAMEMNON, *the Grecian General.*

MENELAUS, *his Brother.*

ACHILLES,

AJAX,

ULYSSES,

NESTOR,

DIOMEDES,

PATROCLUS,

THERSITES, *a deformed and scurrilous Grecian.*

ALEXANDER, *Servant to Cressida.*

*Servant to Troilus ; Servant to Paris ; Servant to
Diomedes.*

HELEN, *Wife to Menelaus.*

ANDROMACHE, *Wife to Hector.*

CASSANDRA, *Daughter to Priam ; a Prophetess.*

CRESSIDA, *Daughter to Calchas.*

Trojan and Greek Soldiers, and Attendants.

SCENE—*Troy, and the Grecian Camp before it.*

PROLOGUE¹.

IN Troy, there lies the scene. From isles of Greece
The princes orgulous², their high blood chaf'd,
Have to the port of Athens sent their ships,
Fraught with the ministers and instruments
Of cruel war: Sixty and nine, that wore
Their crownets regal, from the Athenian bay
Put forth toward Phrygia: and their vow is made,
To ransack Troy; within whose strong immures
The ravish'd Helen, Menelaus' queen,
With wanton Paris sleeps; And that's the quarrel.
To Tenedos they come;
And the deep-drawing barks do there disgorge
Their warlike fraughtage³: Now on Dardan plains
The fresh and yet unbruised Greeks do pitch
Their brave pavilions: Priam's six-gated city,
Dardan, and Tymbria, Ilias, Chetas, Trojan,
And Antenorides, with massy staples,
And corresponsive and fulfilling bolts,

¹ This Prologue is wanting in the quarto editions. Steevens thinks that it is not by Shakspeare; and that perhaps the drama itself is not entirely of his construction. It appears to have escaped Heminge and Condell, the editors of the first folio, until the volume was almost printed off; and is thrust in between the tragedies and histories without any enumeration of pages, except on one leaf. There seems to have been a previous play on the same subject by Henry Chettle and Thomas Decker. Entries appear in the accounts of Henslowe of money advanced to them in earnest of Troylles and Cressida, in April and May, 1599.

² *Orgulous*, proud, disdainful; *orgueilleux*, Fr.

³ Freight.

Sperr⁴ up the sons of Troy.

Now expectation, tickling skittish spirits,
On one and other side, Trojan and Greek,
Sets all on hazard:—And hither am I come
A prologue arm'd, —but not in confidence
Of author's pen, or actor's voice; but suited
In like conditions as our argument,—
To tell you, fair beholders, that our play
Leaps o'er the vaunt⁵ and firstlings of those broils,
'Ginning in the middle; starting thence away
To what may be digested in a play.
Like, or find fault; do as your pleasures are;
Now good, or bad, 'tis but the chance of war.

⁴ *Sperr* or *spar*, to close, fasten, or bar up; from the Saxon *sparran*. A word not yet disused in the northern counties. The *bar* of a gate or door is called a *spar*. Thus Spenser:—

'The other that was entred, labour'd fast
To *sperre* the gate.' F. Q. b. v. c. 10.

⁵ i. e. the *avant*, what went before. Thus in Lear:—

'*Vaunt* couriers to oak-cleaving thunderbolts.'

What is now called the *van* of an army was formerly called the *vaunt-guard*.

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

ACT I.

SCENE I. Troy. Before Priam's Palace.

Enter TROILUS armed, and PANDARUS.

Troilus.

CALL here my varlet¹, I'll unarm again:
Why should I war without the walls of Troy,
That find such cruel battle here within?
Each Trojan, that is master of his heart,
Let him to field; Troilus, alas! hath none.

Pan. Will this geer ne'er be mended?

Tro. The Greeks are strong, and skilful to their
strength²,

Fierce to their skill, and to their fierceness valiant;
But I am weaker than a woman's tear,

¹ This word, which we have from the old French *varlet* or *vadlet*, anciently signified a groom, a *servant* of the meaner sort. Holinshed, speaking of the battle of Agincourt, says, 'Diverse were releevd by their *varlets* and conveyed out of the field.' Cotgrave says, 'In old time it was a more honourable title; for all young gentlemen untill they came to be eighteen yeres of age were so tearmed.' He says, the term came into disesteem in the reign of Francis I. till when the gentlemen of the king's chamber were called *valets de chambre*. In one of our old statutes, 1 Henry IV. c. 7, anno 1399, are these words:—
'Et que nulle *vadlet* appellé *yoman* preigne ne use nulle liverree du roi ne de null autre seigneur sur peine demprisonement.'

² i. e. *in addition to*. This kind of phraseology occurs in Macbeth, Act i. Sc. ii. p. 212; see note there.

Tamer than sleep, fonder³ than ignorance;
Less valiant than the virgin in the night,
And skill-less as unpractis'd infancy.

Pan. Well, I have told you enough of this: for my part, I'll not meddle nor make no further. He that will have a cake out of the wheat, must tarry the grinding.

Tro. Have I not tarried?

Pan. Ay, the grinding; but you must tarry the bolting.

Tro. Have I not tarried?

Pan. Ay, the bolting; but you must tarry the leavening.

Tro. Still have I tarried.

Pan. Ay, to the leavening: but here's yet in the word—hereafter, the kneading, the making of the cake, the heating of the oven, and the baking; nay, you must stay the cooling too, or you may chance to burn your lips.

Tro. Patience herself, what goddess e'er she be,
Doth lesser blench⁴ at sufferance than I do.
At Priam's royal table do I sit;
And when fair Cressid comes into my thoughts,—
So, traitor!—when she comes!—When is she
thence?

Pan. Well, she looked yesternight fairer than ever I saw her look, or any woman else.

Tro. I was about to tell thee,—When my heart,
As wedged with a sigh, would rive in twain;
Lest Hector or my father should perceive me,
I have (as when the sun doth light a storm),

³ i. e. more weak or foolish. Dryden has taken this speech as it stands in his alteration of this play, except that he has changed *skill-less*, in the last line, to *artless*; which, as Johnson observes, is no improvement.

⁴ To *blench* is to shrink, start, or fly off. See *Hamlet*, Act ii. Sc. 2; and vol. ii. p. 91.

Bury'd this sigh in wrinkle of a smile:
But sorrow, that is couch'd in seeming gladness,
Is like that mirth fate turns to sudden sadness.'

Pan. An her hair were not somewhat darker than Helen's (well, go to), there were no more comparison between the women,—But, for my part, she is my kinswoman; I would not, as they term it, praise her,—But I would somebody had heard her talk yesterday, as I did. I will not dispraise your sister Cassandra's wit; but—

Tro. O Pandarus! I tell thee, Pandarus,—
When I do tell thee, There my hopes lie drown'd,
Reply not in how many fathoms deep
They lie indrench'd. I tell thee, I am mad
In Cressid's love: Thou answer'st, She is fair;
Pour'st in the open ulcer of my heart
Her eyes, her hair, her cheek, her gait, her voice,
Handlest in thy discourse;—O, that her hand⁵!
In whose comparison all whites are ink,
Writing their own reproach; To whose soft seizure
The cygnet's down is harsh, and spirit of sense⁶

⁵ *Handlest* is here used metaphorically, with an allusion, at the same time, to its literal meaning. The same play on the words is in *Titus Andronicus*:—

'O *handle* not the theme, to talk of *hands*,
Lest we remember still that we have none!'

Steevens remarks that the beauty of a female hand seems to have a strong impression on the poet's mind. Antony cannot endure that the hand of Cleopatra should be touched. In *Romeo and Juliet* we have:—

'—— the white wonder of dear Juliet's *hand*.'

And, in the *Winter's Tale*, Florizel thus beautifully descants on that of his mistress:—

'—— I take thy *hand*; this *hand*
As soft as dove's down, and as white as it;
Or Ethiopian's tooth; or the fann'd snow
That's bolted by the northern blasts twice o'er.'

⁶ Warburton rashly altered this to '—— *spite* of sense.'—
Hanmer reads:—'—— *to th'* spirit of sense.' Which is consj-

Hard as the palm of ploughman! This thou tell'st me,
 As true thou tell'st me, when I say—I love her;
 But, saying, thus, instead of oil and balm,
 Thou lay'st in every gash that love hath given me
 The knife that made it.

Pan. I speak no more than truth.

Tro. Thou dost not speak so much.

Pan. 'Faith, I'll not meddle in't. Let her be as she is: if she be fair, 'tis the better for her; an she be not, she has the mends in her own hands⁷.

Tro. Good Pandarus! How now, Pandarus?

Pan. I have had my labour for my travel; ill-thought on of her, and ill-thought on of you; gone between and between, but small thanks for my labour.

Tro. What, art thou angry, Pandarus? what, with me?

Pan. Because she is kin to me, therefore, she's not so fair as Helen: an she were not kin to me, she would be as fair on Friday, as Helen is on Sunday. But what care I? I care not, an she were a black-a-moor; 'tis all one to me.

Tro. Say I, she is not fair?

Pan. I do not care whether you do or no. She's

dered right and necessary by Mason. Johnson does not rightly understand the passage, and therefore erroneously explains it. It appears to me to mean 'The spirit of sense (i. e. *sensation*), in touching the cygnet's down, is harsh and hard as the palm of a ploughman, compared to the sensation of softness in pressing Cressid's hand.'

⁷ 'She has the mends in her own hands' is a proverbial phrase common in our old writers, which probably signifies 'It is her own fault; or the remedy lies with herself.' 'And if men will be jealous in such cases, *the mends is in their owne hands*, they must thank themselves.'—*Burton Anat. of Melan.* p. 605, ed. 1632. 'I shall stay here and have my head broke, and then I have *the mends in my own hands*.'—*Woman's a Weathercock*, 1612.

a fool to stay behind her father⁸; let her to the Greeks; and so I'll tell her the next time I see her: for my part, I'll meddle nor make no more in the matter.

Tro. Pandarus,—

Pan. Not I.

Tro. Sweet Pandarus,—

Pan. Pray you, speak no more to me; I will leave all as I found it, and there an end.

[*Exit PANDARUS. An Alarum.*]

Tro. Peace, you ungracious clamours! peace, rude sounds!

Fools on both sides! Helen must needs be fair,
When with your blood you daily paint her thus.

I cannot fight upon this argument;

It is too starv'd a subject for my sword.

But, Pandarus—O gods, how do you plague me!

I cannot come to Cressid, but by Pandar;

And he's as tetchy to be woo'd to woo,

As she is stubborn-chaste against all suit.

Tell me, Apollo, for thy Daphne's love,

What Cressid is, what Pandar, and what we?

Her bed is India; there she lies, a pearl:

Between our Ilium⁹, and where she resides,

⁸ Calchas, according to the Old Troy Book, was 'a great learned bishop of Troy,' who was sent by Priam to consult the oracle of Delphi concerning the event of the war which threatened Agamemnon. As soon as he had made 'his oblations and demands for them of Troy, Apollo answered unto him saying, Calchas, Calchas, beware thou returne not back againe to Troy, but goe thou with Achylles unto the Greekes, and depart never from them, for the Greekes shall have victorie of the Trojans, by the agreement of the gods.'—*Hist. of the Destruction of Troy, translated by Caxton, ed. 1617.* The prudent bishop immediately joined the Greeks.

⁹ Ilium, properly speaking, is the name of the city; Troy that of the country. But Shakspeare, following the Troy Book, gives that name to Priam's palace, said to have been built upon a high rock.

Let it be call'd the wild and wandering flood;
 Ourselves, the merchant; and this sailing Pandar¹⁰,
 Our doubtful hope, our convoy, and our bark.

Alarum. Enter ÆNEAS.

Æne. How now, Prince Troilus¹¹? wherefore
 not afield?

Tro. Because not there; This woman's answer
 sorts¹²,

For womanish it is to be from thence.

What news, Æneas, from the field to-day?

Æne. That Paris is returned home, and hurt.

Tro. By whom, Æneas?

Æne. Troilus, by Menelaus.

Tro. Let Paris bleed: 'tis but a scar to scorn;
 Paris is gor'd with Menelaus' horn. [*Alarum.*

Æne. Hark! what good sport is out of town
 to-day!

Tro. Better at home, if *would I might*, were *may*.—
 But, to the sport abroad;—Are you bound thither?

Æne. In all swift haste.

Tro. Come, go we then together.
 [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *The same. A Street.*

Enter CRESSIDA and ALEXANDER.

Cres. Who were those went by?

Alex. Queen Hecuba, and Helen.

¹⁰ 'This punk is one of Cupid's carriers;
 Clap on more sails,' &c.

Merry Wives of Windsor.

¹¹ *Troilus* was pronounced by Shakspeare and his contemporaries as a dissyllable. Pope has once or twice fallen into the same error.

¹² i. e. fits, suits, is congruous. So in King Henry V.:—
 'It sorts well with thy fierceness.'

Cres. And whither go they?

Alex. Up to the eastern tower,
Whose height commands as subject all the vale,
To see the battle. Hector, whose patience
Is, as a virtue, fix'd, to-day was mov'd:
He chid Andromache, and struck his armourer;
And, like as there were husbandry¹ in war,
Before the sun rose, he was harness'd light²,
And to the field goes he; where every flower
Did, as a prophet, weep³ what it foresaw
In Hector's wrath.

Cres. What was his cause of anger?

Alex. The noise goes, this: There is among the
Greeks

A lord of Trojan blood, nephew to Hector;
They call him, Ajax.

Cres. Good; And what of him?

Alex. They say he is a very man *per se*⁴,
And stands alone.

¹ *Husbandry* is *thrift*. Thus in King Henry V.:—

' — our bad neighbours make us *early stirrers*,
Which is both healthful and good *husbandry*.'

² The commentators have all taken *light* here as referring to armour. Poor Theobald, who seems to have had a suspicion that it did not, falls under the lash of Warburton for his temerity. *Light*, however, here has no reference to the *mode* in which Hector was armed, but to the *legerity* or *alacrity* with which he armed himself before sunrise. *Light* and *lightly* are often used for *nimbly*, *quickly*, *readily*, by our old writers. No expression is more common than '*light of foot*.' And Shakspeare has even used '*light of ear*.'

³ 'And when she *weeps*, weeps every little flower,
Lamenting,' &c. *Midsummer Night's Dream*.

⁴ i. e. an extraordinary or incomparable person, like the letter *A by itself*. The usual mode of this old expression is *A per se*. Thus in Henrysoun's Testament of Cresseid, wrongly attributed by Steevens to Chaucer:—

'Of faire Cresseide, the floure and a *per se* of Troy and
Greece.'

And in Blurt Master Constable, 1602:—

'That is the *a per se* and creame of all.'

Cres. So do all men; unless they are drunk, sick, or have no legs.

Alex. This man, lady, hath robbed many beasts of their particular additions⁵; he is as valiant as the lion, churlish as the bear, slow as the elephant, a man into whom nature hath so crouded humours that his valour is crushed⁶ into folly, his folly sauced with discretion: there is no man hath a virtue that he hath not a glimpse of; nor any man an attaint, but he carries some stain of it: he is melancholy without cause, and merry against the hair⁷: He hath the joints of every thing; but every thing so out of joint, that he is a gouty Briareus, many hands and no use; or purblind Argus, all eyes and no sight.

Cres. But how should this man, that makes me smile, make Hector angry?

Alex. They say, he yesterday coped Hector in the battle, and struck him down; the disdain and shame whereof hath ever since kept Hector fasting and waking.

Enter PANDARUS.

Cres. Who comes here?

Alex. Madam, your uncle Pandarus.

Cres. Hector's a gallant man.

Alex. As may be in the world, lady.

Pan. What's that? what's that?

⁵ Their titles, marks of distinction or denominations. The term in this sense is originally forensic.

— Whereby he doth receive

Particular additions from the bill

That writes them all alike.

Macbeth.

⁶ i. e. confused and mingled with folly. So in *Cymbeline*:—

'Crush him together, rather than unfold

His measure duly.'

⁷ Equivalent to a phrase still in use—*Against the grain*. The French say, *à contre poil*.

Cres. Good morrow, uncle Pandarus.

Pan. Good morrow, cousin Cressid: What do you talk of?—Good morrow, Alexander.—How do you, cousin? When were you at Ilium?

Cres. This morning, uncle.

Pan. What were you talking of, when I came? Was Hector armed, and gone, ere ye came to Ilium? Helen was not up, was she?

Cres. Hector was gone; but Helen was not up.

Pan. E'en so; Hector was stirring early.

Cres. That were we talking of, and of his anger:

Pan. Was he angry?

Cres. So he says here.

Pan. True, he was so; I know the cause too: he'll lay about him to-day, I can tell them that; and there is Troilus will not come far behind him; let them take heed of Troilus; I can tell them that too.

Cres. What, is he angry too?

Pan. Who, Troilus? Troilus is the better man of the two.

Cres. O, Jupiter! there's no comparison.

Pan. What, not between Troilus and Hector? Do you know a man if you see him?

Cres. Ay; if ever I saw him before, and knew him.

Pan. Well, I say, Troilus is Troilus.

Cres. Then you say as I say; for, I am sure, he is not Hector.

Pan. No, nor Hector is not Troilus, in some degrees.

Cres. 'Tis just to each of them; he is himself.

Pan. Himself? Alas, poor Troilus! I would, he were,——

Cres. So he is.

Pan. —— Condition, I had gone barefoot to India.

Cres. He is not Hector.

Pan. Himself? no, he's not himself—'Would 'a were himself! Well, the gods are above; Time must friend, or end: Well, Troilus, well,—I would, my heart were in her body!—No, Hector is not a better man than Troilus.

Cres. Excuse me.

Pan. He is elder.

Cres. Pardon me, pardon me.

Pan. The other's not come to't; you shall tell me another tale when the other's come to't. Hector shall not have his wit this year.

Cres. He shall not need it, if he have his own.

Pan. Nor his qualities;—

Cres. No matter.

Pan. Nor his beauty.

Cres. 'Twould not become him, his own's better.

Pan. You have no judgment, niece: Helen herself swore the other day, that Troilus, for a brown favour (for so 'tis, I must confess),—Not brown neither.

Cres. No, but brown.

Pan. 'Faith, to say truth, brown and not brown.

Cres. To say the truth, true and not true.

Pan. She prais'd his complexion above Paris.

Cres. Why, Paris hath colour enough.

Pan. So he has.

Cres. Then, Troilus should have too much: if she praised him above, his complexion is higher than his; he having colour enough, and the other higher, is too flaming a praise for a good complexion. I had as lief, Helen's golden tongue had commended Troilus for a copper nose.

Pan. I swear to you, I think, Helen loves him better than Paris.

Cres. Then she's a merry Greek⁸, indeed.

⁸ See vol. i. p. 370, note 1.

Pan. Nay, I am sure she does. She came to him the other day into a compassed⁹ window,—and, you know, he has not past three or four hairs on his chin.

Cres. Indeed, a tapster's arithmetick may soon bring his particulars therein to a total.

Pan. Why, he is very young: and yet will he, within three pound, lift as much as his brother Hector.

Cres. Is he so young a man, and so old a lifter¹⁰!

Pan. But, to prove to you that Helen loves him;—she came, and puts me her white hand to his cloven chin,——

Cres. Juno have mercy!—How came it cloven?

Pan. Why, you know, 'tis dimpled: I think, his smiling becomes him better than any man in all Phrygia.

Cres. O, he smiles valiantly.

Pan. Does he not?

Cres. O yes, an 'twere a cloud in autumn.

Pan. Why, go to then:—But to prove to you that Helen loves Troilus,——

Cres. Troilus will stand to the proof, if you'll prove it so.

Pan. Troilus? why, he esteems her no more than I esteem an addle egg.

Cres. If you love an addle egg as well as you love an idle head, you would eat chickens i' the shell.

Pan. I cannot choose but laugh to think how

⁹ A compassed window is a circular bow window. The same epithet is applied to the cape of a woman's gown in *The Taming of the Shrew*:—'A small compassed cape.' A coved ceiling is yet in some places called a compassed ceiling.

¹⁰ *Lifter*, a term for a thief; from the Gothic *liftus*. Thus in *Holland's Leaguer*, 1638:—'Broker or pander, cheater or lifter.' Dryden uses the verb to *lift* for to rob. *Shop-lifter* is still used for one who robs a shop.

she tickled his chin;—Indeed, she has a marvellous white hand, I must needs confess.

Cres. Without the rack.

Pan. And she takes upon her to spy a white hair on his chin.

Cres. Alas, poor chin! many a wart is richer.

Pan. But there was such laughing;—Queen Hecuba laughed, that her eyes ran o'er.

Cres. With mill-stones¹¹.

Pan. And Cassandra laughed.

Cres. But there was a more temperate fire under the pot of her eyes;—Did her eyes run o'er too?

Pan. And Hector laughed.

Cres. At what was all this laughing?

Pan. Marry, at the white hair that Helen spied on Troilus' chin.

Cres. An't had been a green hair, I should have laughed too.

Pan. They laughed not so much at the hair, as at his pretty answer.

Cres. What was his answer?

Pan. Quoth she, *Here's but one and fifty hairs on your chin, and one of them is white.*

Cres. This is her question.

Pan. That's true; make no question of that. *One and fifty hairs*, quoth he, *and one white: That white hair is my father, and all the rest are his sons.* Jupiter! quoth she, *which of these hairs is Paris my husband?* *The forked one*, quoth he; *pluck it out, and give it him.* But, there was such laughing! and Helen so blushed, and Paris so chafed, and all the rest so laughed, that it passed¹².

¹¹ So in King Richard III.:—

'Your eyes drop mill-stones, when fool's eyes drop tears.'

¹² i. e. passed all expression. See vol. i. p. 195, note 28. Cressida plays on the word as used by Pandarus, by employing it herself in its common acceptation.

Cres. So let it now; for it has been a great while going by.

Pan. Well, cousin, I told you a thing yesterday; think on't.

Cres. So I do.

Pan. I'll be sworn, 'tis true; he will weep you, an 'twere a man born in April.

Cres. And I'll spring up in his tears, an 'twere a nettle against May. [*A Retreat sounded.*]

Pan. Hark, they are coming from the field: Shall we stand up here, and see them, as they pass toward Ilium? good niece, do; sweet niece Cressida.

Cres. At your pleasure.

Pan. Here, here, here's an excellent place; here we may see most bravely: I'll tell you them all by their names, as they pass by; but mark Troilus above the rest.

ÆNEAS passes over the stage.

Cres. Speak not so loud.

Pan. That's Æneas; Is not that a brave man? he's one of the flowers of Troy, I can tell you: But mark Troilus; you shall see anon.

Cres. Who's that?

ANTENOR passes over.

Pan. That's Antenor: he has a shrewd wit¹³, I

¹³ According to Lydgate—

' Antenor was —————

Copious in words, and one that much time spent

To jest, when as he was in companie,

So driely, that no man could it espie;

And therewith held his countenance so well,

That every man received great content

To heare him speake, and pretty jests to tell,

When he was pleasant and in merriment:

For tho' that he most commonly was sad,

Yet in his speech some jest he always had.'

Such, in the hands of a rude English poet, is the grave Antenor;

can tell you; and he's a man good enough: he's one o'the soundest judgments in Troy, whosoever, and a proper man of person:—When comes Troilus?—I'll show you Troilus anon; if he see me, you shall see him nod at me.

Cres. Will he give you the nod?

Pan. You shall see.

Cres. If he do, the rich shall have more¹⁴.

HECTOR passes over.

Pan. That's Hector, that, that, look you, that; There's a fellow!—Go thy way, Hector;—There's a brave man, niece. O brave Hector!—Look, how he looks! there's a countenance: Is't not a brave man?

Cres. O, a brave man!

Pan. Is 'a not? It does a man's heart good—Look you what hacks are on his helmet? look you yonder, do you see? look you there! There's no jesting: there's laying on; take't off who will, as they say: there be hacks!

Cres. Be those with swords?

PARIS passes over.

Pan. Swords? any thing, he cares not: an the devil come to him, it's all one: By god's lid, it does one's heart good:—Yonder comes Paris, yonder comes Paris: look ye yonder, niece; Is't not a gallant man too, is't not?—Why, this is brave now.—Who said, he came hurt home to-day? he's not hurt: why this will do Helen's heart good

to whose wisdom it was thought necessary that the art of Ulysses should be opposed:—

'Et moveo Priamum, Priamoque Antenora junctum.'

¹⁴ To give the nod was a term in the game at cards called Noddy. The word also signifies a silly fellow. Cressid means to call Pandarus a noddy, and says he shall by more nods be made more significantly a fool.

now. Ha! would I could see Troilus now!—you shall see Troilus anon.

Cres. Who's that?

HELENUS passes over.

Pan. That's Helenus,—I marvel where Troilus is :—That's Helenus ;—I think he went not forth to-day :—That's Helenus.

Cres. Can Helenus fight, uncle?

Pan. Helenus? no :—yes, he'll fight indifferent well :—I marvel, where Troilus is !—Hark ; do you not hear the people cry, Troilus ?—Helenus is a priest.

Cres. What sneaking fellow comes yonder?

TROILUS passes over.

Pan. Where? yonder? that's Deiphobus : 'Tis Troilus ! there's a man, niece !—Hem !—Brave Troilus ! the prince of chivalry !

Cres. Peace, for shame, peace !

Pan. Mark him ; note him ;—O brave Troilus !—look well upon him, niece ; look you, how his sword is bloodied, and his helm more hack'd than Hector's : And how he looks, and how he goes !—O admirable youth ! he ne'er saw three and twenty. Go thy way, Troilus, go thy way ; had I a sister were a grace, or a daughter a goddess, he should take his choice. O admirable man ! Paris ?—Paris is dirt to him ; and, I warrant, Helen, to change, would give an eye to boot.

Forces pass over the stage.

Cres. Here come more.

Pan. Asses, fools, dolts ! chaff and bran, chaff and bran ! porridge after meat ! I could live and die i'the eyes of Troilus. Ne'er look, ne'er look ;

the eagles are gone; crows and daws, crows and daws! I had rather be such a man as Troilus, than Agamemnon and all Greece.

Cres. There is among the Greeks, Achilles; a better man than Troilus.

Pan. Achilles? a drayman, a porter, a very camel.

Cres. Well, well.

Pan. Well, well?—Why, have you any discretion? have you any eyes? Do you know what a man is? Is not birth, beauty, good shape, discourse, manhood, learning, gentleness, virtue, youth, liberality, and such like, the spice and salt that season a man?

Cres. Ay, a minced man: and then to be baked with no date¹⁵ in the pie,—for then the man's date is out.

Pan. You are such a woman! one knows not at what ward¹⁶ you lie.

Cres. Upon my back, to defend my belly; upon my wit, to defend my wiles; upon my secrecy, to defend mine honesty; my mask, to defend my beauty; and you, to defend all these: and at all these wards I lie, at a thousand watches.

Pan. Say one of your watches.

Cres. Nay, I'll watch you for that; and that's one of the chiefest of them too; if I cannot ward what I would not have hit, I can watch you for telling how I took the blow; unless it swell past hiding, and then it is past watching.

Pan. You are such another!

¹⁵ *Dates* were an ingredient in ancient pastry of almost every kind. The same quibble occurs in *All's Well that Ends Well*, Act i. Sc. 1.

¹⁶ A metaphor from the art of defence. Falstaff, King Henry IV. Part i. says, 'Thou know'st my old ward; here I lay,' &c.

Enter TROILUS' Boy.

Boy. Sir, my lord would instantly speak with you:

Pan. Where?

Boy. At your own house; there he unarms him.

Pan. Good boy, tell him I come: [*Exit Boy.*]
I doubt, he be hurt.—Fare ye well, good niece.

Cres. Adieu, uncle.

Pan. I'll be with you, niece, by and by.

Cres. To bring, uncle,——

Pan. Ay, a token from Troilus.

Cres. By the same token—you are a bawd.—

[*Exit* PANDARUS.

Words, vows, griefs, tears, and love's full sacrifice,
He offers in another's enterprise:

But more in Troilus thousand fold I see

Than in the glass of Pandar's praise may be;

Yet hold I off. Women are angels, wooing:

Things won are done, joy's soul lies in the doing:

That she¹⁷ belov'd knows nought, that knows not
this,—

Men prize the thing ungain'd more than it is:

That she was never yet, that ever knew

Love got so sweet, as when desire did sue:

Therefore this maxim out of love I teach,—

Achievement is command; ungain'd, beseech¹⁸:

Then though my heart's content firm love doth bear,

Nothing of that shall from mine eyes appear.

[*Exit.*

¹⁷ That *she* means that *woman*.

¹⁸ 'Achievement is command; ungain'd, beseech.' The meaning of this obscure line seems to be, 'Men after possession become our commanders; before it they are our suppliants.'

'My heart's content,' in the next line, probably signifies my will, my desire.

SCENE III.

The Grecian Camp. Before Agamemnon's Tent.

*Trumpets. Enter AGAMEMNON, NESTOR,
ULYSSES, MENELAUS, and Others.*

Agam. Princes,

What grief hath set the jaundice on your cheeks?
The ample proposition, that hope makes
In all designs begun on earth below,
Fails in the promis'd largeness; checks and disasters
Grow in the veins of actions highest rear'd:
As knots, by the conflux of meeting sap,
Infect the sound pine, and divert his grain
Tortive and errant from his course of growth.
Nor, princes, is it matter new to us,
That we come short of our suppose so far,
That, after seven years' siege, yet Troy walls stand;
Sith every action that hath gone before,
Whereof we have record, trial did draw
Bias and thwart, not answering the aim,
And that unbodied figure of the thought
That gav't surmised shape. Why then, you princes,
Do you with cheeks abash'd behold our works;
And think them shames, which are, indeed, nought
else

But the protractive trials of great Jove,
To find persistive constancy in men?
The fineness of which metal is not found
In fortune's love: for then, the bold and coward,
The wise and fool, the artist and unread,
The hard and soft, seem all affin'd¹ and kin:
But, in the wind and tempest of her frown,

¹ Joined by affinity. The same adjective occurs in *Othello*:—

'If partially *affin'd*, or leagu'd in office.'

Distinction, with a broad and powerful fan,
 Puffing at all, winnows the light away;
 And what hath mass, or matter, by itself
 Lies rich in virtue, and unmingled.

Nest. With due observance of thy godlike seat²,
 Great Agamemnon, Nestor shall apply³
 Thy latest words. In the reproof of chance
 Lies the true proof of men: The sea being smooth,
 How many shallow bauble boats dare sail
 Upon her patient breast, making their way
 With those of nobler bulk;
 But let the ruffian Boreas once enrage
 The gentle Thetis, and, anon, behold
 The strong-ribb'd bark through liquid mountains cut,
 Bounding between the two moist elements,
 Like Perseus' horse⁴: Where's then the saucy boat,
 Whose weak untimber'd sides but even now
 Co-rival'd greatness? either to harbour fled,
 Or made a toast for Neptune. Even so
 Doth valour's show, and valour's worth, divide,
 In storms of fortune: For, in her ray and brightness,

² The *throne* in which thou sittest like a descended god.

³ To *apply* here is used for to *bend the mind*, or *attend particularly* to Agamemnon's words. As in the following passage from Baret: 'To attende or *applie* his witte to something, and to give his minde unto it.' The example cited by Malone, from The Nice Wanton, is not to the purpose, the word there is used as we now use to *ply*. As in another example from Baret, 'With diligent endeavour to *applie* their studies.'

⁴ Pegasus was, strictly speaking, Bellerophon's horse, but Shakspeare followed the old Troy Book. 'Of the blood that issued out [from Medusa's head] there engendered Pegasus, or the *flying horse*. By the flying horse that was engendered of the blood issued from her head, is understood that of her riches issuing of that realme he [Perseus] founded, and made a ship named Pegase,—and *this ship was likened unto an horse flying*, &c. In another place we are told that this ship, which the writer always calls Perseus' flying horse, 'flew on the sea like unto a bird.' *Destruction of Troy*, 4to. 1617, p. 155—164.

The herd hath more annoyance by the brize⁵,
 Than by the tiger: but when the splitting wind
 Makes flexible the knees of knotted oaks,
 And flies fled under shade, Why, then, the thing of
 courage,
 As rous'd with rage, with rage doth sympathize⁶,
 And, with an accent tun'd in self-same key,
 Returns to chiding fortune⁷.

Ulyss.

Agamemnon,—

Thou great commander, nerve and bone of Greece,
 Heart of our numbers, soul and only spirit,
 In whom the tempers and the minds of all
 Should be shut up,—hear what Ulysses speaks.
 Besides the applause and approbation

The which,—most mighty for thy place and sway,—

[*To AGAMEMNON.*

And thou most reverend for thy stretch'd-out life,—

[*To NESTOR.*

I give to both your speeches,—which were such,
 As Agamemnon and the hand of Greece
 Should hold up high in brass; and such again,
 As venerable Nestor, hatch'd in silver,
 Should with a bond of air (strong as the axletree
 On which heaven rides) knit all the Greekish ears
 To his experienc'd tongue⁸,—yet let it please both,—
 Thou great,—and wise,—to hear Ulysses speak.

⁵ The gadfly that stings cattle. So in Antony and Cleopatra, Act iii. Sc. 8:—'The brize upon her like a cow in June.' And Spenser:—

'————— a brize, a scorned little creature,
 Through his fair hide his angry sting did threaten.'

⁶ It is said of the tiger that in stormy and high winds he rages and roars most furiously.

⁷ i. e. replies to noisy or clamorous fortune. Vide vol. i. p. 281, note 10.

⁸ How much the commentators have perplexed themselves and their readers about the following passage!

'————— speeches,—which were such,

Agam. Speak, prince of Ithaca; and be't of less expect⁹

That matter needless, of importless burden,
Divide thy lips; than we are confident,
When rank Thersites opes his mastiff jaws,
We shall hear musick, wit, and oracle.

Ulyss. Troy, yet upon his basis, had been down,
And the great Hector's sword had lack'd a master,
But for these instances.

The speciality of rule¹⁰ hath been neglected:
And, look, how many Grecian tents do stand
Hollow upon this plain, so many hollow factions.
When that the general is not like the hive,
To whom the foragers shall all repair,
What honey is expected? Degree being vizarded,
The unworthiest shows as fairly in the mask.
The heavens themselves, the planets, and this centre¹¹,
Observe degree, priority, and place,

As Agamemnon and the hand of Greece
Should hold up high in brass; and such again,
As venerable Nestor *hatch'd in silver*,
Should *with a bond of air*——

—— knit all the Greekish ears
To his experienced tongue.'

Ulysses evidently means to say that Agamemnon's speech should be *writ in brass*; and that venerable Nestor, with his *silver hairs*, by his speech should *rivet the attention* of all Greece. The phrase *hatch'd in silver*, which has been the stumbling block, is a simile borrowed from the art of design; to *hatch* being to fill a design with a number of consecutive fine lines; and to *hatch in silver* was a design inlaid with lines of silver, a process often used for the hilts of swords, handles of daggers, and stocks of pistols. The lines of the graver on a plate of metal are still called *hatchings*. Hence *hatch'd in silver*, for *silver hair'd* or *gray hair'd*. Thus in *Love in a Maze*, 1632:—

'Thy hair is fine as gold, thy chin is *hatch'd*
With silver.'

⁹ Expect for expectation.

¹⁰ The particular rights of supreme authority.

¹¹ i. e. this globe. According to the system of Ptolemy, the earth is the centre round which the planets move.

Insisture, course, proportion, season, form,
 Office, and custom, in all line of order :
 And therefore is the glorious planet, Sol,
 In noble eminence enthron'd and sph'rd
 Amidst the other ; whose med'cinable eye
 Corrects the ill aspects of planets evil,
 And posts, like the commandment of a king,
 Sans check, to good and bad : But when the planets,
 In evil mixture, to disorder wander¹²,
 What plagues, and what portents ? what mutiny ?
 What raging of the sea ? shaking of earth ?
 Commotion in the winds ? frights, changes, horrors,
 Divert and crack, rend and deracinate
 The unity and married¹³ calm of states
 Quite from their fixture ? O, when degree is shak'd,
 Which is the ladder of all high designs,
 The enterprise is sick ! How could communities,
 Degrees in schools, and brotherhoods¹⁴ in cities,
 Peaceful commerce from dividable¹⁵ shores,

¹² The apparent irregular motions of the planets were supposed to portend some disasters to mankind ; indeed the planets themselves were not thought formerly to be confined in any fixed orbits of their own, but to wander about ad libitum, as the etymology of their names demonstrates.

¹³ The epithet *married*, to denote an intimate union, is employed also by Milton :—

‘ ——— Lydian airs
Married to immortal verse.’

Again :—

‘ ——— voice and verse
Wed your divine sounds.’

It is thought that Milton might have in his mind the following passage in Joshua Sylvester's *Du Bartas*, which Mr. Dunster has shown that he was familiar with :—

‘ Birds *marrying* their sweet tunes to the angels' lays,
 Sung Adam's bliss, and their great Maker's praise.’
 Shakspeare calls a harmony of features *married* lineaments in *Romeo and Juliet*, Act i. Sc. 3.

¹⁴ *Confraternities*, corporations, companies.

¹⁵ *Dividable* for divided, as *corrigible* for corrected, in Antony and Cleopatra. The termination *ble* is often thus used by Shakspeare for *ed*.

The primogenitive and due of birth,
 Prerogative of age, crowns, sceptres, laurels,
 But by degree, stand in authentick place?
 Take but degree away, untune that string,
 And, hark, what discord follows! each thing meets
 In mere¹⁶ oppugnancy: The bounded waters
 Should lift their bosoms higher than the shores,
 And make a sop of all this solid globe¹⁷:
 Strength should be lord of imbecility,
 And the rude son should strike his father dead:
 Force should be right; or, rather, right and wrong
 (Between whose endless jar justice resides),
 Should lose their names, and so should justice too.
 Then every thing includes itself in power,
 Power into will, will into appetite;
 And appetite, an universal wolf,
 So doubly seconded with will and power,
 Must make perforce an universal prey,
 And, last, eat up himself. Great Agamemnon,
 This chaos, when degree is suffocate,
 Follows the choking.
 And this neglect¹⁸ of degree it is,
 That by a pace goes backward, with a purpose
 It hath to climb¹⁹. The general's disdain'd
 By him one step below; he, by the next;
 That next, by him beneath: so every step,
 Exempl'd by the first pace that is sick
 Of his superior, grows to an envious fever
 Of pale and bloodless emulation:

¹⁶ i. e. absolute. See vol. ii. p. 96, note 14.

¹⁷ So in Lear:—'I'll make a *sop* of the moonshine of you.' In a former speech a boat is said to be made a *toast* for Neptune.

¹⁸ This uncommon word occurs again in Pericles, 1609:—

'—— If *neglection*.

Should therein make me vile.'

¹⁹ 'That goes backward *step by step*, with a design in each man to aggrandize himself by slighting his immediate superior.'

And 'tis this fever that keeps Troy 'on foot,
 Not her own sinews. To end a tale of length,
 Troy in our weakness stands, not in her strength.

Nest. Most wisely hath Ulysses here discover'd
 The fever whereof all our power²⁰ is sick,

Agam. The nature of the sickness found, Ulysses,
 What is the remedy?

Ulyss. The great Achilles,—whom opinion crowns
 The sinew and the forehead of our host,—
 Having his ear full of his airy fame²¹,
 Grows dainty of his worth, and in his tent
 Lies mocking our designs: With him, Patroclus,
 Upon a lazy bed the livelong day
 Breaks scurril jests;
 And with ridiculous and awkward action
 (Which, slanderer, he imitation calls)
 He pageants us. Sometime, great Agamemnon,
 Thy topless²² deputation he puts on;
 And, like a strutting player,—whose conceit
 Lies in his hamstring, and doth think it rich
 To hear the wooden dialogue and sound
 'Twixt his stretch'd footing and the scaffoldage²³,
 Such to-be-pitied and o'er-wrested seeming²⁴

²⁰ Army, force.

²¹ *Verbal elogium.* In Macbeth called *mouth honour*.

²² Supreme, sovereign.

'And topless honours he bestow'd on thee.'

Blind Beggar of Alexandria, 1598,

²³ Malone's sagacious note informs us that 'the galleries of the theatre were sometimes called the scaffolds.' This may be very true, but what has it to do with the present passage? The *scaffoldage* here is *the floor of the stage*, the *wooden dialogue* is between the player's foot and the boards. A *scaffold* more frequently meant the *stage* itself than the gallery: thus Baret, 'A *scaffold* or *stage* where to behold plays. *Spectaculum, theatrum.*' And Chaucer:—

'He playeth Herode on a *scaffold* hie.'

Miller's Tale, 3383,

²⁴ i. e. overstrained, wrested beyond true semblance,

He acts thy greatness in : and when he speaks,
 'Tis-like a chime a mending ; with terms unsquar'd²⁵,
 Which, from the tongue of roaring Typhon dropp'd,
 Would seem hyperboles. At this fusty stuff,
 The large Achilles, on his press'd bed lolling,
 From his deep chest laughs out a loud applause ;
 Cries—*Excellent!*—'tis Agamemnon just.—
Now play me Nestor ;—hem, and stroke thy beard,
As he, being drest to some oration.

That's done ;—as near as the extremest ends
 Of parallels²⁶ ; as like as Vulcan and his wife :
 Yet good Achilles still cries, *Excellent!*
 'Tis Nestor right ! *Now play him me, Patroclus,*
Arming to answer in a night alarm.

And then, forsooth, the faint defects of age
 Must be the scene of mirth ; to cough, and spit,
 And, with a palsy-fumbling²⁷ on his gorget,
 Shake in and out the rivet :—and at this sport
 Sir Valour dies ; cries, *O!*—*enough*, Patroclus ;—
Or give me ribs of steel ! I shall split all
In pleasure of my spleen. And in this fashion,
 All our abilities, gifts, natures, shapes,
 Severals and generals of grace exact²⁸,
 Achievements, plots, orders, preventions,
 Excitements to the field, or speech for truce,
 Success, or loss, what is, or is not, serves
 As stuff for these two to make paradoxes.

Nest. And in the imitation of these twain
 (Whom, as Ulysses says, opinion crowns
 With an imperial voice) many are infect.
 Ajax is grown self-will'd ; and bears his head

²⁵ i. e. unsuited, unfitted.

²⁶ Johnson says ' the allusion seems to be made to the parallels on a map. As like as east to west.'

²⁷ Paralytic fumbling.

²⁸ *Grace exact* seems to mean *decorous habits*.

In such a rein²⁹, in full as proud a place
 As broad Achilles : keeps his tent like him ;
 Makes factious feasts ; rails on our state of war ,
 Bold as an oracle : and sets Thersites
 (A slave, whose gall coins slanders like a mint)
 To match us in comparisons with dirt ;
 To weaken and discredit our exposure,
 How rank soever rounded in with danger³⁰.

Ulyss. They tax our policy, and call it cowardice ;
 Count wisdom as no member of the war ;
 Forestall prescience, and esteem no act
 But that of hand : the still and mental parts,—
 That do contrive how many hands shall strike,
 When fitness calls them on ; and know, by measure
 Of their observant toil, the enemies' weight,—
 Why, this hath not a finger's dignity :
 They call this—bed-work, mappery, closet-war :
 So that the ram, that batters down the wall,
 For the great swing and rudeness of his poize,
 They place before his hand that made the engine ;
 Or those, that with the fineness of their souls
 By reason guide his execution.

Nest. Let this be granted, and Achilles' horse
 Makes many Thetis' sons. [*Trumpet sounds.*]

Agam. What trumpet ? look, Menelaus.

Enter ÆNEAS.

Men. From Troy.

Agam. What would you 'fore our tent ?

Æne. Is this

Great Agamemnon's tent, I pray ?

²⁹ i. e. carries himself haughtily ; *bridles up*. See Catgrave in '*Se rengorger*.'

³⁰ How rank soever rounded in with danger. How strongly soever encompassed by danger. So in King Henry V. :—

'How dread an army hath enrounded him.'

Agam.

Even this.

Æne. May one, that is a herald, and a prince,
Do a fair message to his kingly ears?

Agam. With surety stronger than Achilles' arm
'Fore all the Greekish heads, which with one voice
Call Agamemnon head and general.

Æne. Fair leave, and large security. How may
A stranger to those most imperial looks
Know them from eyes of other mortals³¹?

Agam.

How?

Æne. Ay;
I ask, that I might waken reverence,
And bid the cheek be ready with a blush
Modest as morning when she coldly eyes
The youthful Phœbus:
Which is that god in office, guiding men?
Which is the high and mighty Agamemnon?

Agam. This Trojan scorns us; or the men of Troy
Are ceremonious courtiers.

Æne. Courtiers as free, as debonair, unarm'd,
As bending angels; that's their fame in peace:
But when they would seem soldiers, they have galls,
Good arms, strong joints, true swords; and, Jove's
accord:—

Nothing so full of heart³². But peace, Æneas,

³¹ And yet this was the seventh year of the war. Shakspeare, who so wonderfully preserves character, usually confounds the customs of all nations, and probably supposed that the ancients (like the heroes of chivalry) fought with beavers to their helmets. In the fourth act of this play, Nestor says to Hector:—

'But this thy countenance, still lock'd in steel,
I never saw till now.'

Those who are acquainted with the embellishments of ancient manuscripts and books well know that the artists gave the costume of their own time to all ages. But in this anachronism they have been countenanced by other ancient poets as well as Shakspeare.

³² Malone and Steevens see difficulties in this passage; the former proposed to read 'Jove's a god;' the latter, 'Love's a

Peace, Trojan ; lay thy finger on thy lips !
 The worthiness of praise distains his worth,
 If that the prais'd himself bring the praise forth :
 But what the repining enemy commends,
 That breath fame follows ; that praise, sole pure,
 transcends.

Agam. Sir, you of Troy, call you yourself Æneas ?

Æne. Ay, Greek, that is my name.

Agam. What's your affair, I pray you ?

Æne. Sir, pardon ; 'tis for Agamemnon's ears.

Agam. He hears nought privately that comes from
 Troy.

Æne. Nor I from Troy come not to whisper him :
 I bring a trumpet to awake his ear ;
 To set his sense on the attentive bent,
 And then to speak.

Agam. Speak frankly³³ as the wind ;
 It is not Agamemnon's sleeping hour :
 That thou shalt know, Trojan, he is awake,
 He tells thee so himself.

Æne. Trumpet, blow loud,
 Send thy brass voice through all these lazy tents ;—
 And every Greek of mettle, let him know,
 What Troy means fairly, shall be spoke aloud.

[*Trumpet sounds.*]

We have, great Agamemnon, here in Troy
 A prince call'd Hector (Priam is his father),

lord. There is no point after the word accord in the quarto copy, which reads '*great Jove's accord.*' Theobald's interpretation of the passage is, I think, nearly correct :—'*They have galls, good arms, &c. and Jove's consent :—Nothing is so full of heart as they.*' I have placed a colon at accord, by which the sense is rendered clearer.

³³ So Jaques, in *As You Like It* :—

' — I must have liberty
 Withal, as large a charter as *the wind*,
 To blow on whom I please.'

Who in this dull and long continued truce³⁴
Is rusty grown; he bade me take a trumpet,
And to this purpose speak. Kings, princes, lords!
If there be one among the fairest of Greece,
That holds his honour higher than his ease;
That seeks his praise more than he fears his peril;
That knows his valour, and knows not his fear;
That loves his mistress more than in confession³⁵
(With truant vows to her own lips he loves),
And dare avow her beauty and her worth,
In other arms than hers,—to him this challenge,
Hector, in view of Trojans and of Greeks,
Shall make it good, or do his best to do it,
He hath a lady, wiser, fairer, truer,
Than ever Greek did compass in his arms;
And will to-morrow with his trumpet call,
Mid-way between your tents and walls of Troy,
To rouse a Grecian that is true in love:
If any come, Hector shall honour him;
If none, he'll say in Troy, when he retires,
The Grecian dames are sun-burn'd, and not worth
The splinter of a lance³⁶. Even so much.

Agam. This shall be told our lovers, lord Æneas:
If none of them have soul in such a kind,
We left them all at home: But we are soldiers;
And may that soldier a mere recreant prove,
That means not, hath not, or is not in love!
If then one is, or hath, or means to be,
That one meets Hector; if none else, I am he.

³⁴ Of this long *truce* there has been no notice taken; in this very act it is said, that 'Ajax coped Hector yesterday in the battle.' Shakspeare found in the seventh chapter of the third book of *The Destruction of Troy* that a truce was agreed on, at the desire of the Trojans, for six months.

³⁵ *Confession* for *profession*, 'made with idle vows to the lips of her whom he loves.'

³⁶ Steevens remarks that this is the language of romance. Such a challenge would have better suited *Palmerin* or *Amadis*, than Hector or Æneas.

Nest. Tell him of Nestor, one that was a man
 When Hector's grandsire suck'd : he is old now ;
 But, if there be not in our Grecian host
 One noble man, that hath one spark of fire
 To answer for his love, Tell him from me,—
 I'll hide my silver beard in a gold beaver,
 And in my vantbrace³⁷ put this wither'd brawn ;
 And, meeting him, will tell him, That my lady
 Was fairer than his grandame, and as chaste
 As may be in the world : His youth in flood,
 I'll prove this truth with my three drops of blood.

Æne. Now heavens forbid such scarcity of youth !

Ulyss. Amen.

Agam. Fair lord Æneas, let me touch your hand ;
 To our pavilion shall I lead you, sir.
 Achilles shall have word of this intent ;
 So shall each lord of Greece, from tent to tent :
 Yourself shall feast with us before you go,
 And find the welcome of a noble foe.

[*Exeunt all but ULYSSES and NESTOR.*]

Ulyss. Nestor,—

Nest. What says Ulysses ?

Ulyss. I have a young conception in my brain,
 Be you my time to bring it to some shape³⁸.

Nest. What is't ?

Ulyss. This 'tis :

Blunt wedges rive hard knots : The seeded pride
 That hath to this maturity blown up³⁹
 In rank Achilles, must or now be cropp'd,

³⁷ An armour for the arm. *Avant bras*. Milton uses the word in *Samson Agonistes*, and Heywood in his *Iron Age*, 1632 :—

‘ ——— peruse his armour,
 The diht's still in the *vantbrace*.’

³⁸ Be you to my present purpose what time is in respect of all other schemes, viz. a ripener and bringer of them to maturity.

³⁹ Thus in the *Rape of Lucrece* :—

‘ How will thy shame be *seeded* in thine age,
 When thus thy vices bud before thy spring.’

Or, shedding, breed a nursery of like evil,
To overbulk us all.

Nest. Well, and how?

Ulyss. This challenge that the gallant Hector
sends,

However it is spread in general name,
Relates in purpose only to Achilles.

Nest. The purpose is perspicuous even as substance,

Whose grossness little characters sum up ⁴⁰:
And in the publication make no strain ⁴¹,
But that Achilles, were his brain as barren
As banks of Libya,—though Apollo knows,
'Tis dry enough,—will with great speed of judgment,
Ay, with celerity, find Hector's purpose
Pointing on him.

Ulyss. And wake him to the answer, think you?

Nest. Yes,

It is most meet; Whom may you else oppose,
That can from Hector bring those honours off,
If not Achilles? Though't be a sportful combat,
Yet in the trial much opinion dwells;
For here the Trojans taste our dear'st repute
With their fin'st palate: And trust to me, Ulysses,
Our imputation shall be oddly pois'd
In this wild action: for the success,

⁴⁰ 'The *intent* is as plain and palpable as *substance*, and it is to be collected from small circumstances, as a gross body is made up of many small parts.' This is the scope of Warburton's explanation, to which I incline. Steevens says that '*substance* is *estate*, the value of which is ascertained by the use of *small characters*, i. e. *numerals*: *grossness* is the *gross sum*.'

⁴¹ Make no *difficulty*, no *doubt*, when this duel comes to be proclaimed, but that Achilles, dull as he is, will discover the drift of it. Thus in a subsequent scene Ulysses says:—

'I do not *strain* at the position,
It is familiar.'

Although particular, shall give a scantling⁴²
Of good or bad unto the general;
And in such indexes, although small pricks⁴³
To their subséquent volumes, there is seen
The baby figure of the giant mass
Of things to come at large. It is suppos'd,
He, that meets Hector, issues from our choice:
And choice, being mutual act of all our souls,
Makes merit her election; and doth boil,
As 'twere from forth us all, a man distill'd
Out of our virtues; Who miscarrying,
What heart receives from hence a conquering part,
To steel a strong opinion to themselves?
Which entertain'd, limbs are his instruments,
In no less working, than are swords and bows
Directive by the limbs.

Ulyss. Give pardon to my speech;—
Therefore 'tis meet, Achilles meet not Hector.
Let us, like merchants, show our foulest wares,
And think, perchance, they'll sell; if not,
The lustre of the better shall exceed,
By showing the worse first⁴⁴. Do not consent,
That ever Hector and Achilles meet;
For both our honour and our shame, in this,
Are dogg'd with two strange followers.

⁴² A *scantling* is a measure, a proportion. 'When the lion's skin will not suffice, we must add a *scantling* of the fox's.' *Montaigne's Essays*, by Florio, 1603.

⁴³ i. e. small *points* compared with the volumes. Indexes were formerly often *prefixed* to books.

⁴⁴ The folio reads:—

'The lustre of the better, yet to show
Shall show the better.'

But as the quarto copy of the play is generally more correct than the folio, it has been followed. Malone thinks that some arbitrary alterations have been made in the text of this play by the editors of the folio.

Nest. I see them not with my old eyes ; what are they ?

Ulyss. What glory our Achilles shares from Hector ;
Were he not proud, we all should share with him :
But he already is too insolent ;
And we were better parch in Africk sun,
Than in the pride and salt scorn of his eyes,
Should he 'scape Hector fair : if he were foil'd,
Why, then we did our main opinion⁴⁵ crush
In taint of our best man. No, make a lottery ;
And, by device, let blockish Ajax draw
The sort⁴⁶ to fight with Hector : Among ourselves,
Give him allowance for the better man,
For that will physick the great Myrmidon,
Who broils in loud applause ; and make him fall
His crest, that prouder than blue Iris bends.
If the dull brainless Ajax come safe off⁴⁷,
We'll dress him up in voices ; If he fail,

⁴⁵ *Opinion for estimation or reputation.* See King Henry IV. Part I. Act v. Sc. iv. p. 242. The word occurs before in this scene, in the same sense :—

' Yet in the trial much *opinion* dwells.'

⁴⁶ *Lot.* Sort, *Fr. sors*, Lat. Thus Lydgate :—

' Of *sorte* also, and divynation.'

⁴⁷ Shakspeare, misled by The Destruction of Troy, appears to have confounded Ajax Telamonius with Ajax Oileus, for in that book the latter is called simply Ajax, as the more eminent of the two. ' Ajax was of a huge stature, great and large in the shoulders, great armes, and always was well clothed, and very richly, and was of no great enterprise, and spake very quicke.' Lydgate describes him as—

' High of stature, and boystrous in a pres,

And of his speech rude, and rechles.

Full many a word in ydel hym asterte,

And but a coward was he of his herte.'

Harington too, in the prologue to his witty Metamorphosis of Ajax, 1596, represents him as ' strong, heady, boisterous, and a terrible fighting fellow, but neither wise, learned, staide, nor politticke.' The thirteenth book of Ovid's Metamorphosis, by Golding, may also have been consulted.

Yet go we under our opinion⁴⁸ still
That we have better men. But, hit or miss,
Our project's life this shape of sense assumes,—
Ajax, employ'd, plucks down Achilles' plumes.

Nest. Ulysses,
Now I begin to relish thy advice :
And I will give a taste of it forthwith
To Agamemnon : go we to him straight.
Two curs shall tame each other : Pride alone
Must tarre⁴⁹ the mastiffs on, as 'twere their bone.
[*Exeunt.*]

ACT II¹.

SCENE I. *Another part of the Grecian Camp.*

Enter AJAX and THERSITES.

Ajax. Thersites,——

Ther. Agamemnon—how if he had boils? full,
all over, generally?

Ajax. Thersites,——

Ther. And those boils did run?—Say so,—did
not the general run then? were not that a botchy
core?

Ajax. Dog,——

Ther. Then would come some matter from him ;
I see none now.

Ajax. Thou bitch-wolf's son, canst thou not hear?
Feel then. [*Strikes him.*]

⁴⁸ See note 45.

⁴⁹ i. e. urge, stimulate, or set the mastiffs on. See King John,
Act iv. Sc. 1.

¹ This play is not divided into acts in any of the original
editions.

Ther. The plague of Greece² upon thee, thou mongrel beef-witted lord³!

Ajax. Speak then, thou unsalted leaven⁴, speak! I will beat thee into handsomeness.

Ther. I shall sooner rail thee into wit and holiness: but, I think, thy horse will sooner con an oration, than thou learn a prayer without book. Thou canst strike, canst thou? a red murrain⁵ o'thy jade's tricks!

Ajax. Toads-stool, learn me the proclamation.

Ther. Dost thou think, I have no sense, thou strikest me thus?

Ajax. The proclamation,—

Ther. Thou art proclaimed a fool, I think.

Ajax. Do not, porcupine, do not; my fingers itch.

Ther. I would, thou didst itch from head to foot, and I had the scratching of thee; I would make thee the loathsomest scab in Greece. When thou art forth in the incursions, thou strikest as slow as another.

Ajax. I say, the proclamation,—

Ther. Thou grumblest and railest every hour on Achilles; and thou art as full of envy at his greatness, as Cerberus is at Proserpina's beauty, ay, that thou barkest at him.

Ajax. Mistress Thersites!

² Alluding to the plague sent by Apollo on the Grecian army.

³ He calls Ajax *mongrel*, on account of his father being a Grecian and his mother a Trojan. Sir Andrew Aguecheek says, in *Twelfth Night*, 'I am a great eater of beef, and I believe that does harm to my wit.'

⁴ The folio has 'thou *whinid'st* leaven,' a corruption undoubtedly of *vinew'dst* or *vinniedst*, i. e. *mouldy* leaven. Thou *unsalted leaven*, is as much as to say 'thou *foolish lump*.' Thus Baret:—'Unsavoury, foolish, *without smacke of salt*; without wisdom, that hath no grace, that hath no pleasant facion in wordes or gesture; that no man can take pleasure in. *Insulsus*.'

⁵ In *The Tempest*, Caliban says, 'The red plague rid you.'

Ther. Thou shouldst strike him.

Ajax. Cobloaf⁶!

Ther. He would pun⁷ thee into shivers with his fist, as a sailor breaks a biscuit.

Ajax. You whoreson cur! [*Beating him.*]

Ther. Do, do.

Ajax. Thou stool for a witch!

Ther. Ay, do do; thou sodden-witted lord! thou hast no more brain than I have in mine elbows; an assinico⁸ may tutor thee: Thou scurvy valiant ass! thou art here put to thrash Trojans; and thou art bought and sold among those of any wit, like a Barbarian slave. If thou use⁹ to beat me, I will

⁶ *Cobloaf* is perhaps equivalent to *ill shapen lump*. Minshew says, a *cob-loaf* is a little loaf made with a round head, such as cob irons which support the fire.' The *misshapen head* of Ther-sites should be remembered, which may be what is here alluded to:—'Homer declaryng a very foolyshe and an haskarde fellow under the person of Theraytes, sayth, that he was streyte in the sholders, and *cop-headed* lyke a gygge, and thyn heryd, full of scorfe and scalle.' *Horman's Vulgaria*, 1519, fo. 31.

⁷ i. e. pound; still in use provincially. The original word in Saxon is *punian*: it is used in Holland's translation of Pliny, b. xxviii. c. xii. *punned* altogether, and reduced into a liniment. So in Cogan's Haven of Health, 'to *punne* barley.' It is related of a Staffordshire servant of Miss Seward, that hearing his mistress knock with her foot to call up her attendant, he said 'Hark! madam is *punning*.' In the first edition of Florio's Italian Dictionary, *pestare* is to *pound*; but in the second edition, and in Torriano, it is to *punne* or *pun*. It is remarkable that *pestare* is used figuratively for to *bang*, to *bebaste*.

⁸ The commentators changed this word to *asinego*, and then erroneously affirm it to be Portuguese. It is evidently from the Spanish *asinico*, a young or little *ass*; a word indeed entirely similar in sound, and seems to have been adopted into our language to signify a *silly ass*, a *stupid fellow*. The Italians and French have several kindred terms with the same meaning. Shakspeare may have used the word for an *ass driver*, confounding it with *asinaccio* or *asinaio*; like the French *gros-asnier*, used to denote the most gross stupidity or folly.

⁹ i. e. 'if you *accustom yourself*, or *make it a practice* to beat me.'

begin at thy heel, and tell what thou art by inches, thou thing of no bowels, thou!

Ajax. You dog!

Ther. You scurvy lord!

Ajax. You cur! [Beating him.

Ther. Mars his idiot! do, rudeness; do, camel; do, do.

Enter ACHILLES and PATROCLUS.

Achil. Why, how now, Ajax? wherefore do you thus?

How now, Thersites? what's the matter, man?

Ther. You see him there, do you?

Achil. Ay; what's the matter?

Ther. Nay, look upon him.

Achil. So I do; What's the matter?

Ther. Nay, but regard him well.

Achil. Well, why I do so.

Ther. But yet you look not well upon him: for, whosoever you take him to be, he is Ajax.

Achil. I know that, fool.

Ther. Ay, but that fool knows not himself.

Ajax. Therefore I beat thee.

Ther. Lo, lo, lo, lo, what modicums of wit he utters! his evasions have ears thus long. I have bobbed his brain, more than he has beat my bones: I will buy nine sparrows for a penny, and his *piæ mater*¹⁰ is not worth the ninth part of a sparrow. This, lord Achilles, Ajax,—who wears his wit in his belly, and his guts in his head,—I'll tell you what I say of him.

Achil. What?

Ther. I say, this Ajax——

¹⁰ See vol. i. p. 313.

Achil. Nay, good Ajax.

[*AJAX offers to strike him, ACHILLES interposes.*

Ther. Has not so much wit——

Achil. Nay, I must hold you.

Ther. As will stop the eye of Helen's needle, for whom he comes to fight.

Achil. Peace, fool!

Ther. I would have peace and quietness, but the fool will not: he there; that he; look you there.

Ajax. O thou damned cur! I shall——

Achil. Will you set your wit to a fool's?

Ther. No, I warrant you: for a fool's will shame it.

Patr. Good words, Thersites.

Achil. What's the quarrel?

Ajax. I bade the vile owl, go learn me the tenour of the proclamation, and he rails upon me.

Ther. I serve thee not.

Ajax. Well, go to, go to.

Ther. I serve here voluntary¹¹.

Achil. Your last service was sufferance, 'twas not voluntary; no man is beaten voluntary; Ajax was here the voluntary, and you as under an impress.

Ther. Even so?—a great deal of your wit too lies in your sinews, or else there be liars. Hector shall have a great catch, if he knock out either of your brains¹²; a' were as good crack a fusty nut with no kernel.

Achil. What, with me too, Thersites?

Ther. There's Ulysses, and old Nestor,—whose wit was mouldy ere your grandsires had nails on

¹¹ Voluntarily. Another instance of an adjective used adverbially.

¹² The same thought occurs in *Cymbeline*:—

————— Not Hercules

Could have knock'd out his brains, for he had none.'

their toes,—yoke you like draught oxen, and make you plough up the wars.

Achil. What, what?

Ther. Yes, good sooth; To, Achilles! to, Ajax! to!

Ajax. I shall cut out your tongue.

Ther. 'Tis no matter; I shall speak as much as thou, afterwards.

Patr. No more words, Thersites; peace.

Ther. I will hold my peace when Achilles' brach¹³ bids me, shall I?

Achil. There's for you, Patroclus.

Ther. I will see you hanged, like clotpoles, ere I come any more to your tents; I will keep where there is wit stirring, and leave the faction of fools.

[*Exit.*

Patr. A good riddance.

Achil. Marry, this, sir, is proclaimed through all our host:

That Hector, by the first hour of the sun,
Will, with a trumpet, 'twixt our tents and Troy,
To-morrow morning call some knight to arms,
That hath a stomach; and such a one, that dare
Maintain—I know not what; 'tis trash: Farewell.

Ajax. Farewell. Who shall answer him?

Achil. I know not, it is put to lottery: otherwise, He knew his man.

Ajax. O, meaning you:—I'll go learn more of it.

[*Exeunt.*

¹³ Both the old copies read *brooch*, which may be right; for we find *monile* and *bullæ* in the dictionaries interpreted 'a bosse, an hart; a *brooch*, or jewell of a round compasse to hang about ones neck.' It has been observed that Thersites afterwards calls Patroclus Achilles's *male harlot*, and his *masculine whore*. The term *brach* was suggested by Rowe, and which later editors have continued in the text, has been already explained, it is 'a manerly name for all *hound-bitches*.'

SCENE II.

Troy. *A Room in Priam's Palace.*

Enter PRIAM, HECTOR, TROILUS, PARIS, and HELENUS.

Pri. After so many hours, lives, speeches spent,
Thus once again says Nestor from the Greeks;
Deliver Helen, and all damage else—
As honour, loss of time, travel, expense,
Wounds, friends, and what else dear that is consum'd
In hot digestion of this cormorant war,
Shall be struck off:—Hector, what say you to't?

Hect. Though no man lesser fears the Greeks
than I,

As far as toucheth my particular, yet,
Dread Priam,
There is no lady of more softer bowels,
More spungy to suck in the sense of fear,
More ready to cry out—*Who knows what follows*¹?
Than Hector is: The wound of peace is surety,
Surety secure; but modest doubt is call'd
The beacon of the wise, the tent that searches
To the bottom of the worst. Let Helen go:
Since the first sword was drawn about this question,
Every tithe soul, 'mongst many thousand dismes²,
Hath been as dear as Helen; I mean, of ours:
If we have lost so many tenths of ours,
To guard a thing not ours; not worth to us,
Had it our name, the value of one ten;
What merit's in that reason, which denies
The yielding of her up?

¹ Who knows what ill consequences may follow from pursuing this or that course?

² Disme is properly tenths or tythes, but dismes is here used for tens.

Tro.

Fye, fye, my brother!

Weigh you the worth and honour of a king,
 So great as our dread father, in a scale
 Of common ounces? will you with counters sum
 The past-proportion of his infinite³?
 And buckle in a waist most fathomless,
 With spans and inches so diminutive
 As fears and reasons? fye, for godly shame!

Hel. No marvel, though you bite so sharp at
 reasons,

You are so empty of them, Should not our father
 Bear the great sway of his affairs with reasons,
 Because your speech hath none, that tells him so?

Tro. You are for dreams and slumbers, brother
 priest,

You fur your gloves with reason. Here are your
 reasons:

You know, an enemy intends you harm;
 You know, a sword employ'd is perilous,
 And reason flies the object of all harm;
 Who marvels then, when Helenus beholds
 A Grecian and his sword, if he do set
 The very wings of reason to his heels;
 And fly like chidden Mercury from Jove,
 Or like a star disorb'd?—Nay, if we talk of reason,
 Let's shut our gates, and sleep: Manhood and honour
 Should have hare hearts, would they but fat their
 thoughts

With this cramm'd reason: reason and respect⁴
 Make livers pale, and lustihood deject.

³ i. e. that greatness to which no measure bears any proportion.

⁴ i. e. consideration, regard to consequences. Thus in *The Rape of Lucrece*:—

'The childish fear avaunt! debating die!

Respect and reason wait on wrinkled age!—

Sad pause and deep regard beseem the sage.'

And in *Timon of Athens*:—

'The icy precepts of *respect*.'

Hect. Brother, she is not worth what she doth cost
The holding.

Tro. What is aught, but as 'tis valued?

Hect. But value dwells not in particular will;
It holds his estimate and dignity
As well wherein 'tis precious of itself
As in the prizer: 'tis mad idolatry,
To make the service greater than the god;
And the will dotes, that is attributive
To what infectiously itself affects⁵,
Without some image of the affected merit.

Tro. I take to-day a wife, and my election
Is led on in the conduct of my will⁶;
My will enkindled by mine eyes and ears,
Two traded pilots 'twixt the dangerous shores
Of will and judgment: How may I avoid,
Although my will distaste what it elected,
The wife I chose? there can be no evasion
To blench⁷ from this, and to stand firm by honour:
We turn not back the silks upon the merchant,
When we have soil'd them; nor the remainder viands
We do not throw in unrespective sieve⁸,
Because we now are full. It was thought meet,

⁵ 'The will dotes that *attributes* or gives the qualities which it affects:' that first cause excellence, and then admires it. The folio reads *inclinable*, the quarto *attributive*.

⁶ i. e. under the guidance of my will.

⁷ See p. 318, note 4.

⁸ That is, unto a *common voider*. It is well known that *sieves* and half *sieves* are *baskets*, to be met with in every quarter of Covent Garden: and *baskets* lined with tin are still employed as *voiders*. In the former of these senses *sieve* is used in *The Wits*, by Sir W. Davenant:—

' ——— apple-wives
That wrangle for a *sieve*.'

Dr. Farmer says, that in some counties the baskets used for carrying out dirt, &c. are called *sieves*. The folio copy reads by mistake 'unrespective *same*.'

Paris should do some vengeance on the Greeks :
Your breath with full consent bellied his sails ;
The seas and winds (old wranglers) took a truce,
And did him service ! he touch'd the ports desir'd ;
And, for an old aunt⁹, whom the Greeks held captive,
He brought a Grecian queen, whose youth and freshness

Wrinkles Apollo's, and makes pale the morning.
Why keep we her ? the Grecians keep our aunt :
Is she worth keeping ? why, she is a pearl,
Whose price hath launch'd above a thousand ships,
And turn'd crown'd kings to merchants.
If you'll avouch, 'twas wisdom Paris went
(As you must needs, for you all cry'd—*Go, go*),
If you'll confess, he brought home noble prize,
(As you must needs, for you all clapp'd your hands,
And cry'd—*Inestimable!*) why do you now
The issue of your proper wisdoms rate ;
And do a deed that fortune never did¹⁰,
Beggar the estimation which you priz'd
Richer than sea and land ? O theft most base ;
That we have stolen what we do fear to keep !
But, thieves, unworthy of a thing so stolen,
That in their country did them that disgrace,
We fear to warrant in our native place !

Cas. [*Within.*] Cry, Trojans, cry !

Pri. What noise ? what shriek is this ?

Tro. 'Tis our mad sister, I do know her voice.

Cas. [*Within.*] Cry, Trojans !

Hect. It is Cassandra.

⁹ Priam's sister, Hesione.

¹⁰ Fortune was never so unjust and mutable as to rate a thing on one day above all price, and on the next to set no estimation whatsoever upon it. You are doing what Fortune, inconstant as she is, never did.

Enter CASSANDRA, raving.

Cas. Cry, Trojans, cry! lend me ten thousand eyes,
And I will fill them with prophetick tears.

Hect. Peace, sister, peace.

Cas. Virgins and boys, 'mid-age and wrinkled
elders¹¹,

Soft infancy, that nothing canst but cry,
Add to my clamours! let us pay betimes
A moiety of that mass of moan to come.

Cry, Trojans, cry! practise your eyes with tears!
Troy must not be, nor goodly Ilion stand¹²;
Our firebrand brother, Paris, burns us all¹³.

Cry, Trojans, cry! a Helen, and a woe:

Cry, cry! Troy burns, or else let Helen go. [*Exit.*]

Hect. Now, youthful Troilus, do not these high
strains

Of divination in our sister work
Some touches of remorse? or is your blood
So madly hot, that no discourse of reason,
Nor fear of bad success in a bad cause,
Can qualify the same?

Tro. Why, brother Hector,

We may not think the justness of each act
Such and no other than event doth form it;
Nor once deject the courage of our minds
Because Cassandra's mad: her brainsick raptures
Cannot distaste¹⁴ the goodness of a quarrel,

¹¹ The quarto thus. The folio reads 'wrinkled *old*,' which Ritson thinks should be 'wrinkled *eld*.' Shakspeare has 'idle headed *eld*,' and 'palsied *eld*' in other places.

¹² See Act i. Sc. 1, note 9. This line brings to mind one in the second book of the *Æneid*:—

'Trojaque nunc stares, Priamique arx alta maneres.'

¹³ Hecuba, when pregnant with Paris, dreamed she should be delivered of a *burning torch*.—*Æneid*, x. 705.

¹⁴ Corrupt, change to a worse state.

Which hath our several honours all engag'd
 To make it gracious¹⁵. For my private part,
 I am no more touch'd than all Priam's sons:
 And Jove forbid, there should be done amongst us
 Such things as might offend the weakest spleen
 To fight for and maintain!

Par. Else might the world convince¹⁶ of levity
 As well my undertakings, as your counsels:
 But I attest the gods, your full consent¹⁷
 Gave wings to my propension, and cut off
 All fears attending on so dire a project.
 For what, alas! can these my single arms?
 What propugnation is in one man's valour,
 To stand the push and enmity of those
 This quarrel would excite? Yet I protest,
 Were I alone to pass the difficulties,
 And had as ample power as I have will,
 Paris should ne'er retract what he hath done,
 Nor faint in the pursuit.

Pri. Paris, you speak
 Like one besotted on your sweet delights:
 You have the honey still, but these the gall;
 So to be valiant, is no praise at all.

Par. Sir, I propose not merely to myself
 The pleasures such a beauty brings with it;
 But I would have the soil of her fair rape¹⁸
 Wip'd off, in honourable keeping her.
 What treason were it to the ransack'd queen,

¹⁵ i. e. to make it graceful, to grace it, to set it off. Vide vol. i. p. 148, note 22.

¹⁶ To convince and to convict were synonymous with our ancestors. The word was also used for to overcome, and will generally be found in Shakspeare with that signification. See *Baret's Alvearie*, C. 1244.

¹⁷ Consent is agreement, accord, approbation.

¹⁸ Rape and ravishment anciently signified only seizing or carrying away. Indeed the Rape of Helen is merely *Raptus Helenæ*, without any idea of personal violence.

Disgrace to your great worths, and shame to me,
 Now to deliver her possession up,
 On terms of base compulsion? Can it be,
 That so degenerate a strain as this
 Should once set footing in your generous bosoms?
 There's not the meanest spirit on our party,
 Without a heart to dare, or sword to draw,
 When Helen is defended; nor none so noble,
 Whose life were ill bestow'd, or death unfam'd,
 Where Helen is the subject: then, I say,
 Well may we fight for her, whom, we know well,
 The world's large spaces cannot parallel.

Hect. Paris, and Troilus, you have both said well:
 And on the cause and question now in hand
 Have glaz'd¹⁹,—but superficially; not much
 Unlike young men, whom Aristotle²⁰ thought

¹⁹ *Glaz'd* here means commented. See King Henry V. Act i. Sc. 2, p. 403, note 7.

²⁰ We may be amused at Hector's mention of Aristotle, but 'Let it be remembered (says Steevens) as often as Shakspeare's anachronisms occur, that errors in computing time were very frequent in those ancient romances which seem to have formed the greater part of his library.' These old writers perhaps did not think an attention to chronology any part of the duty of a writer of works of fiction. Indeed one of the most fertile and distinguished writers of the present age, in his admirable historical novels, blends circumstances of various periods, and exhibits persons on the stage of action together who were not contemporaries; yet his language, manners, and costume are in admirable keeping. Steevens has pointed out two absurd instances of anachronism which are very amusing. In the Dialogue of Creatures Moralysed, bk. i. (a book which Shakspeare probably saw) we find God Almighty quoting Cato. And in one of the Chester Mysteries (*Deluvium Noe*, in Mr. Markland's very elegant specimen) during an altercation between Noah and his wife, the lady swears by Christ and St. John. Statius is not entirely exempt from such mistakes. In the fifth book of the Thebaid, Amphiaraus talks of the fates of Nestor and Priam, neither of whom died till long after him. The reader will do well to read Mr. Douce's sensible observations on Shakspeare's anachronisms, in which the poet is well defended, and the practice shown to be universal in the writers of his age. *Illustrations*, vol. ii. p. 281.

Unfit to hear moral philosophy :
The reasons, you allege, do more conduce
To the hot passion of distemper'd blood,
Than to make up a free determination
Twixt right and wrong; For pleasure, and revenge,
Have ears more deaf than adders to the voice
Of any true decision. Nature craves,
All dues be render'd to their owners; Now
What nearer debt in all humanity,
Than wife is to the husband? if this law
Of nature be corrupted through affection;
And that great minds, of²¹ partial indulgence
To their benumbed wills, resist the same;
There is a law in each well order'd nation,
To curb those raging appetites that are
Most disobedient and refractory.
If Helen then be wife to Sparta's king,—
As it is known she is,—these moral laws
Of nature, and of nations, speak aloud
To have her back return'd: Thus to persist
In doing wrong, extenuates not wrong,
But makes it much more heavy. Hector's opinion
Is this, in way of truth: yet, ne'ertheless,
My spritely brethren, I propend²² to you
In resolution to keep Helen still;
For 'tis a cause that hath no mean dependance
Upon our joint and several dignities.

Tro. Why, there you touch'd the life of our design :
Were it not glory that we more affected
Than the performance of our heaving spleens,
I would not wish a drop of Trojan blood
Spent more in her defence. But, worthy Hector,
She is a theme of honour and renown ;
A spur to valiant and magnanimous deeds ;

²¹ Through.

²² Incline to, as a question of honour.

Whose present courage may beat down our foes,
 And fame, in time to come, canonize us²³ :
 For, I presume, brave Hector would not lose
 So rich advantage of a promis'd glory,
 As smiles upon the forehead of this action,
 For the wide world's revenue.

Hect. I am yours,
 You valiant offspring of great Priamus.—
 I have a roisting²⁴ challenge sent amongst
 The dull and factious nobles of the Greeks,
 Will strike amazement to their drowsy spirits :
 I was advertis'd, their great general slept,
 Whilst emulation²⁵ in the army crept ;
 This, I presume, will wake him. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

The Grecian Camp. Before Achilles' Tent.

Enter THERSITES.

Ther. How now, Thersites? what, lost in the labyrinth of thy fury? Shall the elephant Ajax carry it thus? he beats me, and I rail at him: O worthy satisfaction! 'would, it were otherwise; that I could

²³ 'The hope of being registered as a saint is rather out of its place at so early a period as this of the Trojan war,' says Steevens. It is not so meant, the expression must not be taken literally; it merely means *be inscribed among the heroes or demigods.* 'Ascribi numinibus' is rendered by old translators 'to be canonized, or made a saint.'

²⁴ Blustering.

²⁵ *Emulation* is here put for *envious rivalry, factious contention.* It is generally used by Shakspeare in this sense: the reason will appear from the following definition:—'To have envie to some man, to be angry with another man which hath that which we covet to have, to envy at that which another man hath, to studie, indeavour, and travaile to dooe as well as another: *emulatio* is such kinde of *envy.*' Bullokar defines it '*envy*; an earnest desire to do as another doth,' See King Henry VI. Part I. Act iv. Sc. 4.

beat him, whilst he railed at me: 'Sfoot, I'll learn to conjure and raise devils, but I'll see some issue of my spiteful execrations. Then there's Achilles, —a rare engineer. If Troy be not taken till these two undermine it, the walls will stand till they fall of themselves. O thou great thunder-darter of Olympus, forget that thou art Jove the king of gods; and, Mercury, lose all the serpentine craft of thy *Caduceus*¹; if ye take not that little little less-than-little wit from them that they have! which short-armed ignorance itself knows is so abundant scarce, it will not in circumvention deliver a fly from a spider, without drawing their massy irons, and cutting the web. After this, the vengeance on the whole camp! or, rather, the bone-ache²! for that, methinks, is the curse dependant on those that war for a placket. I have said my prayers; and devil, envy, say Amen. What, ho! my lord Achilles!

Enter PATROCLUS.

Patr. Who's there? Thersites? Good Thersites, come in and rail.

Ther. If I could have remembered a gilt counterfeit³, thou wouldest not have slipped out of my

¹ The wand of Mercury is wreathed with serpents. So Martial, lib. vii. epig. lxxiv. :—

'Cyllenes coelique decus! facunde minister
Aurea cui torto virga dracone viret.'

² In the quarto 'the Neapolitan bone-ache!'

³ To understand this joke it should be known that *counterfeit* and *slip* were synonymous:—'And therefore he went out and got him certain *slips*, which are *counterfeit* pieces of money, being brasse, and covered over with silver, which the common people call *slips*.' *Greene's Thieves falling out, true Men come by their Goods.*

'Is he not fond then which a *slip* receives

For current money? She which thee deceaves

With copper gilt is but a *slip*.' *Skialetheia*, 1598.

Mercutio plays upon the words in *Romeo and Juliet*, Act ii.

contemplation: but it is no matter; Thyself upon thyself! The common curse of mankind, folly and ignorance, be thine in great revenue! heaven bless thee from a tutor, and discipline come not near thee! Let thy blood⁴ be thy direction till thy death! then if she, that lays thee out, says—thou art a fair corse, I'll be sworn and sworn upon't, she never shrouded any but lazars. Amen.—Where's Achilles?

Patr. What, art thou devout? wast thou in prayer?

Ther. Ay; The heavens hear me!

Enter ACHILLES.

Achil. Who's there?

Patr. Thersites, my lord.

Achil. Where, where?—Art thou come? Why, my cheese, my digestion, why hast thou not served thyself in to my table so many meals? Come; what's Agamemnon?

Ther. Thy commander, Achilles;—Then tell me, Patroclus, what's Achilles?

Patr. Thy lord, Thersites; Then tell me, I pray thee, what's thyself?

Ther. Thy knower, Patroclus; Then tell me, Patroclus, what art thou?

Patr. Thou mayest tell, that knowest.

Achil. O, tell, tell.

Ther. I'll decline the whole question. Agamemnon commands Achilles; Achilles is my lord; I am Patroclus' knower; and Patroclus is a fool⁵.

Sc. 4. And Ben Johnson, in his *Every Man in his Humour* and *Magnetic Lady*. Indeed it is a fertile source of equivoque to our old writers. See Dodsley's *Old Plays*, by Reed, vol. v. p. 396.

⁴ Thy blood means thy passions, thy natural propensities. See vol. ii. p. 139, note 11, and p. 154, note 10.

⁵ The four next speeches are not in the quarto.

Patr. You rascal!

Ther. Peace, fool; I have not done.

Achil. He is a privileged man.—Proceed, Thersites.

Ther. Agamemnon is a fool; Achilles is a fool: Thersites is a fool; and, as aforesaid, Patroclus is a fool.

Achil. Derive this; come.

Ther. Agamemnon is a fool to offer to command Achilles; Achilles is a fool to be commanded of Agamemnon; Thersites is a fool to serve such a fool; and Patroclus is a fool positive⁶.

Patr. Why am I a fool?

Ther. Make that demand of the prover.—It suffices me, thou art. Look you, who comes here!

Enter AGAMEMNON, ULYSSES, NESTOR, DIOMEDES, *and* AJAX.

Achil. Patroclus, I'll speak with nobody:—Come in with me, Thersites. [*Exit.*

Ther. Here is such patchery, such juggling, and such knavery! all the argument is, a cuckold, and a whore; a good quarrel, to draw emulous⁷ factions, and bleed to death upon! Now the dry *serpigo*⁸ on the subject! and war, and lechery, confound all!

[*Exit.*

Agam. Where is Achilles?

Patr. Within his tent; but ill dispos'd, my lord.

Agam. Let it be known to him, that we are here, He shent⁹ our messengers; and we lay by Our appertainments, visiting of him:

⁶ The grammatical allusion is still pursued, the first degree of comparison is here alluded to.

⁷ See Act ii. Sc. 2, note 25.

⁸ The *serpigo* is a kind of tetter. See vol. i. p. 50, note 7.

⁹ *Rebuked, reprimanded.* See Hamlet, Act iii. Sc. ii. note the last. Instead of *shent* the folio reads *sent*: the quarto, *sate*.

Let him be told so; lest, perchance, he think
We dare not move the question of our place,
Or know not what we are.

Patr.

I shall say so to him.

[*Exit.*

Ulyss. We saw him at the opening of his tent;
He is not sick.

Ajax. Yes, lion-sick, sick of proud heart: you
may call it melancholy, if you will favour the man;
but, by my head, 'tis pride: But why, why? let
him show us a cause.—A word, my lord.

[*Takes AGAMEMNON aside.*

Nest. What moves Ajax thus to bay at him?

Ulyss. Achilles hath inveigled his fool from him.

Nest. Who? Thersites?

Ulyss. He.

Nest. Then will Ajax lack matter, if he have lost
his argument.

Ulyss. No; you see he is his argument, that has
his argument; Achilles.

Nest. All the better; their fraction is more our
wish, than their faction: But it was a strong com-
posure¹⁰, a fool could disunite.

Ulyss. The amity that wisdom knits not, folly
may easily untie. Here comes Patroclus.

Re-enter PATROCLUS.

Nest. No Achilles with him.

Ulyss. The elephant hath joints, but none for
courtesy: his legs are legs for necessity, not for
flexure¹¹.

¹⁰ The folio reads *counsel*.

¹¹ It was one of the errors of our old Natural History, to assert that an elephant, 'being unable to lie down, slept leaning against a tree, which the hunters observing, do saw it almost asunder; whereon the beast relying, by the fall of the tree, falls also down itself, and is able to rise no more.' Thus in The Dia-

Patr. Achilles bids me say—he is much sorry,
If any thing more than your sport and pleasure
Did move your greatness, and this noble state¹²,
To call upon him; he hopes, it is no other,
But, for your health and your digestion sake,
An after-dinner's breath¹³.

Agam. Hear you, Patroclus;—
We are too well acquainted with these answers:
But his evasion, wing'd thus swift with scorn,
Cannot outfly our apprehensions.
Much attribute he hath; and much the reason
Why we ascribe it to him; yet all his virtues,—
Not virtuously on his own part beheld,—
Do, in our eyes, begin to lose their gloss;
Yea, like fair fruit in an unwholesome dish,
Are like to rot untasted. Go and tell him,
We come to speak with him: And you shall not sin,
If you do say—we think him over-proud,
And under-honest; in self-assumption greater,
That in the note of judgment; and worthier than
himself

Here tend the savage strangeness¹⁴ he puts on;
Disguise the holy strength of their command,
And underwrite¹⁵ in an observing kind

logues of Creatures Moralyed, blk l. before cited:—'The ole-fawnte that bowyth not the kneys.' Thus also in *All's Lost by Lust*, 1633:—

‘———— Is she pliant?

Stubborn as an elephant's leg, no bending in her.'

¹² This stately train of attending nobles.

¹³ *Breath* for breathing; i. e. exercise, relaxation.

'It is the *breathing* time of the day with me.'

¹⁴ i. e. *attend upon the brutish distant arrogance or rude haughtiness* he assumes. Thus in *Proverbs*, xxi. 8:—'The way of man is froward and *strange*.'

¹⁵ To *underwrite* is synonymous with to *subscribe*, which is used by Shakspeare in several places for to *yield*, to *submit*. Thus in *King Lear*:—

'You owe me no *subscription*.'

And in *All's Well that Ends Well*, Act v. Sc. 3:—

His humorous predominance; yea, watch
 His pettish lunes¹⁶, his ebbs, his flows, as if
 The passage and whole carriage of this action
 Rode on his tide. Go, tell him this; and add,
 That, if he overhold his price so much,
 We'll none of him; but let him, like an engine
 Not portable, lie under this report—
 Bring action hither, this cannot go to war:
 A stirring dwarf we do allowance¹⁷ give
 Before a sleeping giant:—Tell him so.

Patr. I shall; and bring his answer presently.

[*Exit.*

Agam. In second voice we'll not be satisfied,
 We come to speak with him.—Ulysses, enter.

[*Exit* ULYSSES.

Ajax. What is he more than another?

Agam. No more than what he thinks he is.

Ajax. Is he so much? Do you not think, he
 thinks himself a better man than I am?

Agam. No question.

Ajax. Will you subscribe his thought, and say—
 he is?

Agam. No, noble Ajax; you are as strong, as
 valiant, as wise, no less noble, much more gentle,
 and altogether more tractable.

Ajax. Why should a man be proud? How doth
 pride grow? I know not what pride is.

Agam. Your mind's the clearer, Ajax, and your

'I stood engag'd: but when I had *subscrib'd*
 To mine own fortune, and inform'd her fully
 I could not answer,' &c.

The word occurs again in this sense several times in this play.
 In an *observing* kind, is in an *attentive* manner.

¹⁶ Fitful lunacies. The quarto reads:—

'His *course and time*, his ebbs and flows, and if
 The passage and whole *stream of his commencement*
 Rode on his tide.'

¹⁷ Allowance is approbation. See vol. i. p. 223, note 20,

virtues the fairer. He that is proud, eats up himself: pride is his own glass, his own trumpet, his own chronicle: and whatever praises itself but in the deed, devours the deed in the praise¹⁸.

Ajax. I do hate a proud man, as I hate the engendering of toads¹⁹.

Nest. And yet he loves himself: Is it not strange?
[*Aside.*]

Re-enter ULYSSES.

Ulyss. Achilles will not to the field to-morrow.

Agam. What's his excuse?

Ulyss. He doth rely on none;
But carries on the stream of his dispose,
Without observance or respect of any,
In will peculiar and in self-admission.

Agam. Why will he not, upon our fair request,
Untent his person, and share the air with us?

Ulyss. Things small as nothing, for request's sake
only,
He makes important: Possess'd he is with greatness;
And speaks not to himself, but with a pride
That quarrels at self-breath: imagin'd worth
Holds in his blood such swoln and hot discourse,
That, 'twixt his mental and his active parts,
Kingdom'd Achilles in commotion rages²⁰,

¹⁸ We have this sentiment before in Act i. Sc. 3, p. 344:—

'The worthiness of praise distains his worth,
If that the prais'd himself the praise bring forth.'

Malone has cited a passage from *Coriolanus* in both instances, which has nothing in it of similar sentiment, and which he could neither comprehend nor explain. See *Coriolanus*, Act iv. Sc. 7.

¹⁹ See Goldsmith's *History of the Earth and Animated Nature*, vol. vii. p. 92, 93.

²⁰ 'The genius and the mortal instruments
Are then in council; and the state of man,
Like to a little kingdom, suffers then
The nature of an insurrection.'—*Julius Cæsar*.

And batters down himself: What should I say?
 He is so plaguy proud, that the death tokens²¹ of it
 Cry—*No recovery.*

Agam. Let Ajax go to him.—
 Dear lord, go you and greet him in his tent:
 'Tis said, he holds you well: and will be led,
 At your request, a little from himself.

Ulyss. O Agamemnon, let it not be so!
 We'll consecrate the steps that Ajax makes
 When they go from Achilles; Shall the proud lord,
 That bastes his arrogance with his own seam²²;
 And never suffers matter of the world
 Enter his thoughts,—save such as do revolve
 And ruminate himself,—shall he be worshipp'd
 Of that we hold an idol more than he?
 No, this thrice worthy and right valiant lord
 Must not so stale his palm, nobly acquir'd;
 Nor, by my will, assubjugate his merit,
 As amply titled as Achilles is,
 By going to Achilles:
 That were to enlard his fat-already pride;
 And add more coals to Cancer²³, when he burns
 With entertaining great Hyperion.
 This lord go to him! Jupiter forbid,
 And say in thunder—*Achilles, go to him.*

Nest. O, this is well; he rubs the vein of him.

[*Aside.*

²¹ Alluding to the decisive spots appearing on those infected with the plague. 'Spots of a dark complexion, usually called *tokens*, and looked on as the pledges or forewarnings of *death*.'—*Hodges on the Plague.*

'Now like the fearful tokens of the plague,
 Are mere forerunners of their ends.'

Beaumont and Fletcher's Valentinian.

²² *Seam* is *fat*. The grease, fat, or tallow of any animal; but chiefly applied to that of a hog.

²³ The sign in the zodiac, into which the sun enters June 21.
 'And Cancer reddens with the solar blaze.'

Thomson.

Dio. And how his silence drinks up this applause!

[*Aside.*

Ajax. If I go to him, with my arm'd fist I'll pash²⁴ him

Over the face.

Agam. O, no, you shall not go.

Ajax. An he be proud with me, I'll pheeze²⁵ his pride:

Let me go to him.

Ulyss. Not for the worth that hangs upon our quarrel²⁶.

Ajax. A paltry, insolent fellow!——

Nest. How he describes

Himself!

[*Aside.*

Ajax. Can he not be sociable?

Ulyss. The raven

Chides blackness.

[*Aside.*

Ajax. I will let his humours blood²⁷.

Agam. He'll be the physician, that should be the patient.

[*Aside.*

Ajax. An all men

Were o' my mind,—

Ulyss. Wit would be out of fashion.

[*Aside.*

²⁴ *Scyphus ei impactus est.*

Baret.

'He was *pashed* over the pate with a pot.'

The word is used twice by Massinger in his *Virgin Martyr*; and Mr. Gifford has adduced an instance from Dryden; he justly observes, it is to be regretted that the word is now obsolete, as we have none that can adequately supply its place. To *dash* signifying to throw one thing with violence against another; to *pash* is to strike a thing with such force as to crush it to pieces.

²⁵ See note on the Induction to *The Taming of the Shrew*.

²⁶ Not for the value of for which we are fighting.

²⁷ There is a curious collection of Epigrams, Satires, &c. printed in 1600, with this quaint title:—'*The Letting of Humours Blood in the Head Vaine.*' A small reimpression was made at Edinburgh in 1815, with a preface and notes, by Sir Walter Scott.

Ajax. He should not bear it so,
He should eat swords first; Shall pride carry it?

Nest. An 'twould, you'd carry half. [*Aside.*

Ulyss. He'd have ten shares.
[*Aside.*

Ajax. I'll knead him, I will make him supple:—

Nest. He's not yet thorough warm: force²⁸ him
with praises:

Pour in, pour in; his ambition is dry. [*Aside.*

Ulyss. My lord, you feed too much on this dis-
like. [To AGAMEMNON.

Nest. O noble general, do not do so.

Dio. You must prepare to fight without Achilles.

Ulyss. Why, 'tis this naming of him does him harm.

Here is a man—But 'tis before his face;

I will be silent.

Nest. Wherefore should you so?

He is not emulous²⁹, as Achilles is.

Ulyss. Knew the whole world, he is as valiant.

Ajax. A whoreson dog, that shall palter³⁰ thus
with us!

I would, he were a Trojan!

Nest. What a vice

Were it in Ajax now——

Ulyss. If he were proud?

Dio. Or covetous of praise?

Ulyss. Ay, or surly borne?

Dio. Or strange, or self-affected?

Ulyss. Thank the heavens, lord, thou art of sweet
composure;

Praise him that got thee, she that gave thee suck:
Fam'd be thy tutor, and thy parts of nature

²⁸ *Force him, that is stuff him: forcir, Fr.* In another place of this play we have 'malice forced with wit.'

²⁹ See the preceding scene, note 25, p. 364.

³⁰ To palter is to shuffle, equivocate.

Thrice-fam'd, beyond all erudition³¹ :
 But he that disciplin'd thy arms to fight,
 Let Mars divide eternity in twain,
 And give him half: and, for thy vigour,
 Bull-bearing Milo his addition³² yield
 To sinewy Ajax. I will not praise thy wisdom,
 Which, like a bourn³³, a pale, a shore, confines
 Thy spacious and dilated parts: Here's Nestor,—
 Instructed by the antiquary times,
 He must, he is, he cannot but be wise;—
 But pardon, father Nestor, were your days
 As green as Ajax', and your brain so temper'd,
 You should not have the eminence of him,
 But be as Ajax.

Ajax. Shall I call you father³⁴?

Nest. Ay, my good son.

Dio. Be rul'd by him, Lord Ajax.

Ulyss. There is no tarrying here; the hart Achilles

³¹ The quarto reads:—

'Thrice fam'd beyond all *thy* erudition.'

³² i. e. yield his *titles*, his celebrity for strength. See Act i. Sc. 2, note 5.

³³ A *boorn* is a *boundary*, and sometimes a *rivulet*, dividing one place from another. As in the line of the old ballad Edgar sings in *Lear*, Act iii. Sc. 6:—

'Come o'er the *boorn*, Bessy, to me.'

A *boorn*, or *burn*, A. S. *burn*, in the north, signifies a brook, or rivulet. Hence the names of many villages, &c. terminate in *burn*. So in Drayton's *Polyolbion*, Song 1:—

'The *boorns*, the brooks, the becks, the rills, the rivulets.'

And in Spenser, *Faerie Queene*, b. ii. c. 6:—

'My little boate can safely passe this perilous *bourne*.'

And Browne, *Brit. Past.* 1, 4, p. 99, 2d ed.:—

'To gild the mutt'ring *boornes*, and pretty rills.' own

³⁴ Shakspeare probably had a custom prevalent about them-time in his thoughts. Ben Jonson had many who calling to his selves his *sons*. Cotton dedicates his book on *Angling*, April 3, *father* Walton; and Ashmole, in his *Diary* observes, 'Berks, caused Mr. William Backhouse of Swallowfield, in me to call him *father* thenceforward.'

Keeps thicket. Please it our great general
 To call together all his state of war;
 Fresh kings are come to Troy: To-morrow,
 We must with all our main of power stand fast:
 And here's a lord,—come knights from east to west,
 And cull their flower, Ajax shall cope the best.

Agam. Go we to council. Let Achilles sleep:
 Light boats sail swift, though greater hulks draw
 deep. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT III.

SCENE I. Troy. *A Room in Priam's Palace.*

Enter PANDARUS and a Servant.

Pan. Friend! you! pray you, a word: Do not
 you follow the young Lord Paris?

Serv. Ay, sir, when he goes before me.

Pan. You do depend upon him, I mean?

Serv. Sir, I do depend upon the lord.

Pan. You do depend upon a noble gentleman;
 I must needs praise him.

Serv. The lord be praised!

Pan. You know me, do you not?

Serv. Faith, sir, superficially.

Pan. Friend, know me better; I am the Lord
 Pandarus.

Serv. I hope, I shall know your honour better¹.

¹ The *servant* to desire it.

become a servant means to quibble. He hopes Pandarus will
 he chooses to be a man than he is at present. In his next speech
 to grow better; and stand Pandarus as if he had said he wished
 state of grace. Hence the servant affirms that he is in the

Serv. You are in the state of grief.

[*Musick within.*]

Pan. Grace! not so, friend; honour and friendship are my titles:—What musick is this?

Serv. I do but partly know, sir; it is musick in parts.

Pan. Know you the musicians?

Serv. Wholly, sir.

Pan. Who play they to?

Serv. To the hearers, sir.

Pan. At whose pleasure, friend?

Serv. At mine, sir, and theirs that love musick.

Pan. Command, I mean, friend.

Serv. Who shall I command, sir?

Pan. Friend, we understand not one another; I am too courtly, and thou art too cunning: At whose request do these men play?

Serv. That's to't, indeed, sir: Marry, sir, at the request of Paris, my lord, who is there in person; with him, the mortal Venus, the heart-blood of beauty, love's invisible soul,—

Pan. Who, my cousin Cressida?

Serv. No, sir, Helen: Could you not find out that by her attributes?

Pan. It should seem, fellow, that thou hast not seen the Lady Cressida. I come to speak with Paris from the Prince Troilus: I will make a complimentary assault upon him, for my business seeths.

Serv. Sudden business! there's a stewed phrase, indeed!

Enter PARIS and HELEN, atted.

Pan. Fair be to you, my lord, and to all this fair company! fair desires, in all fair measure, fairly guide them! especially to you, fair queen. fair thoughts be your fair pillow!

Helen. Dear ~~lord~~, you are full of fair words.

Pan. You ~~take~~ your fair pleasure, sweet queen.—
Fair prin^{ce} here is good broken musick.

Pa You have broke it, cousin: and, by my
life, ~~you~~ shall make it whole again; you shall piece
it with a piece of your performance:—Nell, he
ll of harmony.

Pan. Truly, lady, no.

Helen. O, sir,——

Pan. Rude, in sooth; in good sooth, very rude.

Par. Well said, my lord! well, you say so in
fits².

Pan. I have business to my lord, dear queen:—
My lord, will you vouchsafe me a word?

Helen. Nay, this shall not hedge us out: we'll
hear you sing, certainly.

Pan. Well, sweet queen, you are pleasant with
me.—But (marry) thus, my lord,—My dear lord,
and most esteemed friend, your brother Troilus—

Helen. My Lord Pandarus; honey-sweet lord,—

Pan. Go to, sweet queen, go to:—commends
himself most affectionately to you.

Helen. You shall not bob us out of our melody;
If you do, our melancholy upon your head!

Pan. Sweet queen, sweet queen; that's a sweet
queen, i'faith.

Helen. And to make a sweet lady sad, is a sour
offence.

Pan. Nay, that shall not serve your turn; that
shall it not, in truth, la. Nay, I care not for such
words; no, no.—³ And, my lord, he desires you,

² A quibble is intended. A *fit* was a part or division of a song or tune. The equivoque lies between *fits*, starts, or sudden impulses, and *fits* in its musical acceptation.

³ 'And, my lord,' &c. I think with Johnson, that the speech of Pandarus should begin here; and that the former part should be added to that of Helen.

that, if the king call for him at supper, you will make his excuse.

Helen. My Lord Pandarus,——

Pan. What says my sweet queen,—my very very sweet queen?

Par. What exploit's in hand? where sups he to-night?

Helen. Nay, but my lord,——

Pan. What says my sweet queen?—My cousin will fall out with you. You must not know where he sups⁴.

Par. I'll lay my life, with my disposer⁵ Cressida.

Pan. No, no, no such matter, you are wide; come, your disposer is sick.

Par. Well, I'll make excuse.

Pan. Ay, good my lord. Why should you say—Cressida? no, your poor disposer's sick.

Par. I spy.

Pan. You spy! what do you spy?—Come, give me an instrument.—Now, sweet queen.

Helen. Why, this is kindly done.

Pan. My niece is horribly in love with a thing you have, sweet queen.

⁴ 'You must not know where he sups.' These words in the old copies are erroneously given to Helen.

⁵ Steevens would give this speech to Helen, and read *deposer* instead of *disposer*. Helen, he thinks, may address herself to Pandarus; and by her deposer, mean that Cressida had deposed her in the affections of Troilus. In the Epistle Dedicatorie to Chapman's Homer, *Learning* is made the *disposer* [dispensator] of Poetry:—

'Then let not this divinitie in earth
(Deare Prince) be slighted, as she were the birth
Of idle Fancie, since she workes so high;
Nor let her poore *disposer* (*Learning*) lye
Still bed-rid.'

Disposer appears to have been an equivalent term anciently for steward, or manager. If the speech is to be attributed to Helen, she may mean to call Cressid her *hand-maid*.

Helen. She shall have it, my lord, if it be not my Lord Paris.

Pan. He! no, she'll none of him: they two are twain.

Helen. Falling in, after falling out, may make them three.

Pan. Come, come, I'll hear no more of this; I'll sing you a song now.

Helen. Ay, ay, pr'ythee now. By my troth, sweet lord, thou hast a fine forehead.

Pan. Ay, you may, you may.

Helen. Let thy song be love; this love will undo us all. O, Cupid, Cupid, Cupid!

Pan. Love! ay, that it shall, i'faith.

Par. Ay, good now, love, love, nothing but love.

Pan. In good troth, it begins so:

Love, love, nothing but love, still more!

For, oh, love's bow

Shoots buck and doe;

The shaft confounds,

Not that it wounds,

But tickles still the sore.

These lovers cry—Oh! oh! they die!

Yet that which seems the wound to kill,

Doth turn oh! oh! to ha! ha! he!

So dying love lives still:

Oh! oh! a while, but ha! ha! ha!

Oh! oh! groans out for ha! ha! ha!

Hey ho!

Helen. In love, i'faith, to the very tip of the nose.

Par. He eats nothing but doves, love; and that breeds hot blood, and hot blood begets hot thoughts, and hot thoughts beget hot deeds, and hot deeds is love.

Pan. Is this the generation of love? hot blood, hot thoughts, and hot deeds?—Why, they are vipers: Is love a generation of vipers? Sweet lord, who's a-field to-day?

Par. Hector, Deiphobus, Helenus, Antenor, and all the gallantry of Troy: I would fain have armed to-night, but my Nell would not have it so. How chance my brother Troilus went not?

Helen. He hangs the lip at something;—you know all, Lord Pandarus.

Pan. Not I, honey-sweet queen.—I long to hear how they sped to-day.—You'll remember your brother's excuse?

Par. To a hair.

Pan. Farewell, sweet queen.

Helen. Commend me to your niece.

Pan. I will, sweet queen. [Exit.

[A Retreat sounded.

Par. They are come from field: let us to Priam's hall,

To greet the warriors. Sweet Helen, I must woo you
To help unarm our Hector: his stubborn buckles,
With these your white enchanting fingers touch'd,
Shall more obey, than to the edge of steel,
Or force of Greekish sinews; you shall do more
Than all the island kings, disarm great Hector.

Helen. 'Twill make us proud to be his servant,

Paris:

Yea, what he shall receive of us in duty,
Give us more palm in beauty than we have;
Yea, overshines ourself.

Par. Sweet, above thought I love thee

[Exit.

SCENE II. *The same.* Pandarus' Orchard.

Enter PANDARUS *and a* Servant, *meeting.*

Pan. How now? where's thy master? at my cousin Cressida's?

Serv. No, sir; he stays for you to conduct him thither.

Enter TROILUS.

Pan. O, here he comes.—How now, how now?

Tro. Sirrah, walk off. [*Exit* Servant.]

Pan. Have you seen my cousin?

Tro. No, Pandarus: I stalk about her door,
Like a strange soul upon the Stygian banks
Staying for waftage. O, be thou my Charon,
And give me swift transportance to those fields,
Where I may wallow in the lily beds
Propos'd for the deserver! O gentle Pandarus,
From Cupid's shoulder pluck his painted wings,
And fly with me to Cressid!

Pan. Walk here i'the orchard, I'll bring her straight. [*Exit* PANDARUS.]

Tro. I am giddy; expectation whirls me round.
The imaginary relish is so sweet
That it enchants my sense; What will it be,
When that the watry palate tastes indeed
Love's thrice-reputed nectar; death, I fear me;
Swooning destruction; or some joy too fine,
Too subtle potent, tun'd too sharp in sweetness,
For the capacity of my ruder powers:
I fear it much; and I do fear besides,
That I shall lose distinction in my joys¹;

¹ — ubi jam amborum fuerat confusa voluptas.

Sappho's Epistle to Phaon.

As doth a battle, when they charge on heaps
The enemy flying.

Re-enter PANDARUS.

Pan. She's making her ready, she'll come straight :
you must be witty now. She does so blush, and
fetches her wind so short, as if she were frayed
with a sprite ; I'll fetch her. It is the prettiest
villain : she fetches her breath as short as a new-
ta'en sparrow. [*Exit PANDARUS.*

Tro. Even such a passion doth embrace my bosom :
My heart beats thicker than a feverous pulse ;
And all my powers do their bestowing lose,
Like vassalage at unawares encount'ring
The eye of majesty.

Enter PANDARUS and CRESSIDA.

Pan. Come, come, what need you blush ? shame's
a baby.—Here she is now ; swear the oaths now
to her, that you have sworn to me.—What, are
you gone again ? you must be watched² ere you
be made tame, must you ? Come your ways, come
your ways ; an you draw backward, we'll put you
i' the fills³.—Why do you not speak to her ?—
Come, draw this curtain, and let's see your picture.
Alas the day, how loath you are to offend day-
light ! an 'twere dark, you'd close sooner. So, so ;
rub on, and kiss the mistress⁴. How now, a kiss

² Hawks were tamed by *keeping them from sleep* ; and thus Pandarus meant that Cressida should be tamed. See *Taming of the Shrew*, Act iv. Sc. 1, p. 411.

³ i. e. the *shafts*. *Phills* or *fills* is the term in the midland counties for the *shafts* of a cart or waggon. See vol. iii. p. 28, note 8.

⁴ The allusion is to bowling ; what is now called *the jack* was formerly termed *the mistress*. A bowl that kisses the jack or mistress is in the most advantageous situation. *Rub on* is a term in the game. See *Cymbeline*, Act ii. Sc. 1.

in fee-farm⁵! build there, carpenter; the air is sweet. Nay, you shall fight your hearts out, ere I part you. The falcon as the tercel⁶, for all the ducks i' the river: go to, go to.

Tro. You have bereft me of all words, lady.

Pan. Words pay no debts, give her deeds: but she'll bereave you of the deeds too, if she call your activity in question. What, billing again? Here's—*In witness whereof the parties interchangeably*⁷—Come in, come in; I'll go get a fire.

[*Exit PANDARUS.*]

Cres. Will you walk in, my lord?

Tro. O, Cressida, how often have I wished me thus?

Cres. Wished, my lord?—The gods grant!—O my lord!

⁵ 'A kiss in fee-farm' is a kiss of duration, that has bounds, a fee-farm being a grant of lands in fee; that is, for ever reserving a certain rent. The same idea is expressed much more poetically in *Coriolanus*, when the jargon of law was absent from the poet's thoughts:—

'——— O, a kiss

Long as my exile, sweet as my revenge!

⁶ The *tercel* is the male and the *falcon* the female hawk. Pandarus appears to mean that he will back the falcon against the tercel, or match his niece against her lover for any bet.

⁷ Shakspeare had here an idea in his thoughts that he has elsewhere often expressed. Thus in a future page:—'Go to, a bargain made; seal it.' So in *Measure for Measure*:—

'But my kisses bring again

Seals of love, but seal'd in vain.'

Thus also in *King John*:—

'Upon thy cheek I lay this zealous kiss,

As seal to the indenture of my love.'

And in *Venus and Adonis*:—

'Pure lips sweet seals in my soft lips imprinted,
What bargains may I make still to be sealing?'

Green has a similar thought in his *Arcadia*:—

'Even with that kiss, as once my father did,
I seal the sweet indentures of delight.'

Tro. What should they grant? what makes this pretty abrupt? What too curious dreg espies my sweet lady in the fountain of our love?

Cres. More dregs than water, if my fears have eyes.

Tro. Fears make devils cherubins; they never see truly.

Cres. Blind fear, that seeing reason leads, finds safer footing than blind reason stumbling without fear: To fear the worst, oft cures the worst.

Tro. O, let my lady apprehend no fear: in all Cupid's pageant there is presented no monster⁸.

Cres. Nor nothing monstrous neither?

Tro. Nothing, but our undertakings; when we vow to weep seas, live in fire, eat rocks, tame tigers; thinking it harder for our mistress to devise imposition enough, than for us to undergo any difficulty imposed. This is the monstrosity in love, lady,—that the will is infinite, and the execution confined; that the desire is boundless, and the act a slave to limit.

Cres. They say, all lovers swear more performance than they are able, and yet reserve an ability that they never perform; vowing more than the perfection of ten, and discharging less than the tenth part of one. They that have the voice of lions, and the act of hares, are they not monsters?

⁸ From this passage a *Fear* appears to have been a personage in other pageants, or perhaps in our ancient moralities. To this circumstance Aspatia alludes in *The Maid's Tragedy*:—

' ——— and then a *Fear*

Do that *Fear* bravely, wench.'

So in *Antony and Cleopatra*, Act ii. Sc. 3:—

' ——— near him, thy angel

Becomes a *Fear*.'

In the Sacred Writings *Fear* is also a person:—'I will put a *Fear* in the land of Egypt.'—*Exodus*. Spenser has personified *Fear* in the twelfth canto of the third book of his *Fairy Queen*.

Tro. Are there such? such are not we: Praise us as we are tasted, allow us as we prove; our head shall go bare, till merit crown it: no perfection in reversion shall have a praise in present: we will not name desert, before his birth; and, being born, his addition⁹ shall be humble. Few words to fair faith: Troilus shall be such to Cressid, as what envy can say worst, shall be a mock for his truth¹⁰; and what truth can speak truest, not truer than Troilus.

Cres. Will you walk in, my lord?

Re-enter PANDARUS.

Pan. What, blushing still? have you not done talking yet?

Cres. Well, uncle, what folly I commit, I dedicate to you.

Pan. I thank you for that; if my lord get a boy of you, you'll give him me: Be true to my lord: if he flinch, chide me for it.

Tro. You know now your hostages; your uncle's word, and my firm faith.

Pan. Nay, I'll give my word for her too; our kindred, though they be long ere they are wooed, they are constant, being won: they are burs, I can tell you: they'll stick where they are thrown¹¹.

Cres. Boldness comes to me now, and brings me heart:—

Prince Troilus, I have lov'd you night and day
For many weary months.

Tro. Why was my Cressid then so hard to win?

⁹ i. e. we will give him no high or pompous titles.

¹⁰ Even malice (i. e. envy) shall not be able to impeach his truth, or attach him in any other way, except by ridiculing him for his constancy. See vol. iii. p. 72, note 1.

¹¹ We have this allusion in *Measure for Measure*:—

'Nay, friar, I am a kind of bur, I shall stick.'

Cres. Hard to seem won; but I was won, my lord,
With the first glance that ever—Pardon me;—
If I confess much, you will play the tyrant.
I love you now; but not, till now, so much
But I might master it:—in faith, I lie;
My thoughts were like unbridled children, grown
Too headstrong for their mother: See, we fools!
Why have I blabb'd? who shall be true to us,
When we are so unsecret to ourselves?
But, though I lov'd you well, I woo'd you not;
And yet, good faith, I wish'd myself a man;
Or that we women had men's privilege
Of speaking first. Sweet, bid me hold my tongue;
For, in this rapture, I shall surely speak
The thing I shall repent. See, see, your silence,
Cunning in dumbness, from my weakness draws
My very soul of counsel: Stop my mouth.

Tro. And shall, albeit sweet musick issues thence.

Pan. Pretty, i'faith.

Cres. My lord, I do beseech you pardon me;
'Twas not my purpose, thus to beg a kiss:
I am asham'd;—O heavens! what have I done?—
For this time will I take my leave, my lord.

Tro. Your leave, sweet Cressid?

Pan. Leave! an you take leave till to-morrow
morning, —

Cres. Pray you, content you.

Tro. What offends you, lady?

Cres. Sir, mine own company.

Tro. You cannot shun
Yourself.

Cres. Let me go and try:
I have a kind of self resides with you;
But an unkind self, that itself will leave,
To be another's fool. I would be gone:
Where is my wit? I know not what I speak.

Tro. Well know they what they speak, that speak so wisely.

Cres. Perchance, my lord, I show more craft than love;

And fell so roundly to a large confession,
To angle for your thoughts: But you are wise;
Or else you love not; For to be wise, and love,
Exceeds man's might; that dwells with gods above¹².

Tro. O, that I thought it could be in a woman,
(As, if it can, I will presume in you),
To feed for aye¹³ her lamp and flames of love;
To keep her constancy in plight and youth,
Outliving beauty's outward, with a mind
That doth renew swifter than blood decays!
Or, that persuasion could but thus convince me,—
That my integrity and truth to you
Might be affronted¹⁴ with the match and weight
Of such a winnow'd purity in love;
How were I then uplifted! but, alas,
I am as true as truth's simplicity,
And simpler than the infancy of truth.

¹² Cressida's meaning appears to be, 'Perchance I fell too roundly to confession, in order to angle for your thoughts; but you are not so easily taken in; you are too wise, or too indifferent; for to be wise, and love, exceeds man's might.' The thought originally belongs to Publius Syrus:—'Amare et sapere vix Deo conceditur.' Spenser has it in his *Shepherd's Calendar*, March:—

'To be wise and eke to love
Is granted scarce to gods above.'

It is to be found in Taverner's translation of Publius Syrus, at the end of *Catonis Disticha*, 1532.

¹³ Troilus alludes to the perpetual lamps, which were supposed to illuminate sepulchres.

'——— lasting flames, that burn
To light the dead, and warm th' unfruitful urn.'

See *Pericles*, Act ii. Sc. 1.

¹⁴ Met with and equalled. See *Hamlet*, Act iii. Sc. 1:—

'—— That he, as 'twere by accident, may here
Affront Ophelia.'

Cres. In that I'll war with you.

Tro.

O virtuous fight,
When right with right wars who shall be most right!
True swains in love shall, in the world to come,
Approve their truths by Troilus: when their rhymes,
Full of protest, of oath, and big compare¹⁵,
Want similes of truth, tir'd with iteration¹⁶,—
As true as steel, as plantage to the moon¹⁷,
As sun to day, as turtle to her mate,
As iron to adamant, as earth to the centre,—
Yet, after all comparisons of truth,
As truth's authentick author to be cited,
As true as Troilus shall crown up¹⁸ the verse,
And sanctify the numbers.

Cres.

Prophet may you be!

If I be false, or swerve a hair from truth,
When time is old and hath forgot itself,
When waterdrops have worn the stones of Troy,
And blind oblivion swallow'd cities up,
And mighty states characterless are grated
To dusty nothing; yet let memory,
From false to false, among false maids in love,
Upbraid my falsehood! when they have said—as
false

As air, as water, wind, or sandy earth,
As fox to lamb, as wolf to heifer's calf,
Pard to the hind, or stepdame to her son;

¹⁵ Comparisons.

¹⁶ In the old copy this line stands:—

'Wants similes truth tird with iteration.'

The emendation was proposed by Mr. Tyrwhitt.

¹⁷ *Plantage* is here put for any thing planted, which was thought to depend for its success upon the influence of the moon. 'The poore husbandman perceiveth that the increase of the moone maketh *plants* fruitfull; so as in the *full moone* they are in their best strength; decaieing in the *wane*; and in the *conjunction* do utterlie wither and vade.'—*Scot's Discoverie of Witchcraft*,

¹⁸ i.e. conclude, it. *Finis coronat opus*.

Yea, let them say, to stick the heart of falsehood,
As false as Cressid.

Pan. Go to, a bargain made: seal it, seal it:
I'll be the witness.—Here I hold your hand; here,
my cousin's. If ever you prove false one to another,
since I have taken such pains to bring you together,
let all pitiful goers-between be called to the world's end
after my name, call them all—Pandars;
let all constant¹⁹ men be Troiluses, all false women
Cressids, and all brokers-between Pandars!
say, amen.

Tro. Amen.

Cres. Amen.

Pan. Amen. Whereupon I will show you a chamber
and a bed, which bed, because it shall not speak
of your pretty encounters, press it to death: away.

And Cupid grant all tongue-tied maidens here,
Bed, chamber, Pandar, to provide this geer!

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *The Grecian Camp.*

Enter AGAMEMNON, ULYSSES, DIOMEDES, NESTOR,
AJAX, MENELAUS, and CALCHAS.

Cal. Now, princes, for the service I have done you,
The advantage of the time prompts me aloud
To call for recompense. Appear it to your mind,
That, through the sight I bear in things, to Jove¹

¹⁹ Hanmer altered this to 'inconstant men;' but the poet seems to have been less attentive to make Pandarus talk consequentially, than to account for the ideas *actually annexed* to the three names in his own time.

¹ The old copies all concur in reading—

'That through the sight I bear in things to love.'

Which Steevens thinks may be explained:—'No longer assisting Troy with my advice, I have left it to the dominion of love,

I have abandon'd Troy, left my possession,
 Incurr'd a traitor's name; expos'd myself,
 From certain and possess'd conveniences,
 To doubtful fortunes; séquest'ring from me all
 That time, acquaintance, custom, and condition,
 Made tame and most familiar to my nature;
 And here, to do you service, am become
 As new into² the world, strange, unacquainted:
 I do beseech you, as in way of taste,
 To give me now a little benefit,
 Out of those many register'd in promise,
 Which you say, live to come in my behalf.

Agam. What would'st thou of us, Trojan? make demand.

Cal. You have a Trojan prisoner, call'd Antenor,
 Yesterday took; Troy holds him very dear.
 Oft have you (often have you thanks therefore),
 Desir'd my Cressid in right great exchange,
 Whom Troy hath still denied: But this Antenor,
 I know, is such a wrest³ in their affairs,

to the consequences of the amour of Paris and Helen.' The present reading of the text is supported by Johnson and Malone; to which Mason makes this objection:—'That it was *Juno* and not *Jove* that persecuted the Trojans. *Jove* wished them well, and though we may abandon a man to his enemies, we cannot, with propriety, say that we abandon him to his friends.' Some modern editions have the line thus:—

'That through the sight I bear in things to come.'

Which is an emendation to which I must confess I incline: for, as Mason observes, 'the speech of Calchas would have been incomplete, if he had said he abandoned Troy, from the sight he bore of things, without explaining it by adding the words to come.'

The merit of Calchas did not merely consist in having come over to the Greeks; he also revealed to them the fate of Troy, which depended on their conveying away the palladium, and the horses of Rhesus, before they should drink of the river Xanthus.

² *Into* for *unto*; a common form of expression in old writers. Thus in the Paston Letters, vol. ii. p. 5:—'And they that have justed with him *into* this day, have been as richly beseen,' &c.

³ A *wrest* is an instrument for tuning harps, &c. by *drawing*

That their negotiations all must slack,
 Wanting his manage; and they will almost
 Give us a prince of blood, a son of Priam,
 In change of him: let him be sent, great princes,
 And he shall buy my daughter; and her presence
 Shall quite strike off all service I have done,
 In most accepted pain⁴.

Agam. Let Diomedes bear him,
 And bring us Cressid hither; Calchas shall have
 What he requests of us.—Good Diomed,
 Furnish you fairly for this interchange:
 Withal, bring word—if Hector will to-morrow
 Be answer'd in his challenge: Ajax is ready.

Dio. This shall I undertake; and 'tis a burden
 Which I am proud to bear.

[*Exeunt* DIOMEDES and CALCHAS.]

Enter ACHILLES and PATROCLUS, before their
Tent.

Ulyss. Achilles stands i' the entrance of his tent:—
 Please it our general to pass strangely by him,
 As if he were forgot; and, princes all,
 Lay negligent and loose regard upon him:
 I will come last: 'Tis like, he'll question me,
 Why such unplausible eyes are bent, why turn'd on
 him:
 If so, I have derision med'cinable,

up the strings. Its form may be seen in some of the illuminated service books, where David is represented; in the Second Part of Mersenne's Harmonics; and in the Syntagmata of Prætorius, vol. ii. fig. xix. So in King James's Edict against Combats, &c. p. 45:—

'This small instrument the tongue, being
 Kept in tune by the wrest of awe.'

⁴ *Hanmer* and *Warburton* read, 'In most accepted pay.' But the construction of the passage, as it stands, appears to be, 'Her presence shall strike off, or recompense the service I have done, even in those labours which were most accepted.'

To use between our strangeness and his pride,
Which his own will shall have desire to drink;
It may do good: pride hath no other glass
To show itself, but pride; for supple knees
Feed arrogance, and are the proud man's fees.

Agam. We'll execute your purpose, and put on
A form of strangeness as we pass along;
So do each lord; and either greet him not,
Or else disdainfully, which shall shake him more
Than if not look'd on. I will lead the way.

Achil. What, comes the general to speak with me?
You know my mind, I'll fight no more 'gainst Troy.

Agam. What says Achilles? would he aught
with us?

Nest. Would you, my lord, aught with the general?

Achil. No.

Nest. Nothing, my lord.

Agam. The better.

[*Exeunt* AGAMEMNON and NESTOR.]

Achil. Good day, good day.

Men. How do you? how do you?

[*Exit* MENELAUS.]

Achil. What, does the cuckold scorn me?

Ajax. How now, Patroclus?

Achil. Good morrow, Ajax.

Ajax. Ha?

Achil. Good morrow.

Ajax. Ay, and good next day too.

[*Exit* AJAX.]

Achil. What mean these fellows? Know they not
Achilles?

Patr. They pass by strangely: they were us'd
to bend,

To send their smiles before them to Achilles;
To come as humbly, as they us'd to creep
To holy altars.

Achil. What, am I poor of late?
 'Tis certain, greatness, once fallen out with fortune,
 Must fall out with men too: What the declin'd is,
 He shall as soon read in the eyes of others,
 As feel in his own fall: for men, like butterflies,
 Show not their mealy wings, but to the summer;
 And not a man, for being simply man,
 Hath any honour; but honour for those honours
 That are without him, as place, riches, favour,
 Prizes of accident as oft as merit:
 Which when they fall, as being slippery standers,
 The love that lean'd on them as slippery too,
 Do one pluck down another, and together
 Die in the fall. But 'tis not so with me:
 Fortune and I are friends; I do enjoy
 At ample point all that I did possess,
 Save these men's looks: who do, methinks, find out
 Something not worth in me such rich beholding
 As they have often given. Here is Ulysses;
 I'll interrupt his reading.—
 How now, Ulysses?

Ulyss. Now, great Thetis' son?

Achil. What are you reading?

Ulyss. A strange fellow here
 Writes me, That man—how dearly ever parted⁵,
 How much in having, or without, or in,—
 Cannot make boast to have that which he hath,
 Nor feels not what he owes, but by reflection;

⁵ *However excellently endowed, with however dear or precious parts enriched. So in Massinger's Great Duke of Florence:—*

'And I, my lord, chose rather
 To deliver her better parted than she is,
 Than to take from her.'

Thus in a subsequent passage:—

'——— no man is the lord of any thing
 (Though in and of him there is much consisting),
 Till he communicate his parts to others.'

As when his virtues shining upon others
Heat them, and they retort that heat again
To the first giver.

Achil. This is not strange, Ulysses.
The beauty that is borne here in the face
The bearer knows not, but commends itself
To others' eyes: nor doth the eye itself
(That most pure spirit of sense), behold itself⁶,
Not going from itself; but eye to eye oppos'd
Salutes each other with each other's form.
For speculation⁷ turns not to itself,
Till it hath travell'd, and is married there
Where it may see itself: this is not strange at all.

Ulyss. I do not strain at the position,
It is familiar; but at the author's drift:
Who, in his circumstance⁸, expressly proves—
That no man is the lord of any thing
(Though in and of him there be much consisting),
Till he communicate his parts to others:
Nor doth he of himself know them for aught
Till he behold them form'd in the applause
Where they are extended; which⁹, like an arch,
reverberates
The voice again; or like a gate of steel
Fronting the sun, receives and renders back
His figure and his heat. I was much rapt in this;
And apprehended here immediately

⁶ Thus in Julius Cæsar:—

'No, Cassius; for the eye sees not itself
But by reflection; by some other things.'

⁷ *Speculation* has here the same meaning as in *Macbeth*:—

'Thou hast no *speculation* in those eyes
Which thou dost glare with.'

⁸ Detail of argument.

⁹ The old copies read:—'who, like an arch, *reverberate*;' which may mean, They who applaud reverberate. The elliptick mode of expression is in the poet's manner. Rowe made the alteration.

The unknown Ajax¹⁰.

Heavens, what a man is there! a very horse;
That has he knows not what. Nature, what things
there are,

Most abject in regard, and dear in use!
What things again most dear in the esteem,
And poor in worth! Now shall we see to-morrow,
An act that very chance doth throw upon him,—
Ajax renown'd. O heavens, what some men do,
While some men leave to do!

How some men creep in skittish fortune's hall,
Whiles others play the idiots in her eyes!
How one man eats into another's pride,
While pride is fasting in his wantonness!
To see these Grecian lords!—why, even already
They clap the lubber Ajax on the shoulder;
As if his foot were on brave Hector's breast,
And great Troy shrieking¹¹.

Achil. I do believe it: for they passed by me,
As misers do by beggars: neither gave to me
Good word, nor look: What, are my deeds forgot?

Ulyss. Time hath, my lord, a wallet at his back,
Wherein he puts alms for oblivion¹²,
A great-sized monster of ingratitude:
Those scraps are good deeds past: which are devour'd
As fast as they are made, forgot as soon

¹⁰ i. e. Ajax, who has abilities which were never brought into view or use.

¹¹ The folio reads *shrinking*. The following passage in the subsequent scene seems to favour the reading of the quarto:—

'Hark, how *Troy* roars; how *Hecuba* cries out;
How poor *Andromache* shrills her dolours forth;
And all cry—*Hector, Hector's dead.*'

¹² This image is literally from Spenser:—

'And eke *this wallet at your backs* arreare—

* * * * *
And in this bag, which I behinde me don,
I put repentance for *things past and gone.*'

F. Q. b. vi. c. viii. st. 24.

As done: Perséverance, dear my lord,
 Keeps honour bright: To have done, is to hang
 Quite out of fashion, like a rusty mail
 In monumental mockery. Take the instant way;
 For honour travels in a strait so narrow,
 Where one but goes abreast: keep then the path;
 For emulation hath a thousand sons,
 That one by one pursue: If you give way,
 Or hedge aside from the direct forthright,
 Like to an enter'd tide, they all rush by,
 And leave you hindmost:—
 Or, like a gallant horse fallen in first rank¹³,
 Lie there for pavement to the abject rear,
 O'er-run and trampled on: Then what they do in
 present,
 Though less than yours in past, must o'ertop yours:
 For time is like a fashionable host,
 That slightly shakes his parting guest by the hand;
 And with his arms out-stretch'd, as he would fly,
 Grasps in the comer: Welcome ever smiles,
 And farewell goes out sighing. O, let not virtue seek
 Remuneration for the thing it was;
 For beauty, wit,
 High birth, vigour of bone, desert in service,
 Love, friendship, charity, are subjects all
 To envious and calumniating time.
 One touch of nature makes the whole world kin,—
 That all, with one consent, praise new-born gawds¹⁴,
 Though they are made and moulded of things past;
 And give to dust, that is a little gilt,
 More laud than gilt o'er-dusted¹⁵.

¹³ The quarto wholly omits the simile of the horse, and reads thus:—

‘ And leave you hindmost, then what they do at present.’

¹⁴ New-fashioned toys.

¹⁵ *Gilt*, in this second line, is a substantive. See *Coriolanus*, Act i. Sc. 3. *Dust a little gilt* means ordinary performances,

The present eye praises the present object:
 Then marvel not, thou great and complete man,
 That all the Greeks begin to worship Ajax;
 Since things in motion sooner catch the eye,
 Than what not stirs. The cry went once on thee,
 And still it might; and yet it may again,
 If thou would'st not entomb thyself alive,
 And case thy reputation in thy tent;
 Whose glorious deeds, but in these fields of late,
 Made emulous missions¹⁶ 'mongst the gods them-
 selves,
 And drave great Mars to faction.

Achil. Of this my privacy
 I have strong reasons.

Ulyss. But 'gainst your privacy
 The reasons are more potent and heroical:
 'Tis known, Achilles, that you are in love
 With one of Priam's daughters¹⁷.

Achil. Ha! known?

Ulyss. Is that a wonder?
 The providence that's in a watchful state,
 Knows almost every grain of Plutus' gold;
 Finds bottom in the uncomprehensive deeps;
 Keeps place with thought¹⁸, and almost, like the gods,

which have the gloss of novelty. *Gilt o'er-dusted* means splendid actions of preceding ages, the remembrance of which is weakened by time.

¹⁶ i. e. the descent of deities to combat on either side. Shakespeare probably followed Chapman's Homer: in the fifth book of the Iliad Diomed wounds Mars, who on his return to heaven is rated by Jupiter for having interfered in the battle. This disobedience is the *faction* alluded to.

¹⁷ Polyxena, in the act of marrying whom he was afterwards killed by Paris.

¹⁸ There is in the providence of a state, as in the providence of the universe, a kind of *ubiquity*. It is possible that there may be some allusion to the sublime description of the Divine omnipresence in the 139th Psalm.

Does thoughts unveil in their dumb cradles.
 There is a mystery (with whom relation
 Durst never meddle¹⁹) in the soul of state;
 Which hath an operation more divine,
 Than breath, or pen, can give expressure to:
 All the commerce²⁰ that you have had with Troy,
 As perfectly is ours, as yours, my lord;
 And better would it fit Achilles much,
 To throw down Hector, than Polyxena:
 But it must grieve young Pyrrhus now at home,
 When fame shall in our islands sound her trump;
 And all the Greekish girls shall tripping sing,—
Great Hector's sister did Achilles win;
But our great Ajax bravely beat down him.
 Farewell, my lord: I as your lover speak;
 The fool slides o'er the ice that you should break.

[*Exit.*

Patr. To this effect, Achilles, have I mov'd you:
 A woman impudent and mannish grown
 Is not more loath'd than an effeminate man
 In time of action. I stand condemn'd for this;
 They think, my little stomach to the war,
 And your great love to me, restrains you thus:
 Sweet, rouse yourself; and the weak wanton Cupid
 Shall from your neck unloose his amorous fold,
 And, like a dewdrop from the lion's mane,
 Be shook to air²¹.

Achil. Shall Ajax fight with Hector?

Patr. Ay; and, perhaps, receive much honour
 by him.

¹⁹ There is a secret administration of affairs, which no history was ever able to discover.

²⁰ *Commerce*. This word is so accented by Chapman in his version of the fourth book of the *Odyssey*:—

'To labour's taste, nor the commerce of men.'

²¹ The folio has 'ayrie air.'

Achil. I see my reputation is at stake;
My fame is shrewdly gor'd²².

Patr. O, then beware;
Those wounds heal ill, that men do give themselves:
Omission to do what is necessary
Seals a commission to a blank of danger;
And danger, like an ague, subtly taints
Even then when we sit idly in the sun.

Achil. Go call Thersites hither, sweet Patroclus:
I'll send the fool to Ajax, and desire him
To invite the Trojan lords, after the combat,
To see us here unarm'd: I have a woman's longing,
An appetite that I am sick withal,
To see great Hector in his weeds of peace;
To talk with him, and to behold his visage,
Even to my full view. A labour sav'd!

Enter THERSITES.

Ther. A wonder!

Achil. What?

Ther. Ajax goes up and down the field, asking
for himself.

Achil. How so?

Ther. He must fight singly to-morrow with
Hector; and is so prophetically proud of an he-
roical cudgelling, that he raves in saying nothing.

Achil. How can that be?

Ther. Why, he stalks up and down like a pea-
cock, a stride, and a stand: ruminates, like an
hostess, that hath no arithmetick but her brain to
set down her reckoning: bites his lip with a poli-
tick regard²³, as who should say—there were wit

²² So in Hamlet:—

‘To keep thy name ungor’d.’

And in Shakspeare's 110th Sonnet:—

‘Alas, ’tis true I have gone here and there,—
Gor’d my own thoughts.’

²³ i. e. a sly look.

in this head, an 'twould out; and so there is; but it lies as coldly in him as fire in a flint, which will not show without knocking²⁴. The man's undone for ever: for if Hector break not his neck i' the combat, he'll break it himself in vain-glory. He knows not me: I said, *Good-morrow*, Ajax; and he replies, *Thanks*, Agamemnon. What think you of this man, that takes me for the general? He is grown a very land-fish, languageless, a monster. A plague of opinion! a man may wear it on both sides, like a leather jerkin.

Achil. Thou must be my ambassador to him, Thersites.

Ther. Who, I? why, he'll answer nobody; he professes not answering; speaking is for beggars; he wears his tongue in his arms²⁵. I will put on his presence; let Patroclus make demands on me, you shall see the pageant of Ajax.

Achil. To him, Patroclus: Tell him,—I humbly desire the valiant Ajax, to invite the most valorous Hector to come unarmed to my tent; and to procure safe conduct for his person, of the magnanimous, and most illustrious, six-or-seven-times-honoured captain-general of the Grecian army, Agamemnon. Do this.

Patr. Jove bless great Ajax.

Ther. Humph!

Patr. I come from the worthy Achilles,——

Ther. Ha!

Patr. Who most humbly desires you to invite Hector to his tent!——

²⁴ Thus in Julius Cæsar:—

‘That carries anger, as the flint bears fire,
Who much enforced shows a hasty spark,
And straight is cold again.’

²⁵ So in Macbeth:—

‘My voice is in my sword.’

Ther. Humph!

Patr. And to procure safe conduct from Agamemnon.

Ther. Agamemnon?

Patr. Ay, my lord.

Ther. Ha!

Patr. What say you to't?

Ther. God be wi' you, with all my heart.

Patr. Your answer, sir.

Ther. If to-morrow be a fair day, by eleven o'clock it will go one way or other; howsoever, he shall pay for me ere he has me.

Patr. Your answer, sir.

Ther. Fare you well, with all my heart.

Achil. Why, but he is not in this tune, is he?

Ther. No, but he's out o'tune thus. What musick will be in him when Hector has knocked out his brains, I know not: But, I am sure, none; unless the fiddler Apollo get his sinews to make catlings²⁶ on.

Achil. Come, thou shalt bear a letter to him straight.

Ther. Let me bear another to his horse; for that's the more capable²⁷ creature.

Achil. My mind is troubled, like a fountain stirr'd: And I myself see not the bottom of it.

[*Exeunt* ACHILLES and PATROCLUS.]

Ther. 'Would the fountain of your mind were clear again, that I might water an ass at it! I had rather be a tick in a sheep, than such a valiant ignorance. [Exit.

²⁶ Lute-strings made of catgut. One of the musicians in *Romeo and Juliet* is named *Simon Catling*.

²⁷ i. e. intelligent. So in *King Richard III.* :—

'Bold, forward, quick, ingenious, capable.'

See also *Hamlet*, Act iii. Sc. 4.

ACT IV,

SCENE I. Troy. *A Street.*

Enter, at one side, ÆNEAS, and Servant with a Torch; at the other, PARIS, DEIPHOBUS, ANTENOR, DIOMEDES, and Others, with Torches.

Par. See, ho! who's that there?

Dei. 'Tis the lord Æneas.

Æne. Is the prince there in person?—

Had I so good occasion to lie long,
As you, Prince Paris, nothing but heavenly business
Should rob my bed-mate of my company.

Dio. That's my mind too.—Good morrow, Lord Æneas.

Par. A valiant Greek, Æneas; take his hand:
Witness the process of your speech, wherein
You told—how Diomed, a whole week by days,
Did haunt you in the field.

Æne. Health to you, valiant sir,
During all question¹ of the gentle truce:
But when I meet you arm'd, as black defiance,
As heart can think, or courage execute.

Dio. The one and other Diomed embraces.
Our bloods are now in calm; and, so long, health:
But when contention and occasion meet,
By Jove, I'll play the hunter for thy life,
With all my force, pursuit, and policy.

Æne. And thou shalt hunt a lion, that will fly
With his face backward.—In humane gentleness,
Welcome to Troy! now, by Anchises' life;

¹ i. e. conversation while the truce lasts.

Welcome, indeed! By Venus' hand I swear²,
 No man alive can love, in such a sort,
 The thing he means to kill more excellently.

Dio. We sympathize:—Jove, let Æneas live,
 If to my sword his fate be not the glory,
 A thousand complete courses of the sun!
 But, in mine emulous honour, let him die,
 With every joint a wound; and that to-morrow!

Æne. We know each other well.

Dio. We do; and long to know each other worse.

Par. This is the most despitiful gentle greeting,
 The noblest hateful love, that e'er I heard of.—
 What business, lord, so early?

Æne. I was sent for to the king; but why, I
 know not.

Par. His purpose meets you³: 'Twas to bring
 this Greek

To Calchas' house; and there to render him,
 For the enfréed Antenor, the fair Cressid:
 Let's have your company; or, if you please,
 Haste there before us: I constantly do think
 (Or, rather, call my thoughts a certain knowledge),
 My brother Troilus lodges there to-night;
 Rouse him, and give him note of our approach,
 With the whole quality wherefore: I fear,
 We shall be much unwelcome.

Æne. That I assure you;
 Troilus had rather Troy were borne to Greece,
 Than Cressid borne from Troy.

Par. There is no help;
 The bitter disposition of the time
 Will have it so. On, lord; we'll follow you.

Æne. Good morrow, all. [*Exit.*]

Par. And tell me, noble Diomed; 'faith, tell me true,

² He swears first by the life of his father, and then by the hand of his mother.

³ i. e. I bring you his meaning and his orders.

Even in the soul of sound good-fellowship,—
Who, in your thoughts, merits fair Helen best,
Myself, or Menelaus?

Dio.

Both alike:

He merits well to have her, that doth seek her
(Not making any scruple of her soilure),
With such a hell of pain, and world of charge;
And you as well to keep her, that defend her
(Not palating the taste of her dishonour)
With such a costly loss of wealth and friends:
He, like a puling cuckold, would drink up
The lees and dregs of a flat tamed piece:
You, like a lecher, out of whorish loins
Are pleas'd to breed out your inheritors:
Both merits pois'd, each weighs nor less nor more;
But he as he, the heavier for a whore⁴.

Par. You are too bitter to your countrywoman.

Dio. She's bitter to her country: Hear me, Paris,—

For every false drop in her bawdy veins
A Grecian's life hath sunk; for every scruple
Of her contaminated carrion weight,
A Trojan hath been slain: since she could speak,
She hath not given so many good words breath,
As for her Greeks and Trojans suffer'd death.

Par. Fair Diomed, you do as chapmen do,

Dispraise the thing that you desire to buy:

But we in silence hold this virtue well,—

We'll not commend what we intend to sell⁵.

Here lies our way.

[*Exeunt.*]

⁴ The merits of each being weighed are exactly equal; in each of the scales a harlot must be placed, since each of them has been equally attached to one.

⁵ Warburton would read:—

'We'll not commend what we intend *not* sell.'

So in Shakspeare's 21st Sonnet:—

'I will not *praise* that purpose *not* to *sell*.'

Not sell sounds harsh; but such elliptical expressions are not unfrequent in these plays.

SCENE II.

The same. Court before the House of Pandarus.

Enter TROILUS and CRESSIDA.

Tro. Dear, trouble not yourself; the morn is cold.

Cres. Then, sweet my lord, I'll call mine uncle
down;

He shall unbolt the gates.

Tro. Trouble him not;
To bed, to bed: Sleep kill those pretty eyes,
And give as soft attachment to thy senses,
As infants' empty of all thought!

Cres. Good morrow then.

Tro. 'Pr'ythee now, to bed.

Cres. Are you aweary of me?

Tro. O Cressida! but that the busy day,
Wak'd by the lark, hath rous'd the ribald¹ crows,
And dreaming night will hide our joys no longer,
I would not from thee.

Cres. Night hath been too brief.

Tro. Beshrew the witch! with venomous wights²
she stays,
As tediously as hell; but flies the grasps of love,
With wings more momentary-swift than thought.
You will catch cold, and curse me.

Cres. Pr'ythee, tarry;—
You men will never tarry.—
O foolish Cressid!—I might have still held off,
And then you would have tarried. Hark! there's
one up.

¹ i. e. 'the roguish or thievish crows.' *Ribaldry* signified roguery, naughtiness, or loose conduct of any kind, among our ancestors. It may, however, be used in the sense of *obscene*.

² i. e. *venefici*, those who use nocturnal sorcery. Thus Baret: 'Veneficus-*oa*. He or she that *peysoneth*, or *venimeth*; one that useth sorcery.'—*Alvearie*, v. 22.

Pan. [*Within.*] What, are all the doors open here?

Tro. It is your uncle.

*Enter PANDARUS*³.

Cres. A pestilence on him! now will he be mocking:

I shall have such a life,——

Pan. How now, how now? how go maidenheads? —Here, you maid! where's my cousin Cressid?

Cres. Go hang yourself, you naughty mocking uncle!

You bring me to do, and then you flout me too.

Pan. To do what? to do what?—let her say what: what have I brought you to do?

Cres. Come, come; beshrew your heart! you'll ne'er be good,

Nor suffer others.

Pan. Ha, ha! Alas, poor wretch! a poor capocchia⁴—hast not slept to-night? would he not, a naughty man, let it sleep? a bugbear take him!

[*Knocking.*]

Cres. Did I not tell you?—'would he were knock'd o'the head!—

Who's that at door? good uncle, go and see.—

³ The hint for the following scene appears to have been suggested by Chaucer. *Troilus and Cresseide*, b. iii. v. 1561:—

'Pandare, a morowe which that comen was
Unto his necè, gan her faire to grete,
And saied all this night so rained it alas!
That all my drede is, that ye, necè swete,
Have little lesir had to slepe and mete,
All night (quod he) hath rain so do me wake,
That some of us I trowe their heddis ake,
Cresseide answerde,—never the bet for you,
Foxe that ye ben, God yeve your herte ease,
God help me so, ye caused all this fare,' &c.

⁴ *Capocchia*, an Italian word for fool.

My lord; come you again into my chamber:
You smile, and mock me, as if I meant naughtily.

Tro. Ha, ha!

Cres. Come, you are deceiv'd, I think of no such thing.— [Knocking.

How earnestly they knock!—pray you, come in;
I would not for half Troy have you seen here.

[*Exeunt* TROILUS and CRESSIDA.

Pan. [Going to the door.] Who's there? what's the matter? will you beat down the door? How now? what's the matter?

Enter ÆNEAS.

Æne. Good morrow, lord, good morrow.

Pan. Who's there? my Lord Æneas? By my troth, I knew you not: what news with you so early?

Æne. Is not Prince Troilus here?

Pan. Here! what should he do here?

Æne. Come, he is here, my lord, do not deny him; It doth import him much, to speak with me.

Pan. Is he here, say you? 'tis more than I know, I'll be sworn:—For my own part, I came in late: What should he do here?

Æne. Who!—nay, then:—Come, come, you'll do him wrong ere you are 'ware: you'll be so true to him, to be false to him: Do not you know of him? yet go fetch him hither; go.

As PANDARUS *is going out, enter* TROILUS.

Tro. How now? what's the matter?

Æne. My lord, I scarce have leisure to salute you, My matter is so rash⁵: There is at hand

⁵ i. e. *hasty* or *abrupt*. So in *Romeo and Juliet*:—

'It is too *rash*, too *unadvis'd*, too *sudden*,
Too like the lightning.'

Paris your brother, and Deiphobus,
 The Grecian Diomed, and our Antenor
 Deliver'd to us; and for him forthwith,
 Ere the first sacrifice, within this hour,
 We must give up to Diomedes' hand
 The lady Cressida.

Tro. Is it so concluded?

Æne. By Priam, and the general state of Troy:
 They are at hand, and ready to effect it.

Tro. How my achievements mock me⁶!
 I will go meet them: and, my Lord Æneas,
 We met by chance; you did not find me here.

Æne. Good, good, my lord; the secrets of nature
 Have not more gift in taciturnity.

[*Exeunt* TROILUS and ÆNEAS.]

Pan. Is't possible? no sooner got, but lost? The
 devil take Antenor! the young prince will go mad.
 A plague upon Antenor, I would they had broke's
 neck!

Enter CRESSIDA.

Cres. How now? What is the matter? Who was
 here?

Pan. Ah, ah!

Cres. Why sigh you so profoundly? where's my
 lord gone?

Tell me, sweet uncle, what's the matter?

Pan. 'Would I were as deep under the earth as
 I am above!

Cres. O the gods!—what's the matter?

Pan. Pr'ythee, get thee in; 'Would thou hadst
 ne'er been born! I knew, thou would'st be his
 death:—O poor gentleman!—A plague upon An-
 tenor!

⁶ So in Antony and Cleopatra:—
 'And mock our eyes with air.'

Cres. Good uncle, I beseech you on my knees,
I beseech you, what's the matter?

Pan. Thou must be gone, wench, thou must be
gone: thou art changed for Antenor: thou must to
thy father, and be gone from Troilus; 'twill be his
death; 'twill be his bane: he cannot bear it.

Cres. O you immortal gods!—I will not go.

Pan. Thou must.

Cres. I will not, uncle: I have forgot my father;
I know no touch⁷ of consanguinity;
No kin, no love, no blood, no soul so near me,
As the sweet Troilus.—O you gods divine!
Make Cressid's name the very crown⁸ of falsehood,
If ever she leave Troilus! Time, force, and death,
Do to this body what extremes you can;
But the strong base and building of my love
Is as the very centre of the earth,
Drawing all things to it.—I'll go in, and weep;—

Pan. Do, do.

Cres. Tear my bright hair, and scratch my praised
cheeks,

Crack my clear voice with sobs, and break my heart
With sounding Troilus. I will not go from Troy.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

The same. Before Pandarus' House.

Enter PARIS, TROILUS, ÆNEAS, DEIPHOBUS,
ANTENOR, and DIOMEDES.

Par. It is great morning¹; and the hour prefix'd
Of her delivery to this valiant Greek

⁷ *Sense or feeling of relationship.* So in *Macheth*:—

'He wants the natural touch.'

See *Tempest*, Act v. Sc. 1, note 3, p. 80.

⁸ i. e. the very height. So in *Cymbeline*:—

'My supreme crown of grief.'

See Act iii. Sc. 2, note 18, p. 389, ante.

¹ i. e. broad day. It is a familiar French idiom,—*C'est grand matin.*

Comes fast upon :—Good my brother Troilus,
Tell you the lady what she is to do,
And haste her to the purpose.

Tro. Walk in to her house ;
I'll bring her to the Grecian presently :
And to his hand when I deliver her,
Think it an altar ; and thy brother Troilus
A priest, there offering to it his own heart. [*Exit.*

Par. I know what 'tis to love ;
And 'would, as I shall pity, I could help !—
Please you, walk in, my lords. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

The same. A Room in Pandarus' House.

Enter PANDARUS and CRESSIDA.

Pan. Be moderate, be moderate.

Cres. Why tell you me of moderation ?
The grief is fine, full, perfect, that I taste,
And violenteth¹ in a sense as strong
As that which causeth it : How can I moderate it ?
If I could temporize with my affection,
Or brew it to a weak and colder palate,
The like allayment could I give my grief :
My love admits no qualifying dross :
No more my grief, in such a precious loss.

Enter TROILUS.

Pan. Here, here, here he comes.—Ah sweet ducks !

¹ This verb is used by Ben Jonson in *The Devil is an Ass* :—

‘ Nor nature *violenceth* in both these.’

And Fuller, in his *Worthies of England, Anglesea* : ‘ His former adversaries *violented* any thing against him. The folio copy reads :—

‘ The grief is fine, full, perfect, that I taste,
And *no less* in a sense as strong
As that which causeth it.’

Cres. O Troilus! Troilus! [*Embracing him.*]

Pan. What a pair of spectacles is here! Let me embrace too: *O heart*,—as the goodly saying is,——

—— *O heart, O heavy heart,*
Why sigh'st thou without breaking?

where he answers again,

Because thou canst not ease thy smart,
By friendship, nor by speaking.

There never was a truer rhyme. Let us cast away nothing, for we may live to have need of such a verse; we see it, we see it.—How now, lambs?

Tro. Cressid, I love thee in so strain'd a purity, That the blest gods—as angry with my fancy, More bright in zeal than the devotion which Cold lips blow to their deities,—take thee from me.

Cres. Have the gods envy?

Pan. Ay, ay, ay, ay; 'tis too plain a case.

Cres. And is it true, that I must go from Troy?

Tro. A hateful truth.

Cres. What, and from Troilus too?

Tro. From Troy, and Troilus.

Cres. Is it possible?

Tro. And suddenly; where injury of chance Puts back leave-taking, justles roughly by All time of pause, rudely beguiles our lips Of all rejoindure, forcibly prevents Our lock'd embrasures, strangles our dear vows Even in the birth of our own labouring breath: We two, that with so many thousand sighs Did buy each other, must poorly sell ourselves With the rude brevity and discharge of one. Injurious time now, with a robber's haste, Crams his rich thievery up, he knows not how: As many farewells as be stars in heaven,

With distinct breath and consign'd² kisses to them,
 He fumbles up into a loose adieu;
 And scants us with a single famish'd kiss,
 Distasted with the salt of broken tears.

Æne. [Within.] My lord! is the lady ready?

Tro. Hark! you are call'd: Some say, the Genius so

Cries, *Come!* to him that instantly must die³.—
 Bid them have patience; she shall come anon.

Pan. Where are my tears? rain, to lay this wind⁴,
 or my heart will be blown up by the root!

[Exit PANDARUS.]

Cres. I must then to the Greeks?

Tro. No remedy.

Cres. A woful Cressid'mongst the merry Greeks⁵!
 When shall we see again?

Tro. Hear me, my love: Be thou but true of heart,——

² *Consigned* means *sealed*, from *consigno*, Lat. Thus in King Henry V. 'It were, my lord, a hard condition for a maid to *con-sign* to.' See Act iii. Sc. 2, note 7, p. 384, ante.

³ An obscure poet (Flatman) has borrowed this thought:—

'My soul just now about to take her flight,
 Into the regions of eternal night,
 Methinks I hear some gentle *spirit* say,
 Be not fearful, *come away!*'

After whom, Pope:—

'Hark! they whisper, angels say,
 Sister spirit, *come away!*'

Again, in Eloisa to Abelard:—

'Come, sister, *come* (it said, or seem'd to say)!
 Thy place is here, sad sister, *come away!*'

⁴ So in Macbeth:—

'That *tears* will drown this *wind*.'

And in the Rape of Lucrece:—

'This *windy* tempest, 'till it blow up *rain*,
 Holds back his sorrow's tide, to make it more;
 At last it *rains*, and busy *winds* give o'er.'

⁵ See vol. i. p. 370, note 1. The expression has before occurred in Act i. Sc. 2, p. 326, of this play.

Cres. I true! how now? what wicked deem⁶ is this?

Tro. Nay, we must use expostulation kindly,
For it is parting from us:

I speak not, *be thou true*, as fearing thee;
For I will throw my glove to death himself⁷,
That there's no maculation in thy heart:
But *be thou true*, say I, to fashion in
My sequent protestation; be thou true,
And I will see thee.

Cres. O, you shall be expos'd, my lord, to dangers
As infinite as imminent! but, I'll be true.

Tro. And I'll grow friend with danger. Wear
this sleeve⁸.

Cres. And you this glove. When shall I see you?

Tro. I will corrupt the Grecian sentinels,
To give thee nightly visitation.
But yet, be true.

Cres. O heavens!—be true again?

Tro. Hear why I speak it, love;
The Grecian youths are full of quality⁹;
They're loving, well compos'd, with gifts of nature
flowing,
And swelling o'er with arts and exercise;
How novelty may move, and parts with person,

⁶ *Deem* (a word now obsolete) signifies *opinion*, *surmise*.

⁷ That is, I will *challenge* death himself in defence of thy fidelity.

⁸ In *Histriomastix*, or the Player Whipt, a Comedy, 1610, a circumstance of a similar kind is ridiculed, in a mock interlude wherein Troilus and Cressida are the speakers. I cannot but think that it is the elder drama by Decker and Chettle, that is the object of this satirical allusion, and not Shakspeare's play, which was probably not written when *Histriomastix* appeared, for Queen Elizabeth is complimented under the character of Astrea in the last act of that piece, and is spoken of as then living.

⁹ i. e. *highly accomplished*: quality, like condition, is applied to manners as well as dispositions. Thus Chapman in his version of the fourteenth Iliad:—

' Besides all this, he was *well-qualified*.

Alas, a kind of godly jealousy
(Which I beseech you, call a virtuous sin)
Makes me afeard.

Cres. O heavens! you love me not.

Tro. Die I a villain then!

In this I do not call your faith in question,
So mainly as my merit: I cannot sing,
Nor heel the high lavolt¹⁰, nor sweeten talk,
Nor play at subtle games; fair virtues all,
To which the Grecians are most prompt and pregnant;
But I can tell, that in each grace of these
There lurks a still and dumb-discoursive devil,
That tempts most cunningly: but be not tempted.

Cres. Do you think I will?

Tro. No.

But something may be done, that we will not:
And sometimes we are devils to ourselves,
When we will tempt the frailty of our powers,
Presuming on their changeful potency.

Æne. [*Within.*] Nay, good my lord,—

Tro. Come, kiss; and let us part.

Par. [*Within.*] Brother Troilus!

Tro. Good brother, come you hither;
And bring Æneas, and the Grecian, with you.

Cres. My lord, will you be true?

Tro. Who I? alas, it is my vice, my fault:
While others fish with craft for great opinion,
I with great truth catch mere simplicity;
Whilst some with cunning gild their copper crowns,
With truth and plainness I do wear mine bare.
Fear not my truth; the moral of my wit¹¹
Is—plain, and true,—there's all the reach of it.

¹⁰ The *lavolta* was a dance. See King Henry V. Act iii. Sc. 5, note 4, p. 452.

¹¹ 'The moral of my wit' is the meaning of it. Thus in *The Taming of the Shrew*, Act iv. Sc. 4:—'he has left me behind to expound the meaning or moral of his signs and tokens.' See vol. ii. p. 176, note 9.

Enter ÆNÉAS, PARIS, ANTENOR, DEIPHOBUS,
and DIOMEDES.

Welcome, Sir Diomed! here is the lady,
Which for Antenor we deliver you:
At the port¹², lord, I'll give her to thy hand;
And, by the way, possess¹³ thee what she is.
Entreat her fair; and, by my soul, fair Greek,
If e'er thou stand at mercy of my sword,
Name Cressid, and thy life shall be as safe
As Priam is in Ilion.

Dio. Fair lady Cressid,
So please you, save the thanks this prince expects:
The lustre in your eye, heaven in your cheek,
Pleads your fair usage; and to Diomed
You shall be mistress, and command him wholly.

Tro. Grecian, thou dost not use me courteously,
To shame the zeal of my petition to thee,
In praising her¹⁴: I tell thee, lord of Greece,
She is as far high-soaring o'er thy praises,
As thou unworthy to be call'd her servant.
I charge thee, use her well, even for my charge;
For, by the dreadful Pluto, if thou dost not,
Though the great bulk Achilles be thy guard,
I'll cut thy throat.

Dio. O, be not mov'd, Prince Troilus;
Let me be privileg'd by my place, and message,
To be a speaker free; when I am hence,

¹² i. e. the gate.

¹³ i. e. *inform*. See vol. i. p. 72, note 5; p. 204, note 24.

¹⁴ Troilus apparently means to say, that Diomed does not use him courteously by addressing himself to Cressida, and assuring her that she shall be well treated for her own sake, and on account of her singular beauty, instead of making a direct answer to that warm request which Troilus had just made to him to 'entreat her fair.' The subsequent words justify this interpretation:—

'I charge thee, use her well, even for my charge.'

I'll answer to my lust¹⁵: And know you, lord,
 I'll nothing do on charge: To her own worth
 She shall be priz'd; but that you say—be't so,
 I'll speak it in my spirit and honour,—no.

Tro. Come, to the port.—I tell thee, Diomed,
 This brave shall oft make thee to hide thy head.—
 Lady, give me your hand; and, as we walk,
 To our own selves bend we our needful talk.

[*Exeunt* TROILUS, CRESSIDA, and DIOMED:

[*Trumpet heard.*

Par. Hark! Hector's trumpet.

Æne. How have we spent this morning!
 The prince must think me tardy and remiss,
 That swore to ride before him to the field.

Par. 'Tis Troilus' fault: Come, come, to field with
 him.

Dei. Let us make ready straight.

Æne. Yea, with a bridegroom's fresh alacrity,
 Let us address to tend on Hector's heels;
 The glory of our Troy doth this day lie,
 On his fair worth and single chivalry. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

The Grecian Camp. Lists set out.

Enter AJAX, armed; AGAMEMNON, ACHILLES,
 PATROCLUS, MENELAUS, ULYSSES, NESTOR,
 and Others.

Agam. Here art thou in appointment¹ fresh and
 fair,

Anticipating time with starting courage.
 Give with thy trumpet a loud note to Troy,

¹⁵ i. e. I'll answer to my will or pleasure, according to my inclination.

¹ i. e. preparation. So in Measure for Measure:—

'Therefore your best appointment make with speed.'

Thou dreadful Ajax; that the appalled air
May pierce the head of the great combatant,
And hale him hither.

Ajax. Thou, trumpet, there's my purse.
Now crack thy lungs, and split thy brazen pipe:
Blow, villain, till thy sphered bias-cheek²
Outswell the colick of puff'd Aquilon:
Come, stretch thy chest, and let thy eyes spout blood;
Thou blow'st for Hector. [*Trumpet sounds.*]

Ulyss. No trumpet answers.

Achil. 'Tis but early days.

Agam. Is not yon Diomed, with Calchas' daughter?

Ulyss. 'Tis he, I ken the manner of his gait;
He rises on the toe: that spirit of his
In aspiration lifts him from the earth.

Enter DIOMED, with CRESSIDA.

Agam. Is this the lady Cressid?

Dio. Even she.

Agam. Most dearly welcome to the Greeks, sweet
lady.

Nest. Our general doth salute you with a kiss.

Ulyss. Yet is the kindness but particular;
'Twere better she were kiss'd in general.

Nest. And very courtly counsel: I'll begin.—
So much for Nestor.

Achil. I'll take that winter from your lips, fair
lady:

Achilles bids you welcome.

Men. I had good argument for kissing once.

² i. e. swelling out like the *bias* of a bowl. So in Vittoria Corombona, 1612:—

' ——— Faith, his cheek

Has a most excellent *bias*.'

The idea is taken from the puffy cheeks of the winds as represented in old prints and maps.

Patr. But that's no argument for kissing now:
For thus popp'd Paris in his hardiment;
And parted thus you and your argument.

Ulyss. O deadly gall, and theme of all our scorns!
For which we lose our heads, to gild his horns.

Patr. The first was Menelaus' kiss;—this, mine;
Patroclus kisses you.

Men. O, this is trim!

Patr. Paris, and I, kiss ever more for him.

Men. I'll have my kiss, sir:—Lady, by your leave.

Cres. In kissing do you render or receive³?

Patr. Both take and give.

Cres. I'll make my match to live⁴,
The kiss you take is better than you give;
Therefore no kiss.

Men. I'll give you boot, I'll give you three for one.

Cres. You're an odd man; give even, or give none.

Men. An odd man, lady? every man is odd.

Cres. No, Paris is not; for, you know, 'tis true,
That you are odd, and he is even with you.

Men. You fillip me o'the head.

Cres. No, I'll be sworn.

Ulyss. It were no match, your nail against his
horn.—

May I, sweet lady, beg a kiss of you?

Cres. You may.

Ulyss. I do desire it.

Cres. Why, beg then.

Ulyss. Why then, for Venus' sake, give me a kiss,
When Helen is a maid again, and his.

Cres. I am your debtor, claim it when 'tis due.

³ Thus Bassanio, in *The Merchant of Venice*, when he kisses Portia:—

'—— Fair lady, by your leave

I come by note to *give* and to *receive*.'

⁴ I will make such bargains as I may live by, *such as may bring me profit*, therefore will not take a worse kiss than I give.

Ulyss. Never's my day, and then a kiss of you.

Dio. Lady, a word;—I'll bring you to your father. [DIOMED leads out CRESSIDA.

Nest. A woman of quick sense.

Ulyss. Fye, fye upon her!

There's language in her eye, her cheek, her lip,
Nay, her foot speaks; her wanton spirits look out
At every joint and motive⁵ of her body⁶.

O, these encounterers, so glib of tongue,
That give a coasting welcome⁷ ere it comes,
And wide unclasp the tables of their thoughts
To every ticklish reader! set them down
For sluttish spoils of opportunity⁸,
And daughters of the game. [Trumpet within.

All. The Trojans' trumpet.

Agam. Yonder comes the troop.

Enter HECTOR, armed; ÆNEAS, TROILUS, and
other Trojans, with Attendants.

Æne. Hail, all the state of Greece! what shall be
done

⁵ *Motive* for part that contributes to motion. This word is employed with some singularity in *All's Well that Ends Well*, Act iv. Sc. 2:—

‘As it has fated her to be my *motive*
And helper to a husband.’

⁶ One would almost think that Shakspeare had, on this occasion, been reading St. Chrysostom, who says:—‘Non loquuta es lingua, sed loquuta es gressu; non loquuta es voce, sed oculis loquuta es clarius quam voce:’ i. e. ‘They say nothing with their mouthes, they speake in their gaite, they speake with their eyes, they speake in the carriage of their bodies. This invective against a wanton; as well as the translation of it, is from Burton’s *Anatomy of Melancholy*, Part III. Sect. ii. Memb. 2, Subs. 3.

⁷ A *coasting welcome* is a conciliatory welcome: that makes silent advances before the tongue has uttered a word. So in *Venus and Adonis*:—

‘Anon she hears them chaunt it lustely,
And all in haste she *coasteth* to the cry.’

⁸ i. e. corrupt wenches, of whose chastity every opportunity makes an easy prey.

To him that victory commands ? Or do you purpose,
 A victor shall be known ? will you, the knights
 Shall to the edge of all extremity
 Pursue each other : or shall they be divided
 By any voice or order of the field ?
 Hector bade ask.

Agam. Which way would Hector have it ?

Æne. He cares not, he'll obey conditions.

Achil. 'Tis done like Hector ; but securely⁹ done,
 A little proudly, and great deal misprizing
 The knight oppos'd.

Æne. If not Achilles, sir,
 What is your name ?

Achil. If not Achilles, nothing.

Æne. Therefore Achilles : But, whate'er, know
 this ;—

In the extremity of great and little,
 Valour and pride excel themselves in Hector ;
 The one almost as infinite as all,
 The other blank as nothing¹⁰. Weigh him well,
 And that, which looks like pride, is courtesy.
 This Ajax is half made of Hector's blood¹¹ :
 In love whereof, half Hector stays at home ;
 Half heart, half hand, half Hector comes to seek
 This blended knight, half Trojan, and half Greek¹².

Achil. A maiden battle then ?—O, I perceive you.

⁹ ' *Securely done*,' in the sense of the Latin *securus*, a negligent security arising from a contempt of the object opposed. So in the last act of *The Spanish Tragedy* :—

' O damned devil, how *secure* he is.'

¹⁰ Valour (says *Æneas*) is in Hector greater than valour in other men, and pride in Hector is less than pride in other men. So that Hector is distinguished by the excellence of having pride less than other pride, and valour more than other valour.

¹¹ Ajax and Hector were cousins-german.

¹² Hence *Thersites*, in a former scene, called Ajax a *mongrel*. See Act ii. Sc. 1, note 3, p. 351.

Re-enter DIOMED.

Agam. Here is Sir Diomed :—Go, gentle knight,
Stand by our Ajax : as you and Lord Æneas
Consent upon the order of their fight,
So be it; either to the uttermost,
Or else a breath¹³ : the combatants being kin,
Half stints¹⁴ their strife before their strokes begin.

[AJAX and HECTOR enter the lists.

Ulyss. They are oppos'd already.

Agam. What Trojan is that same that looks so
heavy?

Ulyss. The youngest son of Priam, a true knight :
Not yet mature, yet matchless ; firm of word ;
Speaking in deeds, and deedless¹⁵ in his tongue ;
Not soon provok'd, nor, being provok'd, soon
calm'd :

His heart and hand both open, and both free ;
For what he has, he gives, what thinks, he shows ;
Yet gives he not till judgment guide his bounty,
Nor dignifies an impair¹⁶ thought with breath :
Manly as Hector, but more dangerous ;
For Hector, in his blaze of wrath, subscribes¹⁷
To tender objects ; but he, in heat of action,
Is more vindicative than jealous love ;
They call him Troilus ; and on him erect
A second hope, as fairly built as Hector.
Thus says Æneas ; one that knows the youth

¹³ i. e. a *breathing*, an *exercise*. See Act ii. Sc. 3, note 13, p. 369.

¹⁴ Stops.

¹⁵ No boaster of his own deeds.

¹⁶ 'An *impair* thought' is an *unworthy* or *injurious* thought. Thus in Chapman's preface to his *Shield of Homer*, 1598 :—
'Nor is it more *impaired* to an honest and absolute man,' &c.

¹⁷ i. e. submits, yields.

Even to his inches, and, with private soul,
Did in great Ilion thus translate¹⁸ him to me.

[*Alarum.* HECTOR and AJAX *fight.*

Agam. They are in action.

Nest. Now, Ajax, hold thine own!

Tro. Hector, thou sleep'st;

Awake thee!

Agam. His blows are well dispos'd:—there, Ajax!

Dio. You must no more. [*Trumpets cease.*

Æne. Princes, enough, so please you.

Ajax. I am not warm yet, let us fight again.

Dio. As Hector pleases.

Hect. Why then, will I no more:—

Thou art, great lord, my father's sister's son,

A cousin-german to great Priam's seed;

The obligation of our blood forbids

A gory emulation 'twixt us twain:

Were thy commixtion Greek and Trojan so,

That thou could'st say—*This hand is Grecian all,*

And this is Trojan; the sinews of this leg

All Greek, and this all Troy; my mother's blood

Runs on the dexter¹⁹ cheek, and this sinister²⁰

Bounds in my father's; By Jove multipotent,

Thou should'st not bear from me a Greekish member

Wherein my sword had not impressure made

Of our rank feud: But the just gods gainsay,

That any drop thou borrow'st from thy mother,

My sacred aunt²¹, should by my mortal sword

Be drain'd! Let me embrace thee, Ajax:

¹⁸ Thus explain his character. So in Hamlet:—

'There's matter in these sighs, these profound heaves
You must translate.'

¹⁹ Right.

²⁰ Left.

²¹ It is remarkable that the Greeks give to the aunt, the father's sister, the title of sacred, ἡ πρὸς πατέρα θεία, sometimes expressed by θεία alone. Steevens says, this may lead us to conclude that this play was not the entire composition of Shakspeare, to whom the Grecism was probably unknown.

By him that thunders, thou hast lusty arms ;
Hector would have them fall upon him thus :
Cousin, all honour to thee !

Ajax. I thank thee, Hector :
Thou art too gentle, and too free a man :
I came to kill thee, cousin, and bear hence
A great addition²² earned in thy death.

Hect. Not Neoptolemus²³ so mirable
(On whose bright crest Fame with her loud'st O yes
Cries, *This is he*) could promise to himself
A thought of added honour torn from Hector.

Æne. There is expectance here from both the sides,
What further you will do.

Hect. We'll answer it²⁴ ;
The issue is embracement :—*Ajax*, farewell.

Ajax. If I might in entreaties find success
(As seld I have the chance), I would desire
My famous cousin to our Grecian tents.

Dio. 'Tis Agamemnon's wish : and great Achilles
Doth long to see unarm'd the valiant Hector.

Hect. *Æneas*, call my brother *Troilus* to me :
And signify this loving interview
To the expecters of our Trojan part ;
Desire them home.—Give me thy hand, my cousin ;
I will go eat with thee, and see your knights²⁵.

²² See Act i. Sc. 2, note 5, p. 324.

²³ By *Neoptolemus* Shakspeare seems to have meant *Achilles* : finding that the son was *Pyrrhus* *Neoptolemus*, he considered *Neoptolemus* as the *nomen gentilitium*, and thought the father was likewise *Achilles* *Neoptolemus*. Or he was probably led into the error by some book of the time. By a passage in Act iii. Sc. 3, it is evident that he knew *Pyrrhus* had not yet engaged in the siege of *Troy* :—

' But it must grieve young *Pyrrhus*, now at home,' &c.

²⁴ i. e. answer the *expectance*.

²⁵ These *knights*, to the amount of about two hundred thousand (for there were no less in both armies), Shakspeare found with all the appendages of chivalry in *The Old Troy Book*. *Eques* and *armiger*, rendered *knight* and *squire*, excite ideas of chivalry. Pope, in his *Homer*, has been liberal in his use of the latter.

Ajax. Great Agamemnon comes to meet us here.

Hect. The worthiest of them tell me name by name ;
But for Achilles, my own searching eyes
Shall find him by his large and portly size.

Agam. Worthy of arms ! as welcome as to one
That would be rid of such an enemy ;
But that's no welcome : Understand more clear,
What's past, and what's to come, is strew'd with
husks

And formless ruin of oblivion ;
But in this extant moment, faith and troth,
Strain'd purely from all hollow bias-drawing,
Bids thee, with most divine integrity²⁶,
From heart of very heart, great Hector, welcome.

Hect. I thank thee, most imperious²⁷ Agamemnon.

Agam. My well-fam'd lord of Troy, no less to you.

[*To TROILUS.*

Men. Let me confirm my princely brother's greet-
ing ;—

You brace of warlike brothers, welcome hither.

Hect. Whom must we answer ?

Men. The noble Menelaus²⁸.

Hect. O you, my lord ? by Mars his gauntlet,
thanks !

Mock not, that I affect the untraded²⁹ oath ;

²⁶ i. e. integrity like that of heaven.

²⁷ It has been asserted that *imperious* and *imperial* had formerly the same signification, but so far is this from being the fact, that Bullokar carefully distinguishes them :—' *Imperial*, royal or chief, emperor-like : *imperious*, that commandeth with authority, *lord-like*, *stately*.' The reader will correct the note in vol. i. p. 127.

²⁸ Ritson thought that this speech belonged to Æneas, and indeed it seems hardly probable that Menelaus would be made to call himself ' the noble Menelaus.'

²⁹ *Untraded* is *uncommon*, *unusual*. So in King Richard II :—
' Some way of common *trade*,' for some usual course, or trodden way.

Your *quondam* wife swears still by 'Venus' glove :
She's well, but bade me not commend her to you.

Men. Name her not now, sir ; she's a deadly theme.

Hect. O, pardon ; I offend.

Nest. I have, thou gallant Trojan, seen thee oft,
Labouring for destiny³⁰, make cruel way
Through ranks of Greekish youth : and I have seen
thee,

As hot as Perseus³¹, spur thy Phrygian steed,
Despising many forfeits and subduements,
When thou hast hung thy advanced sword i'the air,
Not letting it decline on the declin'd³² ;

That I have said to some my standers-by,

Lo, Jupiter is yonder, dealing life !

And I have seen thee pause, and take thy breath,
When that a ring of Greeks have hemm'd thee in,
Like an Olympian wrestling : This have I seen ;
But this thy countenance, still lock'd in steel,
I never saw till now. I knew thy grandsire³³,
And once fought with him : he was a soldier good ;
But, by great Mars, the captain of us all ;

³⁰ *Destiny* is the vicegerent of fate. So in *Coriolanus* :—

' — His sword, *death's stamp*,

Where it did mark it took ; from face to foot

He was a thing of blood, whose every motion

Was tim'd with dying cries : alone he enter'd

The mortal gate of the city, which he painted

With shunless *destiny*.'

³¹ As the equestrian fame of Perseus is here again alluded to, it should appear that in a former simile his horse was meant for a real one, and not allegorically for a ship. See Act i. Sc. 3, note 4, p. 335.

³² i. e. the *fallen*. Dr. Young appears to have imitated this passage in his *Busiris* :—

' — my rais'd arm

Has hung in air, forgetful to descend,

And for a moment spar'd the prostrate foe.'

³³ Laomedon.

Never like thee: Let an old man embrace thee;
And, worthy warrior, welcome to our tents.

Æne. 'Tis the old Nestor.

Hect. Let me embrace thee, good old chronicle,
That hast so long walk'd hand in hand with time:—
Most reverend Nestor, I am glad to clasp thee.

Nest. I would, my arms could match thee in contention,
As they contend with thee in courtesy.

Hect. I would they could.

Nest. Ha!

By this white beard, I'd fight with thee to-morrow,
Well, welcome, welcome! I have seen the time—

Ulyss. I wonder now how yonder city stands,
When we have here her base and pillar by us.

Hect. I know your favour, Lord Ulysses, well.
Ah, sir, there's many a Greek and Trojan dead,
Since first I saw yourself and Diomed
In Ilium, on your Greekish embassy.

Ulyss. Sir, I foretold you then what would ensue:
My prophecy is but half his journey yet;
For yonder walls, that pertly front your town,
Yon towers, whose wanton tops do buss the clouds³⁴,
Must kiss their own feet.

Hect. I must not believe you:
There they stand yet; and modestly I think,

³⁴ Thus in Shakspeare's Rape of Lucrece:—

'Threatening cloud-kissing Ilium with annoy.'

And in Pericles:—

'Whose towers bore heads so high, they kiss'd the clouds.'

Ilium, according to Shakspeare's authority, was the name of Priam's palace, 'that was one of the richest and strongest that ever was in all the world. And it was of height five hundred paces, besides the height of the towers, whereof there was great plenty, and so high that it seemed to them that saw them from farre, they raught up unto the heavens.'—*Destruction of Troy*, b. ii. p. 478.

The fall of every Phrygian stone will cost
 A drop of Grecian blood : The end crowns all ;
 And that old common arbitrator, time,
 Will one day end it.

Ulyss. So to him we leave it.

Most gentle, and most valiant Hector, welcome :
 After the general, I beseech you next
 To feast with me, and see me at my tent.

Achil. I shall forestall thee, Lord Ulysses, thou ³⁵!—
 Now, Hector, I have fed mine eyes on thee ;
 I have with exact view perus'd thee, Hector,
 And quoted ³⁶ joint by joint.

Hect. Is this Achilles?

Achil. I am Achilles.

Hect. Stand fair, I pray thee : let me look on thee.

Achil. Behold thy fill.

Hect. Nay, I have done already.

Achil. Thou art too brief ; I will the second time,
 As I would buy thee, view thee limb by limb.

Hect. O, like a book of sport thou'lt read me o'er ;
 But there's more in me than thou understand'st.
 Why dost thou so oppress me with thine eye?

Achil. Tell me, you heavens, in which part of his
 body

Shall I destroy him? whether there, there, or there?
 That I may give the local wound a name ;
 And make distinct the very breach whereout
 Hector's great spirit flew : Answer me, heavens !

Hect. It would discredit the bless'd gods, proud
 man,

To answer such a question : Stand again :

³⁵ Mr. Tyrwhitt thought we should read :—

' I shall forestall thee, Lord Ulysses, *though* !'

³⁶ Quoted is noted, observed. The hint for this scene of
 altercation between Achilles and Hector is furnished by Lyd-
 gate.

Think'st thou to catch my life so pleasantly,
As to prenominate in nice conjecture,
Where thou wilt hit me dead?

Achil.

I tell thee, yea.

Hect. Wert thou an oracle to tell me so,
I'd not believe thee. Henceforth guard thee well;
For I'll not kill thee there, nor there, nor there;
But, by the forge that stithied³⁷ Mars his helm,
I'll kill thee every where, yea, o'er and o'er.—
You wisest Grecians, pardon me this brag,
His insolence draws folly from my lips;
But I'll endeavour deeds to match these words,
Or may I never——

Ajax.

Do not chafe thee, cousin;—

And you Achilles, let these threats alone,
Till accident, or purpose, bring you to't:
You may have every day enough of Hector,
If you have stomach³⁸; the general state, I fear,
Can scarce entreat you to be odd with him.

Hect. I pray you, let us see you in the field;
We have had pelting³⁹ wars, since you refus'd
The Grecians' cause.

Achil.

Dost thou entreat me, Hector?

To-morrow, do I meet thee, fell as death;

To-night, all friends.

Hect.

Thy hand upon that match.

Agam. First, all you peers of Greece, go to my
tent;

³⁷ A *stith* is an anvil, a *stithy* a smith's shop, and hence the verb *stithied* is formed. See Hamlet, Act iii. Sc. 2.

³⁸ Ajax treats Achilles with contempt, and means to insinuate that he was afraid of fighting with Hector. 'You may every day (says he) have enough of Hector, if you have the *inclination*; but I believe the whole state of Greece will scarcely prevail on you to be *at odds* with him, to contend with him.

³⁹ i. e. *petty* or *paltry* wars. See vol. ii. p. 239, note 4.

There in the full convive⁴⁰ we: afterwards,
As Hector's leisure and your bounties shall
Concur together, severally entreat him.—
Beat loud the tabourines⁴¹, let the trumpets blow,
That this great soldier may his welcome know.

[*Exeunt all but TROILUS and ULYSSES.*

Tro. My Lord Ulysses, tell me, I beseech you,
In what place of the field doth Calchas keep?

Ulyss. At Menelaus' tent, most princely Troilus:
There Diomed doth feast with him to-night;
Who neither looks upon the heaven, nor earth,
But gives all gaze and bent of amorous view
On the fair Cressid.

Tro. Shall I, sweet lord, be bound to you so much,
After we part from Agamemnon's tent,
To bring me thither?

Ulyss. You shall command me, sir.
As gentle tell me, of what honour was
This Cressida in Troy? Had she no lover there
That wails her absence?

Tro. O, sir, to such as boasting show their scars,
A mock is due. Will you walk on, my lord?
She was lov'd, she lov'd; she is, and doth:
But, still, sweet love is food for fortune's tooth.

[*Exeunt.*

⁴⁰ A *convive* is a *feast*. 'The sitting of friends together at a table, our auncestors have well called *convivium*, a banquet, because it is a living of men together.'—*Hutton*. The word is several times used in *Helyas the Knight of the Swanne*, blk. l.

⁴¹ Small drums.

ACT V.

SCENE I. *The Grecian Camp. Before Achilles' Tent.**Enter* ACHILLES *and* PATROCLUS.

Achil. I'll heat his blood with Greekish wine to-night,
Which with my scimitar I'll cool to-morrow¹.—
Patroclus, let us feast him to the height.

Patr. Here comes Thersites.

Enter THERSITES.

Achil. How now, thou core of envy?
Thou crusty batch² of nature, what's the news?

Ther. Why, thou picture of what thou seemest,
and idol of idiot-worshippers, here's a letter for thee.

Achil. From whence, fragment?

Ther. Why, thou full dish of fool, from Troy.

Patr. Who keeps the tent now³?

Ther. The surgeon's box, or the patient's wound.

Patr. Well said, Adversity⁴! and what need these tricks?

¹ Grammar requires us to read:—

'With Greekish wine to-night I'll heat his blood,
Which,' &c.

Otherwise Achilles threatens to cool the wine, instead of Hector's blood.

² A *batch* is all that is baked at one time, without heating the oven afresh. So Ben Jonson in his *Cataline*:—

'Except he were of the same meal and *batch*.'

Thersites has already been called a *cob-loaf*.

³ In his answer Thersites quibbles upon the word *tent*.

⁴ *Adversity* is here used for contrariety. The reply of Ther-

Ther. Pr'ythee be silent, boy; I profit not by thy talk: thou art thought to be Achilles' male varlet.

Patr. Male varlet⁵, you rogue! what's that?

Ther. Why, his masculine whore. Now the rotten diseases of the south, the guts-griping, ruptures, catarrhs, loads o'gravel i'the back, lethargies, cold palsies, raw eyes, dirt-rotten livers, wheezing lungs, bladders full of imposthume, sciaticas, limekilns i'the palm, incurable bone-ach, and the rivelled fee-simple of the tetter, take and take again such preposterous discoveries!

Patr. Why thou damnable box of envy, thou, what meanest thou to curse thus?

Ther. Do I curse thee?

Patr. Why, no, you ruinous butt; you whoreson indistinguishable cur⁶, no.

Ther. No? why art thou then exasperate, thou idle immaterial skein of sleive⁷ silk, thou green sarcenet flap for a sore eye, thou tassel of a prodigal's purse, thou? Ah, how the poor world is pestered with such water-flies: diminutives of nature⁸!

sites having been studiously *adverse* to the drift of the question urged by Patroclus. So in *Love's Labour's Lost*, the Princess addressing Boyet (who had been capriciously employing himself to *perplex* the dialogue), says, 'Avaunt, Perplexity!'

⁵ This expression is met with in Decker's *Honest Whore*:— 'Tis a *male varlet*, sure, my lord! The person spoken of is Bellafronte, a harlot, who is introduced in boy's clothes. *Man-mistress* is a term of reproach thrown out by Dorax, in Dryden's *Don Sebastian*. See Professor Heyne's *Seventeenth Excursus* on the first book of the *Æneid*.

⁶ Patroclus reproaches Thersites with deformity, with having one part crowded into another. The same idea occurs in the Second Part of *King Henry IV.*:—

'Crowd us and crush us to this monstrous form.'

⁷ See *Macbeth*, Act ii. Sc. 2, note 3, p. 246.

⁸ So *Hamlet*, speaking of Osrick:—

'Dost know this *water-fly*?'

Patr. Out, gall!

Ther. Finch egg!

Achil. My sweet Patroclus, I am thwarted quite
From my great purpose in to-morrow's battle.
Here is a letter from queen Hecuba;
A token from her daughter, my fair love⁹;
Both taxing me, and gaging me to keep
An oath that I have sworn. I will not break it:
Fall, Greeks; fail, fame; honour, or go, or stay,
My major vow lies here, this I'll obey.—
Come, come, Thersites, help to trim my tent;
This night in banqueting must all be spent.
Away, Patroclus.

[*Exeunt* ACHILLES and PATROCLUS.]

Ther. With too much blood, and too little brain,
these two may run mad; but if with too much
brain, and too little blood, they do, I'll be a curer
of madmen. Here's Agamemnon,—an honest fel-
low enough, and one that loves quails¹⁰; but he has
not so much brain as ear-wax. And the goodly
transformation of Jupiter there, his brother, the bull,
—the primitive statue, and oblique memorial of
cuckolds¹¹; a thrifty shoeing-horn in a chain, hang-
ing at his brother's leg,—to what form, but that
he is, should wit larded with malice, and malice
forced¹² with wit, turn him to? To an ass, were
nothing: he is both ass and ox: to an ox were no-

⁹ This is a circumstance taken from the old story book of The Destruction of Troy.

¹⁰ By *quails* are meant *women*, and probably those of a looser description. '*Caille coëffée*' is a sobriquet for a harlot. *Chaud comme un caille* is a French proverb. The *quail* being remarkably salacious.

¹¹ He calls *Menelaus* the transformation of *Jupiter*, that is, the *bull*, on account of his *horns*, which are the *oblique memorial* of cuckolds.

¹² i. e. farced or stuffed.

thing: he is both ox and ass. To be a dog, a mule, a cat, a fitchew¹³, a toad, a lizard, an owl, a puttock, or a herring without a roe, I would not care: but to be Menelaus,—I would conspire against destiny. Ask me not what I would be, if I were not Thersites; for I care not to be the louse of a lazard, so I were not Menelaus.—Hey-day! spirits and fires¹⁴!

Enter HECTOR, TROILUS, AJAX, AGAMEMNON, ULYSSES, NESTOR, MENELAUS, and DIOMED, with Lights.

Agam. We go wrong, we go wrong.

Ajax. No, yonder 'tis;
There, where we see the lights.

Hect. I trouble you.

Ajax. No, not a whit.

Ulyss. Here comes himself to guide you.

Enter ACHILLES.

Achil. Welcome, brave Hector; welcome, princes all.

Agam. So now, fair prince of Troy, I bid good night.

Ajax commands the guard to tend on you.

Hect. Thanks, and good night, to the Greeks' general.

Men. Good night, my lord.

Hect. Good night, sweet lord Menelaus.

Ther Sweet draught¹⁵: Sweet, quoth 'a! sweet sink, sweet sewer.

¹³ A polecat. So in Othello:—'Tis such another *fitchew*, marry a perfumed one.'

¹⁴ This Thersites speaks upon the first sight of the distant lights.

¹⁵ *Draught* is the old word for *forica*. It is used in the translation of the Bible, in Holinshed, and by all old writers.

Achil. Good night.

And welcome, both to those that go, or tarry.

Agam. Good night.

[*Exeunt* AGAMEMNON and MENELAUS.]

Achil. Old Nestor tarries; and you too, Diomed, Keep Hector company an hour or two.

Dio. I cannot, lord; I have important business, The tide whereof is now.—Good night, great Hector.

Hect. Give me your hand.

Ulyss. Follow his torch, he goes To Calchas' tent; I'll keep you company.

[*Aside to* TROILUS.]

Tro. Sweet sir, you honour me.

Hect. And so good night.

[*Exit* DIOMED; ULYSSES and TROILUS following.]

Achil. Come, come, enter my tent.

[*Exeunt* ACHILLES, HECTOR, AJAX, and NESTOR.]

Ther. That same Diomed's a false-hearted rogue, a most unjust knave; I will no more trust him when he leers, than I will a serpent when he hisses: he will spend his mouth, and promise, like Brabler the hound¹⁶; but when he performs, astronomers foretell it; it is prodigious¹⁷, there will come some change; the sun borrows of the moon, when Diomed keeps his word. I will rather leave to see Hector, than not to dog him: they say, he keeps a Trojan drab, and uses the traitor Calchas' tent: I'll after.—Nothing but lechery! all incontinent varlets! [*Exit.*]

¹⁶ If a hound gives mouth, and is not upon the scent of the game, he is called a *babler* or *brabler*. The proverb says, 'Brabbling curs never want sore ears.'

¹⁷ Portentous, ominous.

SCENE II. *The same. Before Calchas' Tent.**Enter* DIOMEDES.*Dio.* What are you up here, ho? speak.*Cal.* [*Within.*] Who calls?*Dio.* Diomed.—Calchas, I think,—Where's your daughter?*Cal.* [*Within.*] She comes to you.*Enter* TROILUS and ULYSSES; at a distance; after them THERSITES.*Ulyss.* Stand where the torch may not discover us.*Enter* CRESSIDA.*Tro.* Cressid comes forth to him!*Dio.* How now, my charge?*Cres.* Now, my sweet guardian!—Hark! a word with you. [*Whispers.*]*Tro.* Yea, so familiar!*Ulyss.* She will sing any man at first sight.*Ther.* And any man may sing her, if he can take her cliff¹; she's noted.*Dio.* Will you remember?*Cres.* Remember? yes.*Dio.* Nay, but do then;

And let your mind be coupled with your words.

Tro. What should she remember?*Ulyss.* List!*Cres.* Sweet honey Greek, tempt me no more to folly.*Ther.* Roguery!*Dio.* Nay, then,—

¹ That is, her *key*. Clef, Fr. A mark in music at the beginning of the lines of a song, &c. which indicates the pitch, and whether it is suited for a base, treble, or tenor voice.

Cres. I'll tell you what:

Dio. Pho! pho! come, tell a pin: You are forsworn.—

Cres. In faith, I cannot: What would you have me do?

Ther. A juggling trick, to be—secretly open.

Dio. What did you swear you would bestow on me?

Cres. I pr'ythee, do not hold me to mine oath;
Bid me do any thing but that, sweet Greek.

Dio. Good night.

Tro. Hold, patience!

Ulyss. How now, Trojan?

Cres. Diomed,——

Dio. No, no, good night: I'll be your fool no more.

Tro. Thy better must.

Cres. Hark! one word in your ear.

Tro. O plague and madness!

Ulyss. You are mov'd, prince; let us depart, I pray you,

Lest your displeasure should enlarge itself
To wrathful terms: this place is dangerous;
The time right deadly; I beseech you, go.

Tro. Behold, I pray you!

Ulyss. Now, good my lord, go off;
You flow to great destruction²; come, my lord.

Tro. I pr'ythee, stay.

Ulyss. You have not patience; come.

Tro. I pray you, stay; by hell, and all hell's torments,

I will not speak a word.

Dio. And so, good night.

Cres. Nay, but you part in anger.

Tro. Doth that grieve thee?

O wither'd truth!

² i. e. your impetuosity exposes you to imminent peril. The folio reads distraction.

Ulyss. Why, how now, lord!

Tro. By Jove,

I will be patient.

Cres. Guardian!—why, Greek!

Dio. Pho, pho! adieu; you palter³.

Cres. In faith, I do not; come hither once again.

Ulyss. You shake, my lord, at something; will you go?

You will break out.

Tro. She strokes his cheek!

Ulyss. Come, come.

Tro. Nay, stay; by Jove, I will not speak a word: There is between my will and all offences A guard of patience:—stay a little while.

Ther. How the devil luxury, with his fat rump, and potatoe finger⁴, tickles these together! Fry, lechery, fry!

Dio. But will you then?

Cres. In faith, I will, la; never trust me else.

³ To *palter* is to *equivocate*, to shuffle. Thus in *Macbeth*:—
'That *palter* with us in a double sense.'

⁴ *Luxuria* was the appropriate term of the old school divines for the sin of *incontinence*, which is accordingly called *luxury* by all our old English writers. The degrees of this sin and its partitions are enumerated by Richard Rolle, the Hermit of Ham-pole, in his *Speculum Vitæ*, MS. penes me. And Chaucer, in his *Parson's Tale*, makes it one of the seven deadly sins. *Luxury*, or lasciviousness, is said to have a *potatoe*-finger, because that root was thought 'to strengthen the bodie, and procure bodily lust.' See vol. i. p. 281, note 2. Mr. Steevens under his Pseudonyme of Collins, has brought together a very curious string of quotations to show the idea our ancestors entertained of this root, and the mode in which it was used by them at its first introduction. A clamour has been raised against this note, which has been thought to have an immoral tendency. Mr. Pye justly censures the violence of the attack, and observes that Wesley, in his *Journal*, also justifies the writer. Surely Wesley would not willingly have promoted the cause of immorality? Whatever may be its tendency, the subject is certainly singularly curious and instructive.

Dio. Give me some token for the surety of it.

Cres. I'll fetch you one. [Exit.

Ulyss. You have sworn patience.

Tro. Fear me not, my lord;

I will not be myself, nor have cognition

Of what I feel; I am all patience.

Re-enter CRESSIDA.

Ther. Now the pledge; now, now, now!

Cres. Here, Diomed, keep this sleeve⁵.

Tro. O beauty! where's thy faith!

Ulyss. My lord,

Tro. I will be patient; outwardly I will.

Cres. You look upon that sleeve; Behold it well.—
He loved me—O false wench!—Give't me again.

Dio. Who was't?

Cres. No matter, now I hav't again.
I will not meet with you to-morrow night:

I pr'ythee, Diomed, visit me no more.

Ther. Now she sharpens:—Well said, whetstone.

Dio. I shall have it.

Cres. What, this?

Dio. Ay, that.

Cres. O, all you gods!—O pretty pretty pledge!
Thy master now lies thinking in his bed
Of thee, and me; and sighs, and takes my glove,
And gives memorial dainty kisses to it,
As I kiss thee.—Nay, do not snatch it from me;
He, that takes that, must take my heart withal.

Dio. I had your heart before, this follows it.

Tro. I did swear patience.

⁵ This *sleeve* was given by Troilus to Cressida at their parting, and she gave him a glove in return. It was probably such a sleeve as was formerly worn at tournaments: one of which Spenser describes in his *View of the State of Ireland*, p. 43, ed. 1663.

Cres. You shall not have it, Diomed; 'faith you shall not;

I'll give you something else.

Dio. I will have this; Whose was it?

Cres. 'Tis no matter.

Dio. Come, tell me whose it was.

Cres. 'Twas one's that loved me better than you will.

But, now you have it, take it.

Dio. Whose was it?

Cres. By all Diana's waiting-women yonder⁶,
And by herself, I will not tell you whose.

Dio. To-morrow will I wear it on my helm;
And grieve his spirit that dares not challenge it.

Tro. Wert thou the devil, and wor'st it on thy horn,
It should be challeng'd.

Cres. Well, well, 'tis done, 'tis past,—And yet
it is not;

I will not keep my word.

Dio. Why then, farewell;
Thou never shalt mock Diomed again.

Cres. You shall not go:—One cannot speak a
word,
But it straight starts you.

Dio. I do not like this fooling.

Ther. Nor I, by Pluto: but that that likes not
you, pleases me best.

Dio. What, shall I come? the hour?

Cres. Ay, come:—O Jove!—
Do come:—I shall be plagu'd.

⁶ i. e. the stars which she points to.

'The silver-shining queen he would disdain;
Her twinkling hand-maids too, by him defil'd,
Through Night's black bosom should not peep again.'

Milton, in his *Elegy* l. v. 77, has imitated Shakspeare:—

'—cœlo scintillant astra sereno
Eudymionæ turba ministra deæ.'

Dio. Farewell till then.

Cres. Good night. I pr'ythee, come.—

[*Exit* DIOMEDES.]

Troilus, farewell! one eye yet looks on thee;

But with my heart the other eye doth see⁷.

Ah! poor our sex! this fault in us I find,

The error of our eye directs our mind;

What error leads, must err; O then conclude,

Minds, sway'd by eyes, are full of turpitude.

[*Exit* CRESSIDA.]

Ther. A proof of strength, she could not publish
more⁸,

Unless she said, My mind is now turn'd whore.

Ulyss. All's done, my lord.

Tro. It is.

Ulyss. Why stay we then?

Tro. To make a recordation to my soul

Of every syllable that here was spoke.

But, if I tell how these two did co-act,

Shall I not lie in publishing a truth?

Sith yet there is a credence in my heart,

An esperance so obstinately strong,

That doth invert the attest of eyes and ears⁹;

As if those organs had deceptive functions,

⁷ The characters of Cressida and Pandarus are more immediately formed from Chaucer than from Lydgate; for though the latter mentions them both characteristically, he does not sufficiently dwell on either to have furnished Shakspeare with many circumstances to be found in this tragedy. Lydgate, speaking of Cressida, says only,

'She gave her heart and love to Diomede,
To show what trust there is in womankind;

For she of her new love no sooner sped,
But Troilus was cleane out of her mind,

As if she never had him known or seen,
Wherein I cannot guess what she did mean.'

⁸ She could not publish a stronger proof.

⁹ i. e. turns the very testimony of seeing and hearing against themselves.

Created only to calumniate.

Was Cressid here?

Ulyss. I cannot conjure, Trojan.

Tro. She was not, sure.

Ulyss. Most sure she was.

Tro. Why, my negation hath no taste of madness.

Ulyss. Nor mine, my lord: Cressid was here but now.

Tro. Let it not be believ'd for womanhood¹⁰! Think, we had mothers; do not give advantage To stubborn criticks¹¹—apt, without a theme, For depravation,—to square the general sex By Cressid's rule: rather think this not Cressid.

Ulyss. What hath she done, prince, that can soil our mothers?

Tro. Nothing at all, unless that this were she.

Ther. Will he swagger himself out on's own eyes?

Tro. This she? no, this is Diomed's Cressida:

If beauty have a soul, this is not she;
If souls guide vows, if vows be sanctimonies,
If sanctimony be the gods' delight,
If there be rule in unity itself¹²,
This was not she. O madness of discourse,
That cause sets up with and against itself!
Bi-fold authority¹³! where reason can revolt

¹⁰ For the sake of womanhood.

¹¹ Critick has here probably the signification of cynic. So in *Love's Labour's Lost*:—

'And critick Timon laugh at idle toys.'

So Iago says in *Othello*:—

'I am nothing if not critical.'

¹² If it be true that one individual cannot be two distinct persons.

¹³ The folio reads '*By foul authority*,' &c. There is a madness in that disquisition, in which a man reasons at once for and against himself upon authority which he knows not to be valid. The words *loss* and *perdition*, in the subsequent line, are used in their common sense; but they mean the *loss* or *perdition* of reason.

Without perdition, and loss assume all reason
 Without revolt: this is, and is not, Cressid!
 Within my soul there doth commence a fight¹⁴
 Of this strange nature, that a thing inseparate¹⁵
 Divides more wider than the sky and earth;
 And yet the spacious breadth of this division
 Admits no orifice for a point, as subtle
 As Ariachne's¹⁶ broken woof, to enter.
 Instance, O instance! strong as Pluto's gates;
 Cressid is mine, tied with the bonds of heaven:
 Instance, O instance! strong as heaven itself;
 The bonds of heaven are slipp'd, dissolv'd, and loos'd;
 And with another knot, five-finger-tied¹⁷,
 The fractions of her faith, orts of her love,
 The fragments, scraps, the bits, and greasy reliques
 Of her o'er-eaten faith¹⁸, are bound to Diomed.

Ulyss. May worthy Troilus be half attach'd
 With that which here his passion doth express¹⁹?

¹⁴ 'Sir, in my heart there was a kind of fighting.'

Hamlet.

¹⁵ i. e. the plighted faith of lovers. Troilus considers it *inseparable*, or at least that it ought never to be broken, though he has unfortunately found that it sometimes is.

¹⁶ One quarto copy reads *Ariachna's*; the other *Ariathna's*; the folio *Ariachne's*. It is evident Shakspeare intended to make *Arachne* a word of four syllables. Our ancestors were not very exact either in writing or pronouncing proper names, even of classical origin. Steevens thinks it not improbable that the poet may have written '*Ariadne's* broken woof,' confounding the two stories in his imagination, or alluding to the clue of thread, by the assistance of which Theseus escaped from the Cretan labyrinth.

¹⁷ A knot tied by giving her hand to Diomed.

¹⁸ The image is not of the most delicate kind. 'Her o'er-eaten faith' means her troth plighted to Troilus, of which she was *surfeited*, and, like one who has o'er-eaten himself, had *thrown off*. So in Twelfth Night:—

'Their over-greedy LOVE hath *surfeited*,' &c.

¹⁹ 'Can Troilus really feel, on this occasion, half of what he utters?' A question suitable to the calm Ulysses.

Tro. Ay, Greek; and that shall be divulged well
In characters as red as Mars his heart
Inflam'd with Venus: never did young man fancy²⁰
With so eternal and so fix'd a soul.

Hark, Greek;—As much as I do Cressid love,
So much by weight hate I her Diomed;
That sleeve is mine, that he'll bear on his helm;
Were it a casque compos'd by Vulcan's skill,
My sword should bite it: not the dreadful spout,
Which shipmen do the hurricano call²¹
Constring'd in mass by the almighty sun,
Shall dizzy with more clamour Neptune's ear
In his descent, than shall my prompted sword
Falling on Diomed.

Ther. He'll tickle it for his concupy²².

Tro. O Cressid! O false Cressid! false, false, false!
Let all untruths stand by thy stained name,
And they'll seem glorious.

Ulyss. O, contain yourself;
Your passion draws ears hither.

Enter ÆNEAS.

Æne. I have been seeking you this hour, my lord:
Hector, by this, is arming him in Troy;
Ajax, your guard, stays to conduct you home.

Tro. Have with you, prince:—My courteous
lord, adieu:
Farewell, revolted fair!—and, Diomed,
Stand fast, and wear a castle on thy head²³!

²⁰ Love.

²¹ And down the shower impetuously doth fall
Like that *which men the hurricano call* Drayton.

²² A cant word, formed from *concupiscence*.

²³ i. e. defend thy head with armour of more than common security. So in *The History of Prince Arthur*, 1634, c. clviii.:—
'Do thou thy best, said Sir Gawaine; therefore hie thee fast

Ulyss. I'll bring you to the gates.

Tro. Accept distracted thanks.

[*Exeunt* TROILUS, ÆNEAS, and ULYSSES.

Ther. 'Would, I could meet that rogue Diomed! I would croak like a raven; I would bode, I would bode. Patroclus will give me any thing for the intelligence of this whore: the parrot will not do more for an almond, than he for a commodious drab. Lechery, lechery; still, wars and lechery; nothing else holds fashion: A burning devil take them! [*Exit.*

SCENE III. Troy. *Before Priam's Palace.*

Enter HECTOR and ANDROMACHE.

And. When was my lord so much ungently temper'd,

To stop his ears against admonishment?

Unarm, unarm, and do not fight to-day.

Hect. You train me to offend you; get you in: By all the everlasting gods, I'll go.

And. My dreams will, sure, prove ominous to the day¹.

Hect. No more, I say.

that thou wert gone, and wit thou well we shall soon come after and breake the strongest *castle* that thou hast upon thy head. It appears that a kind of close helmet was called a *castle*. See Titus Andronicus, Act iii. Sc. 1, note 4.

¹ The hint for this dream of Andromache might be taken from Lydgate, or the following passage of Chaucer's *Nonne's Preestes Tale*, v. 15147:—

'Lo hire Andromacha, Hectores wif,
That day that Hector shulde lese his lif,
She dremed on the same night beforne,
How that the lif of Hector shuld be lorne,
If thilke day he went into bataille:
She warned him, but it might not availle;
He went forth for to fighten natholes,
And was yslain anon of Achilles.'

'My dreams of last night will prove ominous to the day:' fore-

Enter CASSANDRA.

Cas. Where is my brother Hector?

And. Here, sister; arm'd, and bloody in intent;
Consort with me in loud and dear petition²,
Pursue we him on knees; for I have dream'd
Of bloody turbulence, and this whole night
Hath nothing been but shapes and forms of slaughter.

Cas. O, it is true.

Hect. Ho! bid my trumpet sound!

Cas. No notes of sally, for the heavens, sweet
brother.

Hect. Begone, I say: the gods have heard me
swear.

Cas. The gods are deaf to hot and peevish³ vows;
They are polluted offerings, more abhorr'd
Than spotted livers in the sacrifice.

And. O! be persuaded: Do not count it holy
To hurt by being just: it is as lawful,
For we would give much, to use violent thefts⁴,
And rob in the behalf of charity.

Cas. It is the purpose that makes strong the vow;
But vows to every purpose must not hold:
Unarm, sweet Hector.

Hect. Hold you still, I say;
Mine honour keeps the weather⁵ of my fate:

bode ill to it, and show that it will be a fatal day to Troy. So
in the seventh scene of this act:—

‘ ——— the quarrel’s most ominous to us.’

² i. e. earnest anxious petition. See vol. i. p. 382, note 5.

³ Foolish.

⁴ i. e. to use violent thefts, *because* we would give much. In
the first line of Andromache’s speech she alludes to a doctrine
which Shakspeare has often enforced:—‘Do not you think you
are acting virtuously by adhering to an oath, if you have *sworn*
to do amiss.’

⁵ To keep the weather is to keep the wind or advantage. *Estre
au dessus du vent* is the French proverbial phrase.

Life every man holds dear; but the dear man⁶
Holds honour far more precious—dear than life.—

Enter TROILUS.

How now, young man? mean'st thou to fight to-day?

And. Cassandra, call my father to persuade.

[*Exit* CASSANDRA.

Hect. No, 'faith, young Troilus; doff thy harness,
youth;

I am to-day i' the vein of chivalry:

Let grow thy sinews till their knots be strong,

And tempt not yet the brushes of the war.

Unarm thee, go; and doubt thou not, brave boy,

I'll stand to-day, for thee, and me, and Troy.

Tro. Brother, you have a vice of mercy in you,
Which better fits a lion, than a man⁷.

Hect. What vice is that, good Troilus? chide me
for it.

Tro. When many times the captive Grecians fall,
Even in the fan and wind of your fair sword,
You bid them rise, and live⁸.

⁶ The *dear* man is the man of *worth*.

⁷ The traditions and stories of the darker ages abounded with examples of the lion's generosity. Upon the supposition that these acts of clemency were true, Troilus reasons not improperly, that to spare against reason, by mere instinct and pity, became rather a generous beast than a wise man. We find it recorded in Pliny's Natural History, c. 16, that 'the lion alone of all wild beasts is gentle to those that humble themselves before him, and will not touch any such upon their submission, but spareth what creature soever lieth prostrate before him.' Hence Spenser's Una, attended by a Lion; and Perceval's Lion, in *Morte Arthur*, b. xiv. c. 6.

⁸ Shakspeare seems not to have studied the Homeric character of Hector; whose disposition was by no means inclined to clemency, as we learn from Andromache's speech in the 24th Iliad:—

‘Ου γάρ μέλικος ἔσκε πατήρ τεός ἐν δαι λυγρῇ.

‘For thy stern father never spar'd a foe.’ *Pope.*

‘Thy father, boy, bore never into fight

A milky mind.’—

Cowper.

Hect. O, 'tis fair play.

Tro. Fool's play, by heaven, Hector.

Hect. How now? how now?

Tro. For the love of all the gods,
Let's leave the hermit Pity with our mother;
And when we have our armours buckled on,
The venom'd vengeance ride upon our swords;
Spur them to ruthful work, rein them from ruth⁹.

Hect. Fye, savage, fye!

Tro. Hector, then 'tis wars.

Hect. Troilus, I would not have you fight to-day.

Tro. Who should withhold me?

Not fate, obedience, nor the hand of Mars
Beckoning with fiery truncheon¹⁰ my retire;
Not Priamus and Hecuba on knees,
Their eyes o'ergalled with recourse of tears¹¹;
Nor you, my brother, with your true sword drawn,
Oppos'd to hinder me, should stop my way,
But by my ruin.

Re-enter CASSANDRA, with PRIAM.

Cas. Lay hold upon him, Priam, hold him fast:
He is thy crutch; now if thou lose thy stay,
Thou on him leaning, and all Troy on thee,
Fall all together.

Pri. Come, Hector, come, go back:
Thy wife hath dream'd; thy mother hath had visions;
Cassandra doth foresee; and I myself
Am like a prophet suddenly enrapt,

⁹ *Ruthful* is *rueful*, *woful*; and *ruth* is *mercy*. The words are opposed to each other.

¹⁰ Antiquity acknowledges no such ensign of command as a *truncheon*. The spirit of the passage, however, is such as might atone for a greater impropriety.

¹¹ i. e. tears that continue to *course* each other down the face. So in *As You Like It*:—

‘ ——— The big round tears

Cours'd one another down his innocent nose.’

To tell thee—that this day is ominous :
Therefore, come back.

Hect. *Aeneas* is afield ;
And I do stand engag'd to many Greeks,
Even in the faith of valour, to appear
This morning to them.

Pri. Aye, but thou shalt not go.

Hect. I must not break my faith.
You know me dutiful ; therefore, dear sir,
Let me not shame respect¹² ; but give me leave
To take that course by your consent and voice,
Which you do here forbid me, royal Priam.

Cas. O Priam, yield not to him.

And. Do not, dear father.

Hect. Andromache, I am offended with you :
Upon the love you bear me, get you in.

[*Exit ANDROMACHE.*]

Tro. This foolish, dreaming, superstitious girl,
Makes all these bodements.

Cas. O farewell, dear Hector¹³.
Look, how thou diest ! look, how thy eye turns pale !
Look, how thy wounds do bleed at many vents !
Hark, how Troy roars ! how Hecuba cries out !
How poor Andromache shrills¹⁴ her dolours forth !
Behold, destruction¹⁵, frenzy, and amazement,
Like witless anticks, one another meet,
And all cry—Hector ! Hector's dead ! O Hector !

¹² i. e. disgrace the respect I owe you, by acting in opposition to your commands.

¹³ The interposition and clamorous sorrow of Cassandra are copied from Lydgate.

¹⁴ So in Spenser's *Epithalamium* :—

' Hark how the minstrels gin to shrill aloud
Their merry music,' &c.

And in Heywood's *Silver Age*, 1613 :—

' Through all th' abyss I have shrill'd thy daughter's loss
With my concave trump.'

¹⁵ The folio reads 'distraction.'

Tro. Away!—Away!

Cas. Farewell.—Yet, soft:—Hector, I take my leave:

Thou dost thyself and all our Troy deceive. [*Exit.*

Hect. You are amaz'd, my liege, at her exclaim:
Go in, and cheer the town: we'll forth, and fight;
Do deeds worth praise, and tell you them at night.

Pri. Farewell; the gods with safety stand about thee!

[*Exeunt severally* PRIAM and HECTOR.
Alarums.

Tro. They are at it; hark! Proud Diomed, believe,

I come to lose my arm, or win my sleeve.

As TROIILUS is going out, enter, from the other side, PANDARUS.

Pan. Do you hear, my lord? do you hear?

Tro. What now?

Pan. Here's a letter from yon' poor girl.

Tro. Let me read.

Pan. A whoreson ptisick, a whoreson rascally ptisick so troubles me, and the foolish fortune of this girl; and what one thing, what another, that I shall leave you one o'these days: And I have a rheum in mine eyes too; and such an ache in my bones, that, unless a man were cursed¹⁶, I cannot tell what to think on't.—What says she there?

Tro. Words, words, mere words, no matter from the heart; [*Tearing the letter.*

The effect doth operate another way.—

Go, wind, to wind, there turn and change together.—

My love with words and errors still she feeds;

But edifies another with her deeds.

[*Exeunt severally.*

¹⁶ That is, under the influence of a malediction, such as mischievous beings have been supposed to pronounce upon those who offended them.

SCENE IV.

Between Troy and the Grecian Camp.

Alarums: Excursions. Enter THERSITES.

Ther. Now they are clapper-clawing one another; I'll go look on. That dissembling abominable varlet, Diomed, has got that same scurvy doting foolish young knave's sleeve of Troy there, in his helm: I would fain see them meet; that that same young Trojan ass, that loves the whore there, might send that Greekish whoremasterly villain, with the sleeve, back to the dissembling luxurious drab, on a sleeveless errand. O' the other side, The policy of those crafty swearing rascals¹,—that stale old mouse-eaten dry cheese, Nestor; and that same dog-fox, Ulysses,—is not proved worth a blackberry:—They set me up, in policy, that mongrel cur, Ajax, against that dog of as bad a kind, Achilles: and now is the cur Ajax prouder than the cur Achilles, and will not arm to-day: whereupon the Grecians begin to proclaim barbarism², and policy grows into an ill opinion. Soft! here comes sleeve, and t'other.

Enter DIOMEDES, TROILUS following.

Tro. Fly not; for, shouldst thou take the river Styx,

I would swim after.

Dio. Thou dost miscall retire:
I do not fly; but advantageous care

¹ Theobald proposes to read '*sneering* rascals;' which Mason thinks more suitable to the characters of Ulysses and Nestor than *swearing*.

² To set up the authority of ignorance, and to declare that they will be governed by policy no longer.

Withdrew me from the odds of multitude:

Have at thee!

Ther. Hold thy whore, Grecian!—now for thy whore, Trojan!—now the sleeve, now the sleeve!

[*Exeunt TROILUS and DIOMEDES, fighting.*]

Enter HECTOR.

Hect. What art thou, Greek? art thou for Hector's match?

Art thou of blood, and honour³?

Ther. No, no:—I am a rascal; a scurvy railing knave; a very filthy rogue.

Hect. I do believe thee:—live. [*Exit.*]

Ther. God-a-mercy, that thou wilt believe me; But a plague break thy neck, for frightening me! What's become of the wenching rogues? I think, they have swallowed one another: I would laugh at that miracle. Yet, in a sort, lechery eats itself. I'll seek them. [*Exit.*]

³ This is an idea taken from the ancient books of romantic chivalry, and even from the usage of the poet's age; as is the following one in the speech of Diomedes:—

'And am her knight by proof.'

It appears from Segar's *Honour, Military and Civil*, folio, 1602, That a person of superior birth might not be challenged by an inferior, or if challenged might refuse combat. Alluding to this circumstance, Cleopatra says:—

'These hands do lack nobility, that they strike

A meaner than myself.'

Ant. and Cleop.

We learn from Melvil's *Memoirs*, p. 165, ed. 1735, 'the laird of Grange offered to fight Bothwell, who answered that he was neither earl nor lord, but a baron; and so was not his equal. The like answer made he to Tullibardine. Then my Lord Lindsay offered to fight him, which he could not well refuse; but his heart failed him, and he grew cold on the business.' These punctilios are well ridiculed in *Albumazar*, Act iv. Sc. 7.

SCENE V. *The same.**Enter* DIOMEDES *and a* Servant.

Dio. Go, go, my servant, take thou Troilus' horse¹;
 Present the fair steed to my lady Cressid :
 Fellow, commend my service to her beauty ;
 Tell her, I have chastis'd the amorous Trojan,
 And am her knight by proof.

Serv.

I go, my lord.

[*Exit* Servant.]*Enter* AGAMEMNON.

Agam. Renew, renew ! The fierce Polydamas
 Hath beat down Menon : bastard Margarelon
 Hath Doreus prisoner :
 And stands colossus-wise, waving his beam²,
 Upon the pashed³ corsers of the kings
 Epistrophus and Cedius : Polixenes is slain ;
 Amphinachus, and Thoas, deadly hurt ;
 Patroclus ta'en, or slain ; and Palamedes
 Sore hurt and bruised : the dreadful Sagittary⁴
 Appals our numbers ; haste we, Diomed,
 To reinforcement, or we perish all.

¹ This circumstance is taken from Lydgate, as is the introduction of a bastard son of Priam under the name of Margarelon. The latter is also in the Old History of the Destruction of Troy.

² i. e. his lance, like a weaver's beam ; as Goliath's spear is described. So in Spenser's *Faerie Queene*, b. iii. vii. 40 :—

'All were the beame in bigness like a mast.'

³ Bruised, crushed. See Act ii. Sc. 3, note 24, p. 373.

⁴ 'A mervayllous beaste that was called *Sagittayre*, that beynde the myddes was an horse, and to fore, a man : this beste was heery like an horse, and shotte well with a bowe : this beste made the Grekes sore aferde, and slewe many of them with his bowe.'—*Destruction of Troy*, by Caxton.

A more circumstantial account of this Sagittary is to be found in Lydgate.

Enter NESTOR.

Nest. Go, bear Patroclus' body to Achilles;
 And bid the snail-pac'd Ajax arm for shame.—
 There is a thousand Hectors in the field:
 Now here he fights on Galathea his horse,
 And there lacks work; anon, he's there afoot,
 And there they fly, or die, like scaled skulls⁵
 Before the belching whale; then is he yonder,
 And there the strawy Greeks, ripe for his edge,
 Fall down before him, like the mower's swath:
 Here, there, and every where, he leaves, and takes;

⁵ i. e. dispersed shoals. 'A *scull* of fishes: *examen vel agmen piscium*' (*Baret*), was also in more ancient times written 'a *scoole*,' as in Horman's *Vulgaria*, 1519, which is nearer to its Saxon original *ƿcole*, and its modern derivative *shoal*. The word was not confined to a multitude or throng of fishes alone; for Drant, in the Epistle to the Reader, prefixed to his translation of Horace, has 'so greate a *scull* of amaroouse pamphlets.' And in the Booke of St. Albans, among the Companies of Bestes, we find a *skull* of monks as well as of fishes. Lyly, in his *Midas*, has made a humorous misapplication of it:—'He hath, by this, started a covey of bucks, or roused a *scull* of pheasants.' Drayton uses it in his *Polyolbion*, Song XXVI:—

'My silver-scaled *sculs* about my streams do sweep.'

And Milton, in *Paradise Lost*, b. vii. v. 399:—

'————— each bay
 With fry innumerable swarms, and shoals
 Of fish, that with their fins and shining scales
 Glide under the green wave, in *sculls* that oft
 Bank the mid sea.'

Scaled is *separated*. As in Holinshed, vol. ii. p. 499, where, speaking of the retreat of the Welshmen during the absence of Richard II. he says, 'They would no longer abide, but *scaled* and departed away.' So Gawin Douglas, in the fourth book of Virgil's *Æneis*:—

'The Tyriane meny *skalis* wyde quhare,
 And all the gallandis of Troy fled here and there.'

Homer compares Achilles to a dolphin driving other fishes before him:—

Ὅς δ' ὑπὸ δελφίνος μεγακήτεος ἰκθυες ἄλλοι
 φευγοντες, &c.

Dexterity so obeying appetite,
That what he will, he does; and does so much,
That proof is call'd impossibility.

Enter ULYSSES.

Ulyss. O, courage, courage, princes! great Achilles
Is arming, weeping, cursing, vowing vengeance:
Patroclus' wounds have rous'd his drowsy blood,
Together with his mangled myrmidons,
That noseless, handless, hack'd and chipp'd, come
to him,
Crying on Hector. Ajax hath lost a friend,
And foams at mouth, and he is arm'd, and at it,
Roaring for Troilus; who hath done to-day
Mad and fantastic execution;
Engaging and redeeming of himself,
With such a careless force, and forceless care,
As if that luck, in very spite of cunning,
Bade him win all.

Enter AJAX.

Ajax. Troilus! thou coward Troilus! [*Exit.*

Dio. Ay, there, there.

Nest. So, so, we draw together ⁶.

Enter ACHILLES.

Achil. Where is this Hector?
Come, come, thou boy-queller⁷, show thy face;
Know what it is to meet Achilles angry.
Hector! where's Hector? I will none but Hector.
[*Exeunt.*

⁶ This remark seems to be made by Nestor, in consequence of the return of Ajax to the field, he having lately refused to cooperate or *draw together* with the Greeks, though at present he is roused from his sullen fit by the loss of a friend.

⁷ i. e. murderer of boys. So in King Henry IV. Part II. Act ii. Sc. 1:—

'A man-queller and a woman-queller.'

SCENE VI. *Another part of the Field.**Enter AJAX.*

Ajax. Troilus, thou coward Troilus, show thy head!

Enter DIOMEDES.

Dio. Troilus, I say! where's Troilus?

Ajax. What would'st thou?

Dio. I would correct him.

Ajax. Were I the general, thou should'st have my office

Ere that correction:—Troilus, I say! what, Troilus!

Enter TROILUS.

Tro. O traitor Diomed!—turn thy false face, thou traitor,

And pay thy life thou ow'st me for my horse!

Dio. Ha! art thou there?

Ajax. I'll fight with him alone: stand, Diomed.

Dio. He is my prize, I will not look upon¹.

Tro. Come both, you cogging² Greeks; have at you both. [*Exeunt, fighting.*]

Enter HECTOR.

Hect. Yea, Troilus? O, well fought, my youngest brother!

¹ That is, as we should now say, I will not be a *looker on*.'

² The poet had heard of *Græcia mendax*. Diomedes had defrauded him of his mistress, and he bestows the epithet on both, *unius ob culpam*. Cicero bears witness to this character of the ancient Greeks:—'Testimoniorum religionem et fidem nunquam ista natio coluit.' And again:—'Græcorum ingenia ad fallendam parata sunt.'

• *Enter* ACHILLES.

Achil. Now do I see thee; Ha!—Have at thee,
Hector.

Hect. Pause, if thou wilt.

Achil. I do disdain thy courtesy, proud Trojan.
Be happy, that my arms are out of use:
My rest and negligence befriend thee now,
But thou anon shalt hear of me again;
Till when, go seek thy fortune. [*Exit.*

Hect. Fare thee well:—
I would have been much more a fresher man,
Had I expected thee.—How now, my brother?

Re-enter TROILUS.

Tro. Ajax hath ta'en Æneas; Shall it be?
No, by the flame of yonder glorious heaven,
He shall not carry him³; I'll be taken, too,
Or bring him off:—Fate, hear me what I say!
I reckon not though I end my life to-day. [*Exit.*

Enter One in sumptuous Armour.

Hect. Stand, stand, thou Greek; thou art a
goodly mark:—
No? wilt thou not?—I like thy armour well⁴;
I'll frush⁵ it, and unlock the rivets all,
But I'll be master of it:—Wilt thou not, beast, abide?
Why then, fly on, I'll hunt thee for thy hide.
[*Exeunt.*

³ i.e. prevail over him. So in *All's Well that Ends Well*:—
'The count he woos your daughter,
Resolves to carry her.'

⁴ This circumstance is also taken from Lydgate's poem, who
furnished Shakspeare with the hint for the following line:—
'I am unarm'd; forego this vantage, Greek.'

⁵ To *frush* is to break or bruise. So in the *Destruction of*
Troy:—'Saying these words, Hercules caught by the head
poor Lychas—and threw him against a rock so fiercely that he
to-frushed and all to-burst his bones, and so slew him.'

SCENE VII. *The same.*

Enter ACHILLES, *with* Myrmidons.

Achil. Come here about me, you my Myrmidons;
Mark what I say.—Attend me where I wheel:
Strike not a stroke, but keep yourselves in breath;
And when I have the bloody Hector found,
Empale him with your weapons round about;
In fellest manner execute¹ your arms.
Follow me, sirs, and my proceedings eye!
It is decreed—Hector the great must die. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VIII. *The same.*

Enter MENELAUS *and* PARIS, *fighting*; *then*
THERSITES.

Ther. The cuckold, and the cuckold-maker are
at it: Now, bull! now dog! 'Loo, Paris, 'loo!
now my double-henned sparrow! 'loo, Paris, 'loo!
The bull has the game:—'ware horns, ho!
[*Exeunt* PARIS *and* MENELAUS.]

Enter MARGARELON.

Mar. Turn, slave, and fight.

Ther. What art thou?

Mar. A bastard son of Priam's.

Ther. I am a bastard too; I love bastards²: I
am a bastard begot, bastard instructed, bastard in
mind, bastard in valour, in every thing illegitimate.

¹ To *execute* their arms is to *employ* them, to put them to use.
So in *Love's Labour's Lost*, Rosaline says to Biron:—

'Full of comparisons and wounding flouts,
Which you on all estates will *execute*.'

² *Bastard*, in ancient times, was not a disreputable appellation. See *King Henry VI. Part 1. Act i. Sc. 2*, note 5, p. 16.

One bear will not bite another, and wherefore should one bastard? Take heed, the quarrel's most ominous to us: if the son of a whore fight for a whore, he tempts judgment: Farewell, bastard.

Mar. The devil take thee, coward! [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IX. *Another part of the Field.*

Enter HECTOR.

Hect. Most putrified core, so fair without,
Thy goodly armour thus hath cost thy life.
Now is my day's work done; I'll take good breath:
Rest, sword; thou hast thy fill of blood and death!
[*Puts off his helmet, and hangs his shield
behind him.*]

Enter ACHILLES and Myrmidons.

Achil. Look, Hector, how the sun begins to set;
How ugly night comes breathing at his heels:
Even with the vail¹ and dark'ning of the sun,
To close the day up, Hector's life is done.

Hect. I am unarm'd; forego this vantage, Greek.

Achil. Strike, fellows, strike; this is the man I
seek². [*HECTOR falls.*]

¹ 'The vail of the sun' is the sinking, setting, or vailing of the sun.

² Heywood, in his *Rape of Lucrece*, 1638, gives the same account of Achilles overpowering Hector by numbers:—

'Had puissant Hector by Achilles' hand
Dy'd in a single monomachie, Achilles
Had been worthy; but being slain by odds,
The poorest myrmidon had as much honour
As faint Achilles in the Trojan's death.'

In *Lydgate* and the old story book the same account is given of the death of Troilus. *Lydgate*, following *Guido of Colonna*, who in the grossest manner has violated all the characters drawn

So, Ilium, fall thou next! now, Troy, sink down :
 Here lies thy heart, thy sinews, and thy bone.—
 On, Myrmidons; and cry you all amain,
Achilles hath the mighty Hector slain.

[*A Retreat sounded.*

Hark! a retreat upon our Grecian part.

Myr. The Trojan trumpets sound the like, my lord.

Achil. The dragon wing of night o'erspreads the
 earth,

And, stickler³ like, the armies separates.

My half-suppl'd sword, that frankly would have fed,
 Pleas'd with this dainty bit, thus goes to bed.—

[*Sheaths his sword.*

Come, tie his body to my horse's tail;

Along the field I will the Trojan trail. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE X. *The same.*

Enter AGAMEMNON, AJAX, MENELAUS, NESTOR, DIOMEDES, and Others, marching. Shouts within.

Agam. Hark! hark! what shout is that?

Nest.

Peace, drums.

by Homer, reprehends the Grecian poet as the original offender.
 Thus in his fourth book:—

‘ Oh, thou Homer, for shame be now red,
 And thee amase that holdest thyself so wyse,
 On Achylles to set suche great a pryse
 In thy hokes for his chivalrye,
 Above echone that dost hym magnyfye,
 That was so sleyghty and so full of fraude,
 Why gevest thou hym so hye a prayse and laude?

³ *Sticklers* were persons who attended upon combatants in trials of skill, to part them when they had fought enough, and, doubtless, to see fair play. They were probably so called from the *stick* or wand which they carried in their hands. The name is still given to the arbitrators at wrestling matches in the west country.

[*Within.*]

Achilles!

Achilles! Hector's slain! Achilles!

Dio. The bruit is—Hector's slain, and by Achilles.

Ajax. If it be so, yet bragless let it be;
Great Hector was as good a man as he.

Agam. March patiently along:—Let one be sent
To pray Achilles see us at our tent.—

If in his death the gods have us befriended,
Great Troy is ours, and our sharp wars are ended.

[*Exeunt, marching.*]

SCENE XI. *Another part of the Field.*

Enter ÆNEAS and Trojans.

Æne. Stand, ho! yet are we masters of the field:
Never go home; here starve we out the night.

Enter TROILUS.

Tro. Hector is slain.

All. Hector?—The gods forbid!

Tro. He's dead; and at the murderer's horse's tail,
In beastly sort, dragg'd through the shameful field.—
Frown on, you heavens, effect your rage with speed!
Sit, gods, upon your thrones, and smile¹ at Troy!
I say, at once let your brief plagues be mercy,
And linger not our sure destructions on!

Æne. My lord, you do discomfort all the host.

Tro. You understand me not, that tell me so;
I do not speak of flight, of fear, of death;
But dare all imminence, that gods and men,
Address their dangers in. Hector is gone!
Who shall tell Priam so, or Hecuba?

¹ Hanmer and Warburton read:—

‘ ——— smite at Troy;’

which, it must be confessed, is more in correspondence with the rest of Troilus's wish.

Let him, that will a screech-owl aye be call'd,
 Go in to Troy; and say there—Hector's dead:
 There is a word will Priam turn to stone;
 Make wells and Niobes of the maids and wives,
 Cold statues of the youth; and, in a word,
 Scare Troy out of itself. But, march, away:
 Hector is dead; there is no more to say.
 Stay yet;—You vile abominable tents,
 Thus proudly pight² upon our Phrygian plains,
 Let Titan rise as early as he dare,
 I'll through and through you!—And thou, great-
 siz'd coward!

No space of earth shall sunder our two hates;
 I'll haunt thee like a wicked conscience still,
 That mouldeth goblins swift as frenzy thoughts.—
 Strike a free march to Troy!—with comfort go:
 Hope of revenge shall hide our inward woe.

[*Exeunt ÆNEAS and Trojans.*]

As TROILUS is going out, enter, from the other side,
 PANDARUS.

Pan. But hear you, hear you!

Tro. Hence, broker³ lackey! ignomy⁴ and shame
 Pursue thy life, and live aye with thy name!

[*Exit TROILUS.*]

Pan. A goodly med'cine for my aching bones!—
 O world! world! world! thus is the poor agent
 despised! O traitors and bawds, how earnestly are
 you set a' work, and how ill requited! Why should
 our endeavour be so loved, and the performance so

² Pitched, fixed.

³ *Broker* anciently signified a bawd of either sex. So in *King John*:—

'This bawd, *this broker*, this all changing word,' &c.

⁴ Ignominy.

loathed? what verse for it? what instance for it?—
Let me see:—

Full merrily the humble-bee doth sing,
Till he hath lost his honey, and his sting:
And being once subdued in armed tail,
Sweet honey and sweet notes together fail.—

Good traders in the flesh, set this in your painted
cloths⁵.

As many as be here of pander's hall,
Your eyes, half out, weep out at Pandar's fall:
Or, if you cannot weep, yet give some groans,
Though not for me, yet for your aching bones.
Brethren, and sisters, of the hold-door trade,
Some two months hence my will shall here be made:
It should be now, but that my fear is this,—
Some galled goose of Winchester⁶ would hiss:
Till then I'll sweat⁷, and seek about for eases;
And, at that time, bequeath you my diseases.

[*Exit.*

⁵ Canvass hangings for rooms, painted with emblems and mottoes. See vol. iii. p. 164, note 29.

⁶ See King Henry VI. Part I. Act i. Sc. 3, note 8, p. 23.

⁷ See vol. ii. p. 11, note 4.

THIS play is more correctly written than most of Shakspeare's compositions, but it is not one of those in which either the extent of his views or elevation of his fancy is fully displayed. As the story abounded with materials, he has exerted little invention; but he has diversified his characters with great variety, and preserved them with great exactness. His vicious characters disgust, but cannot corrupt, for both Cressida and Pandarus are detested and contemned. The comick characters seem to have been the favourites of the writer: they are of the superficial kind, and exhibit more of manners than nature; but they are copiously filled and powerfully impressed. Shakspeare has in his story followed, for the greater part, the old book of Caxton, which was then very popular; but the character of Thersites, of which it makes no mention, is a proof that this play was written after Chapman had published his version of Homer*.

JOHNSON.

* It should, however, be remembered that Thersites had been long in possession of the stage in an Interlude bearing his name.

'The first seven books of Chapman's Homer were published in 1596, and again in 1598, twelve books not long afterward, and the whole twenty-four books at latest in 1611. The classical reader may be surprised that Shakspeare, having had the means of being acquainted with the great father of poetry through the medium of Chapman's translation, should not have availed himself of such an original instead of the *Troy Booke*; but it should be recollected that it was his object as a writer for the stage to coincide with the feelings and prejudices of his audience, who, believing themselves to have drawn their descent from Troy, would by no means have been pleased to be told that Achilles was a braver man than Hector. They were ready to think well of the Trojans as their ancestors, but not very anxious about knowing their history with much correctness; and Shakspeare might have applied to worse sources of information than even Lydgate.'—*Boswell*.

END OF VOL. VII.



